

THE

Atlantic



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sailing on time-table schedules. Now, our routes pass through the Suez Canal and on to India, Burma and Ceylon. With our war job done, *what you want to buy and sell abroad will determine our cargoes and ports of call.*

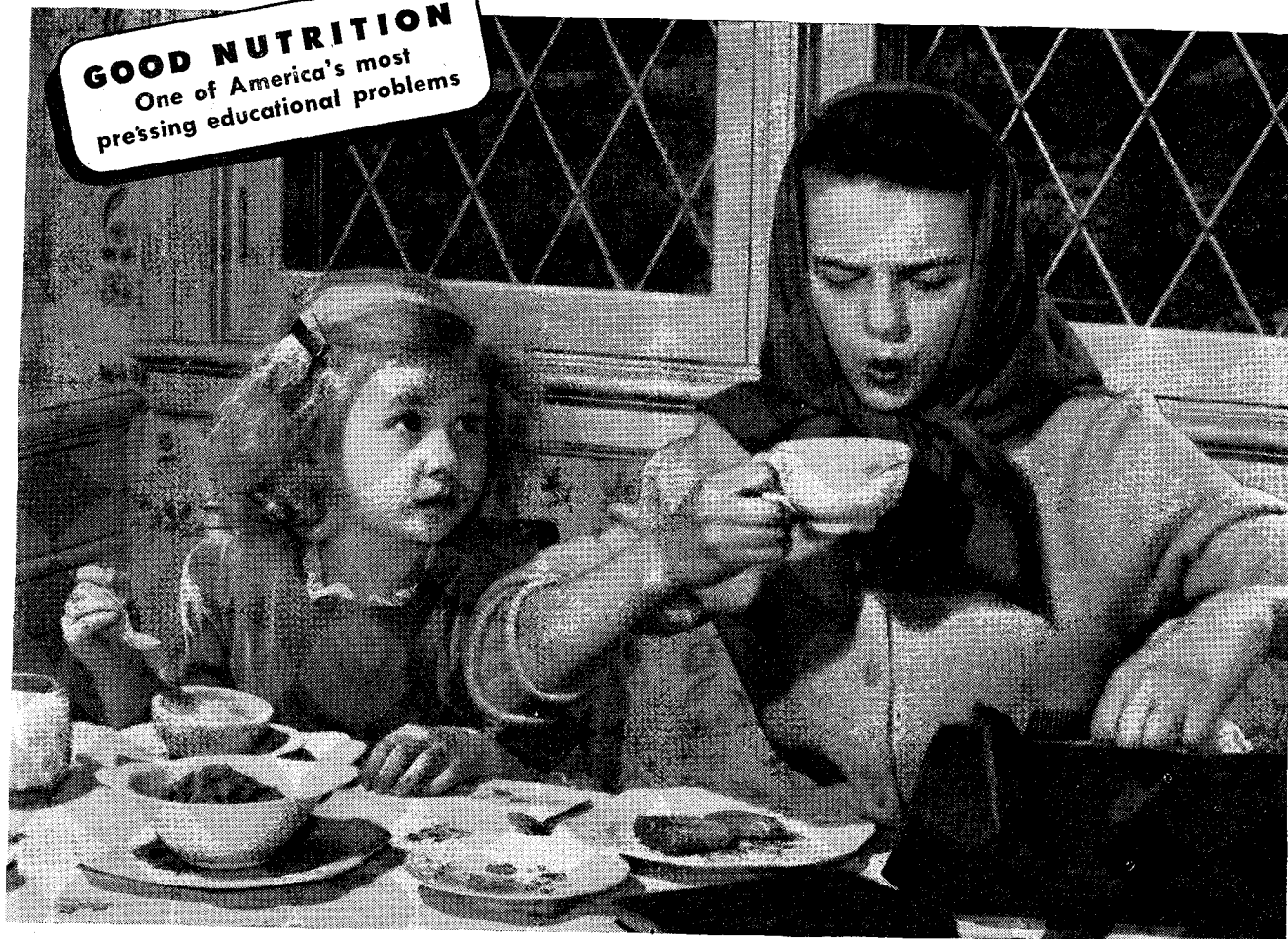
*FROM THE MERCHANT MARINE ACT OF 1936: "Necessary for the national defense and (our) foreign and domestic commerce," is a merchant fleet "constructed in the U. S., manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel . . . owned and operated under the U. S. flag by citizens."

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AT WHAT AGE ARE DIETS POOREST?

As school children grow older, good eating habits tend to go downhill. With the onset of the 'teens and continuing through high school, diets reach a nutritional low, according to a recent study in nine test schools.

Whatever the causes—press of new outside interests, impatience with routines, resistance to authority—the poor quality of the average high school diet is a fact . . . one that may very well have far-reaching effects on school work

habits, behavior and ability to learn.

In this study, which analyzed the breakfasts eaten by grade school and high school pupils, comparative ratings were established by expert nutritionists. Against an ideal possible score of 6.0 points, these were the ratings of the meals consumed:

In grades 1 to 8, the average rating of 3211 breakfasts was 3.5

In grades 9 to 12, the average rating of 942 breakfasts was 2.5

Most unfortunate, here, is the paradoxical change in breakfast menus. Among adolescent boys

and girls, who surely need three square meals, there is seen a definite *worsening* of eating habits.

As an aid to teachers who would like to correct such trends in nutrition, General Mills, Inc. is now preparing a variety of educational materials. These are booklets, posters, plan books and other tools—all prepared under the direction of a committee of educators. This complete program will be available in limited quantities without cost, at an early date.

General Mills, Inc.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

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EVERY DAY'S DIET SHOULD INCLUDE THESE FOODS



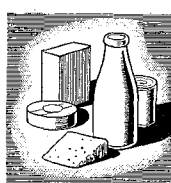
GREEN AND YELLOW VEGETABLES . . . some raw, some cooked, frozen or canned. At least one serving a day.



ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT . . . or raw cabbage or salad greens. At least one serving a day.



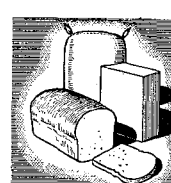
POTATOES AND OTHER VEGETABLE AND FRUITS . . . raw, dried, cooked, frozen or canned. Two or more servings a day.



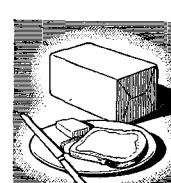
MILK AND MILK PRODUCTS . . . fluid, evaporated or dried milk. One quart (or its equivalent) a day for children and expectant or nursing mothers; one pint a day for all others.



MEAT, POULTRY, FISH OR EGGS . . . or dried beans, peas, nuts or peanut butter. One serving of meat, poultry or fish a day, occasionally peas or beans instead. Three or four eggs each week.



BREAD, FLOUR, CEREALS . . . natural whole-grain or enriched or restored. Three or more servings a day.



BUTTER AND FORTIFIED MARGARINE . . . use for spreads and for seasoning as you like and as supplies permit.

In addition, all growing children and all expectant or nursing mothers should be provided with 400 units a day of Vitamin D in the form of Vitamin D milk (fresh or evaporated), fish liver oil or Vitamin D concentrate

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Far East

NEVER before has the United States been such a conspicuous fact on the horizons of Asia. We have been involved in the greatest internal political crisis in China since 1924. We are ruling half of Korea. Our military equipment and our moral attitudes are of everyday importance to seventy million Indonesians. We have interceded in behalf of Siam, in the face of British desires, in a way that underlines for Asiatics our involvement in the question of their freedom.

We have abandoned isolationism, but we are only beginning to develop the broad awareness that must inform our new responsibilities. How many Americans, to take a simple example, recognize the implications of our undertakings in Korea? The Moscow communiqué of last December, on the subject of Korea, commits us with the Russians to "the re-establishment of Korea as an independent state, the creation of conditions for developing the country on democratic principles."

We agreed to set up "a provisional Korean democratic government . . . for developing the industry, transport, and agriculture of Korea and the national culture of the Korean people." We have put a five-year limit on the achievement of this task and have not only undertaken to make Korea a democratic country but are bound to act in collaboration with the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and China.

The United States has never before been involved in this sort of commitment. One would think that so responsible a burden would evoke serious discussion in the United States. We know that it does not.

In Korea we face not only a test of our ability to achieve a working relationship with the Soviet Union, but also a test of what we mean by the establishment of an independent state and of democracy.

We have to coördinate the administrations of North and South Korea, establish a Korean provisional government, and set up procedures for a four-power trusteeship. It is no simple task. The Russians have indoctrinated large groups of Koreans in the North, and we have imported into Korea self-appointed leaders, such as Syngman Rhee, who have lived on American promises for many years. Thanks to the Japanese, few Koreans have had experience in administration; none has had an opportunity to exercise political leadership.

The contrast between the social and political ambitions of the main Korean political parties is almost as sharp as that between the Kuomintang and the Communists in China. And Korean economy, linked to that of Japan, which is now cut off from normal economic contact, is further dislocated by the split between the North and the South.

The Moscow communiqué recognizes the importance of establishing an economic basis for democracy in Korea, but what is this economic basis to be? Do we or the Koreans decide? Are we acting merely from military expediency or have we a clearly thought-out plan for the economic development of Korea? If we have a plan, the American people are entitled to be fully informed about it.

Our responsibility in the Philippines

The world will watch with particular care Korea and the Philippines. Korea is promised nationhood and independence after forty years of Japanese rule; the Philippines are promised them after forty-seven years of American rule. The international complexities of the Korean question make the problem of the Philippines look simple. Success or failure in Korea must always be shared with other powers, but in the Philippines we alone are responsible. What are the prospects?



RCA Laboratories provides another great achievement in television—the “mirror-backed” Kinescope, or picture tube.

New “searchlight brilliance” for home television !

Now, large screen television pictures are twice as bright—yes, *twice as bright* as ever before!

You can “count every eyelash” in the close-ups. You’ll almost want to shake hands with the people on your television screen—so great is the illusion that they are actually in your living room.

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light rays from becoming lost through the back of the tube. Just as the reflector of a searchlight concentrates its beam—so does this metallic film reflector double the brilliance and clarity of detail in home television receivers.

Similar progress-making research at RCA Laboratories is being applied constantly to all RCA Victor products—assuring you that anything you buy bearing the RCA monogram is one of the finest instruments of its kind science has achieved.

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RCA Victor home television receivers will be available in two types. One model will have a direct-viewing screen about 6 by 8 inches. The other type will be similar to the set shown above—with a screen about 15 by 20 inches. Both instruments are being readied for the public with all possible speed and should be available this year.



RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

We are directly responsible for the Philippines until July 4, 1946. The symbol of that responsibility is Paul McNutt, High Commissioner appointed by the President with delegated powers so great that they seem to leave nothing to the Department of the Interior. In April the Philippine national elections will be held to choose a president, a vice-president, two thirds of the senators, and a new lower house. The elections dominate the situation, not only because they are the first in over a decade, but also because many other issues depend on their outcome.

Independence is not the foremost of these issues. Both President Osmeña and Senate President Manuel Roxas seem to stand firm on the question in spite of rumors that certain American and Philippine groups would delay it or even "re-examine" the whole matter. There has been talk of the Philippines as a forty-ninth state.

The real issue is collaboration with the Japanese. The United States has made clear its disapproval of the continued presence of collaborationists in the Philippine government. The personal position of Osmeña is unassailable — he left the Philippines with MacArthur, with whom he returned — but some of his supporters are suspected of collaboration.

The same suspicions hold for supporters of Roxas. But Roxas is himself alleged to have coöperated with the Japanese and their puppet government. Many of his former colleagues are in fact still being held for trial. Roxas claims to have been cleared by MacArthur, but he is under violent attack by the Democratic Alliance, whose members played a large part in the guerrilla movement. They insist that Roxas was a collaborator and deny his claim to coöperation with guerrilla forces during the Japanese occupation. It does not look as if he will be brought to trial.

There are two new elements in the elections. The first is a split in the ranks of the old Nationalist Party, and the second is the challenge to that party's monopoly of political power for the last forty years. It is difficult to see any real conflict of principle between Osmeña and Roxas. Certainly, both represent the same general interests, and neither advocates serious social change. The attempt of Roxas to describe his faction as the liberal wing of the Nationalist Party, as contrasted with the conservative wing under Osmeña, is merely a cheap political maneuver.

The American-Philippine pressure

We shall influence the struggle between these two men whether we wish to or not. If the Tydings rehabilitation bill and the Bell trade bill authorizing twenty years of free trade become law, without serious change, before the elections, the Osmeña group will be materially assisted. Roxas will obviously do everything he can to raise issues to delay passage of the bill.

The play of American-Philippine interest behind the scenes in Washington will be worth watching.

The second political change, the challenge to the Nationalist Party's monopoly, may have far-reaching consequences. The Democratic Alliance is composed of the Hukbalahaps, the National Peasants' Union, the League for National Liberation, the Federación Obrera de Filipinas, and other smaller groups. It lacks wealth, experience in office, and well-known leaders. Its geographical base lies in Central Luzon, the scene of agrarian troubles long before the war.

It is here that the Hukbalahaps, one of the most famous guerrilla groups during the war, finds its greatest support. What was a local agrarian movement of peasants against landlords has been strengthened by the fact that the landlords were unable to collect their share of the crops during the war. This local movement, long associated with the Communist and Socialist factions in the Philippines, is now attempting to organize on a national scale.

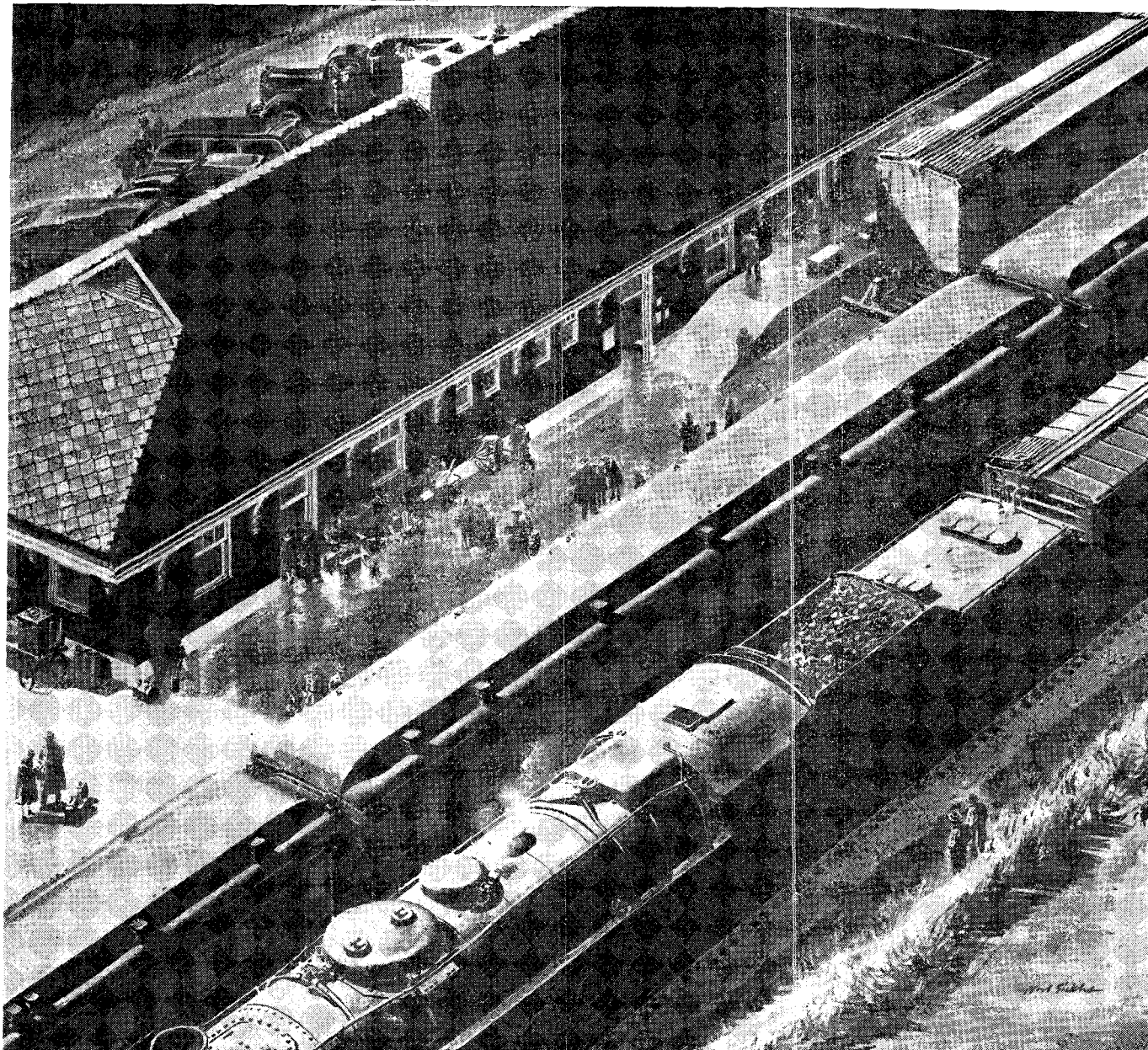
The present disrupted state of communications is a serious obstacle to such ambitions, but it is not likely that Osmeña will make a really serious effort to outlaw the Democratic Alliance. If the election is close, he can probably count on its support in spite of wide differences of policy and interest. Another consideration is that if the Alliance is outlawed, it will have to be suppressed by military force, since the Hukbalahaps and many other guerrillas still retain their arms.

If the situation is not handled carefully, we have in the Philippines all the makings of a civil war. The fact that we continue to maintain a large number of troops in the Philippines is being interpreted both there and elsewhere as an indication that we are ready to play an active role in the suppression of the armed groups in the Democratic Alliance.

Revolution without civil war

The same general pattern can be traced in Korea, the Philippines, and China. It is the attempt to assure national independence and develop democratic institutions in three countries, each suffering from acute internal social and political conflicts in different stages of development. We do not have the same direct obligations to China as to the Philippines. Nor are we bound in our dealings with China by the same international agreements that govern our dealings with Korea. But we have committed ourselves in China up to the hilt. We are using our political and military influence to see to it that China's development towards unification and democracy is achieved without civil war.

These are worthy purposes, but it is well to remind ourselves that we have gone a long way towards imposing certain very broad decisions on the Chinese



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HERE'S SOMETHING to remember when you are checking the prices you pay for things *now* with the prices you used to pay...

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This prewar level has been maintained in the face of the fact that the prices of nearly everything for which railroads *pay out* money—wages, materials and supplies, taxes—have gone up, in the same way that the prices *you* now pay for things you buy have gone up.

But the price of the service is not the only important part of the railroads' value to this nation. The adequacy and dependability of rail service are of even greater value.

It was to its railroads that the nation turned in the emergency of war to haul 90 per cent of all war freight, 97 per cent of all travel by military personnel.

And, for the future, it is upon these twin values of the rail system—top-notch service at rock-bottom cost—that the nation will rely.

AMERICAN RAILROADS

government and people. We have to reckon with a natural resentment on the part of many Chinese because of this interference in their internal affairs and because of the patent dependence of China for her economic future and international position on American support. Nor should we forget that our intentions, however honorable they may seem to us, are not always generously interpreted by our allies. The Russians see no essential difference between our actions in China and their own influence on the internal affairs of Iran.

The Chinese naturally act within the pattern of decisions which we have made and clearly intend to enforce. The struggle for power between the two major factions continues but takes different forms. The barrage of accusations that each side levels against the other is part of the jockeying for position.

The main question concerns the terms on which the Communists will lay down their arms. They have been in a weak military and political position ever since V-J Day, but the choice between driving a hard bargain in negotiation with the Kuomintang and continuing a struggle to the death must have been a hard one to make — it must have brought about divided counsel in Yenan. The chief thing the Communists had to decide was the strength of American determination to finish the civil strife and to see that the Communists, as a legal party, should enjoy the civil and political rights which are their share of the bargain.

There is a direct relation between the size of our armed forces and the strength of our policy, whatever its objectives, in Korea, the Philippines, and China. Demands to bring our troops back home before they can be replaced play directly into the hands of our competitors. It is by our armed forces that we are judged.

The enormous military effort of this country in the war against Japan is not generally understood or appreciated in Asia. Soviet propaganda in China has stressed the role of the Soviet Union in winning the war against Japan; the Chinese in reconquered areas are stressing the part that China played. Soviet propaganda organs in Shanghai and Tientsin are using American news to give the impression that we are torn by internal strife and fears of new wars, and that only the Soviet Union is sincerely seeking peace.

Telling our truth in China

No one can remain blind to the battle of ideas in which we are now engaged and into which other governments are throwing their full weight. It would be pleasant to live in a world of free and unfettered information. But we do not. We are losing ground every day in China, not only because our policy and position are being actively misrepresented by other

governments, but also because we are not putting sufficient weight behind the telling of our own story. It has never been more important for our policy to be fully understood in China than now. And it has never been more difficult to tell our story.

We have a strong policy in China, but strong policies involve great risks. There is the risk of putting too heavy a burden on backs too weak to bear them — the National Government may not be strong enough to fulfill its part of the bargain. There is the risk that the American people, if they do not fully understand what is at stake, may not be willing to see the matter through. It is unnecessary, however, to run the further risk of being misunderstood and misinterpreted.

The forms of representative self-government are being fostered and elections are being held, parties and platforms are emerging, and issues are being debated in all this vast area — China, the Philippines, Korea, and Japan.

Trusteeships needed

But in the great colonial territories of Southeast Asia, the responsibility has been assigned by decision of the High Commands of the United States and Great Britain to our British ally. In this area the United States has nothing to do with the disarming of the Japanese or with the restoration of civil government. We agreed to this course in January of this year. We are under plenty of criticism from our allies about our handling of areas in which we have a direct responsibility and are, therefore, quite free to criticize what has happened in Indonesia, Malaya, Burma, and French Indo-China.

There is plenty to criticize. Unquestionably, a good deal of the trouble in Indonesia and French Indo-China came from initial mistakes. Much blame can also be laid at the door of the Japanese. But the basic difficulty lies in the contrast between our handling of the Philippines, whatever its limitation, and the reluctance of the colonial powers to surrender political sovereignty.

There is still one bridge that we can help to build that might assist in bringing about a solution to the tragedy of Indonesia and French Indo-China. It is the bridge of trusteeship. No one will seriously assert that the people of either of these countries, however much they may wish for independence, are at the moment capable of organizing it successfully.

No one can deny, however, that they are unwilling to trust their future to the countries which failed to protect them from the Japanese. The only solution is joint trusteeship and a definite schedule for complete emancipation. To seek refuge in "individual trusteeship" is to seek refuge in a legal formula which destroys the whole concept of trusteeship.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Europe

THE political pot in Holland has begun to boil because of one hot issue raised before the UNO meeting in London. The cause is the dispute unleashed by the Indonesian rebellion. Dutch imperial policy and the whole political setup of the Netherlands may undergo drastic liberalization as a result, to provide better opportunity for the public will to express itself in the affairs of government.

Since liberation, according to a writer in the *Knickerbocker Weekly*, the pre-war Assembly has been functioning in a parliamentary role, dominated by ultra-conservative elements. Commanding a majority in the Assembly, these exponents of ruthless colonial exploitation are fighting to preserve unchanged the pre-war imperial policies. Their attitude is a basic factor in the dissensions between The Hague and its colonial experts in the East Indies. The object of the ultra-conservatives is to nullify the spirit and letter of Queen Wilhelmina's proposed colonial "new deal," by eliminating all reasonable time limits within which its pledges might begin to operate fully.

The Dutch Cabinet includes able spokesmen for a progressive policy. Yet it finds itself dangerously crippled by the conservative majority in the Assembly. Though British pressure is producing some concessions from this political bloc (because of aroused public opinion in England which views Britain's role in Java with distaste), the issue is by no means settled. All decisions made by Dutch officials in Indonesia, in seeking a compromise settlement there, must still run the gantlet of the obstructionist clique at The Hague, who include sturdy champions of the oil, rubber, and tin cartels.

Denunciation of Holland's reactionary colonial policy by the Dutch clergy adds powerful support to the clamor for reform. The government's adherence to a cumbersome system of proportional representation,

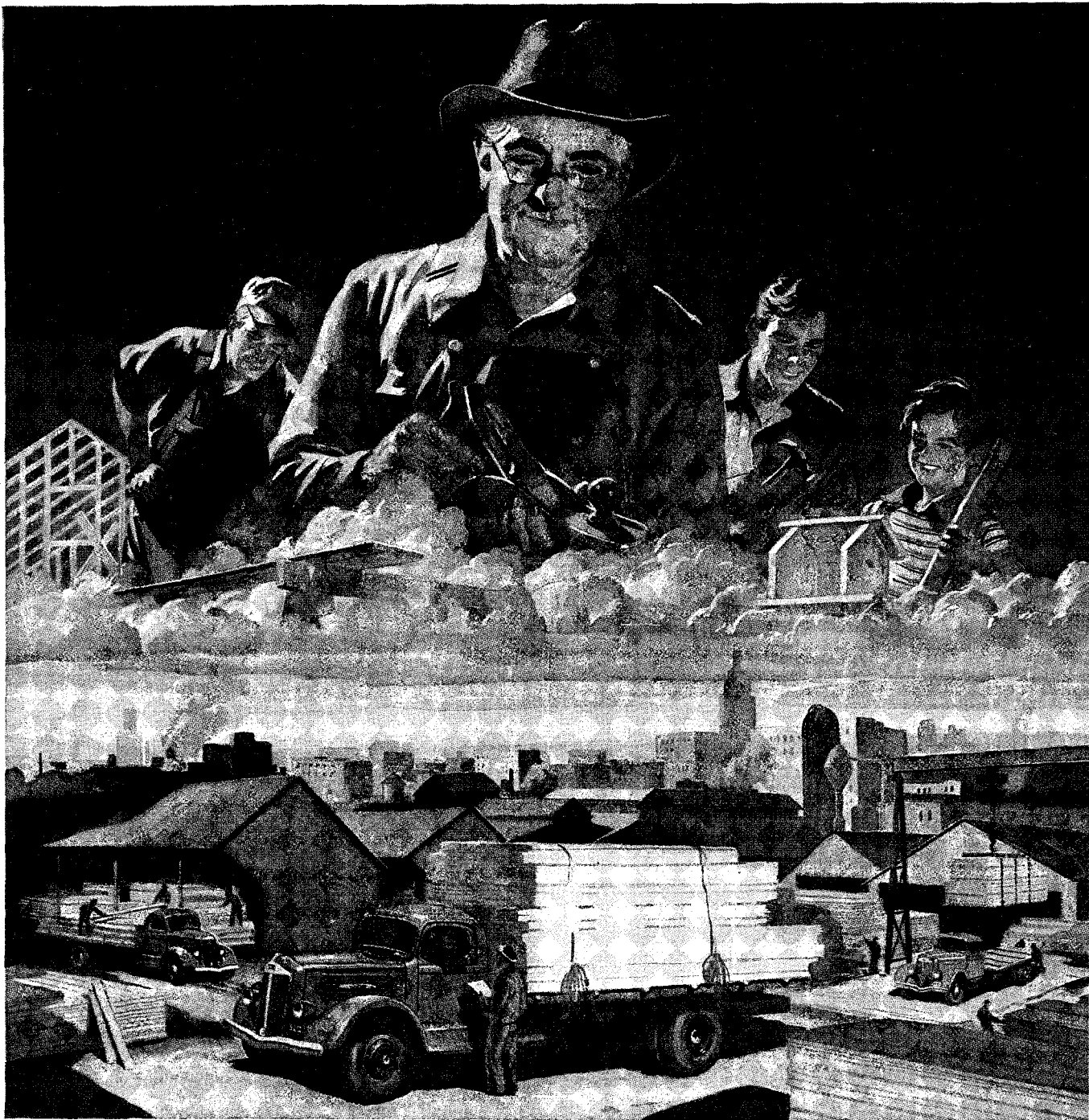
the delays in compiling voting registers, the postponement of elections resulting from this maneuver, irk champions of a new social and political policy. The Calvinist and Liberal Parties, which comprise the hard core of reaction, face a brusque challenge not only from the political groups inheriting the program of the Resistance, but from important minority elements within their own ranks.

How fast the Dutch rebuild

One reason for the delay of the political thaw in Holland is the intense preoccupation of the Dutch people with rebuilding their ruined country. A program calling for construction of 60,000 new homes has been drawn up. Work on the first 10,000 of these — scheduled for completion this year — is under way. About 400 million dollars has been made available by the government for repair of another 300,000 damaged dwellings. Master plans for the renovation of the great center of Rotterdam are complete, and work is beginning there also. This undertaking will cost between 570 million and 760 million dollars.

The trackage of the entire Dutch railway system has been restored, and more than 80 per cent is fit for passenger traffic. Temporary structures now replace the important railway bridges destroyed by the war. Tremendous effort is being made to reconstitute the Dutch dairy industries and agriculture. Some 15,000 cattle have been imported to replenish depleted herds. Of the thousands of acres of rich agricultural land flooded by the Nazis, only two sizable plots remained under water by January 1. The others have been drained and are being treated intensively for soil restoration.

Credits negotiated in Canada are being supplemented by negotiations for a fifty-million-dollar credit in Switzerland. The Dutch hope to export their surplus bulbs, vegetables, seed, and chemical products in



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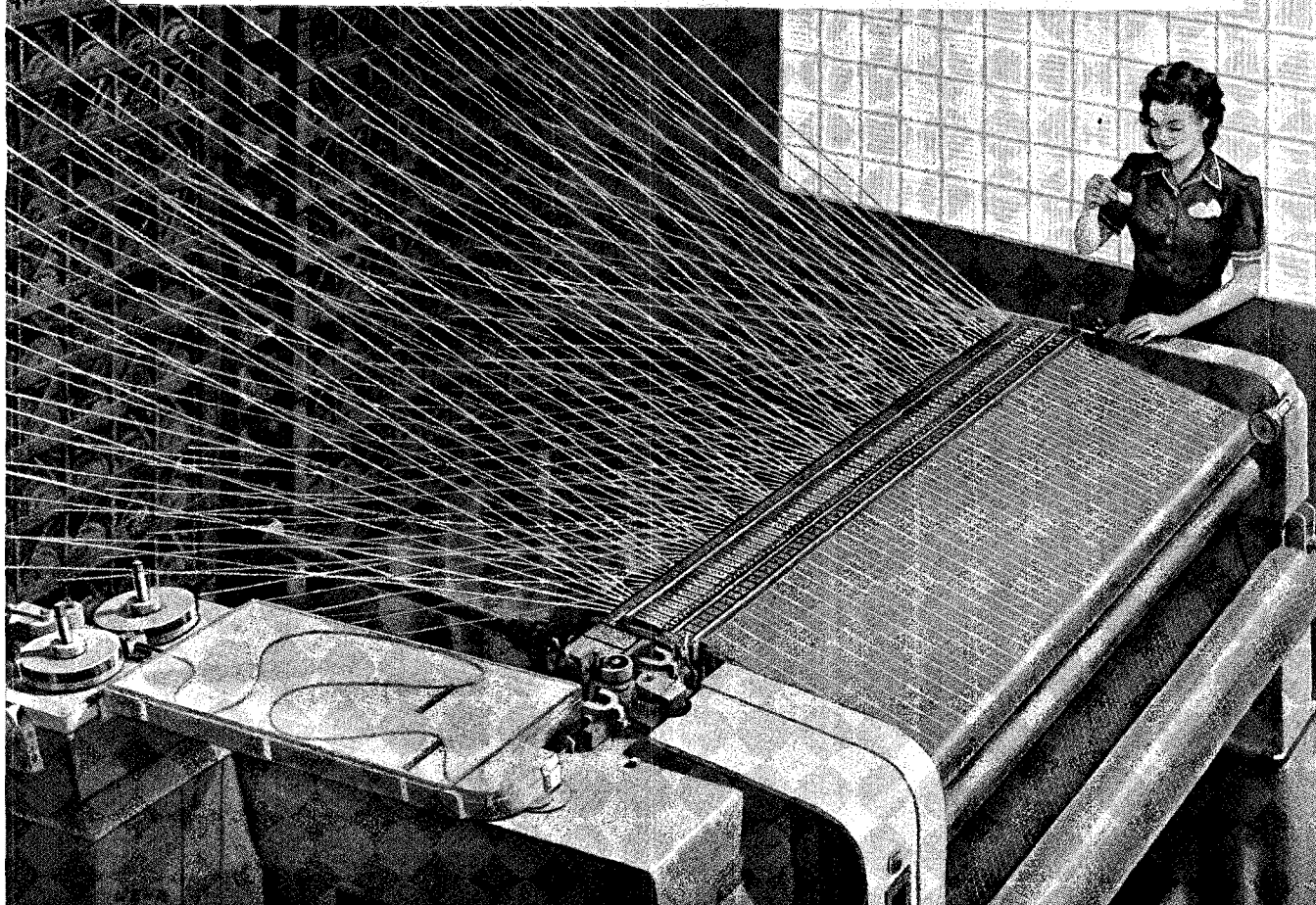
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WINDOW SCREENS THAT TURN BACK THE SUN'S RAYS! *An eminent artist paints the weaving of the new Koolshades at Borg-Warner's Ingersoll Division. These magic screens while giving clear vision stop both insects and the sun's heat outside your windows, admitting only cool north light. They prevent furnishings from fading, protect vital materials and equipment in plants.*

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In housing, in aviation, in the marine industry—Borg-Warner is ready with developments as dramatic as the Koolshade screen. For the engineering and large-scale production of all 28 Borg-Warner plants is governed by a constant determination to "Design it better, make it better."

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payment for quantities of machinery, electrical equipment, locomotives, and other badly needed capital and goods. Meantime, with British support, the Netherlands government is scouring Europe and the Americas to bring back refugee diamond workers and restore Holland as the world's diamond market.

Tension in Greece

Greece stumbles through the persisting fury of factional war toward an election meager of promise. Undoubtedly the presence of hundreds of British, American, and French "observers" throughout the country will help to hold violence to a minimum on election day, March 31. That they can ensure a fair and free election is exceedingly doubtful.

The difficulties they face are endemic to Greek politics. They are made worse by the almost unbelievable bitterness which divides the people, sets neighbor against neighbor, and even divides families into feuding partisans. More than 600 Greek Republicans have been slain by Royalist supporters of King George II since the signing of the Varkiza agreement less than a year ago. Approximately 17,000 supporters of a republic were being held in jail by the government as the New Year began. Some 150,000 others are in hiding in the mountains for fear of their lives, or have gone underground in the cities and larger towns. How many Royalists have been killed in the past year is a moot question. There is no doubt that the number is very large.

This is scarcely an auspicious setting for the first general election Greece has had in ten years. The election lists have been challenged by all the parties of the moderate center and left. Despite the fact that more than a million Greeks have died from war, famine, or disease since the onset of the war, and though scores of thousands are in prison or fugitives in their own country today, the registers show a heavy increase in enrollment above all previous figures.

The padded voting lists are even more amazing in view of the complaint by the Minister of the Interior concerning the public boycott on registration. He declared that nearly 60 per cent of Greek voters were refusing to register. Most of this abstention is the result of political terrorism.

As the sparring match between Great Britain and Russia discloses, one of the chief reasons for the calamitous condition of Greece is her unfortunate geographical position. The hard facts of position transform her into a Balkan bridgehead for Great Britain and an outpost protecting the British Empire's Mediterranean communications. The Slav states along her northern borders — Yugoslavia and Bulgaria — dramatize the Russian sphere of influence there. No liberated nation in Europe deserves better of her allies. None has proved more demonstrably

her right to set her own house in order her own way. None is more completely victimized by the circumstances of power politics.

British interest in Greece

British interest in Greece is illustrated by the presence there of a British army, largely composed of Indian Sikhs, under General Scobie. The Greek partisan forces, which had cleared the country of Germans three days before the British landed, welcomed them with songs, the populace strewed their path with flowers. Now they are denounced by all parties.

The Churchill policy was based on determination to restore an unwanted king and to make Greece completely manageable from London and Cairo. The rise of the Royalists to power and influence was accompanied by the crushing of the EAM, which formed the Greek army of liberation. This action stoked the fires of hatred and elicited reprisals. Greek Communists, who made up about a fifth of the EAM, and Greek moderates, Republicans, Democrats, and Liberals, who comprised most of the remainder, went to war against the monarchists, the Greek fascists, and the professional militarists who supported them.

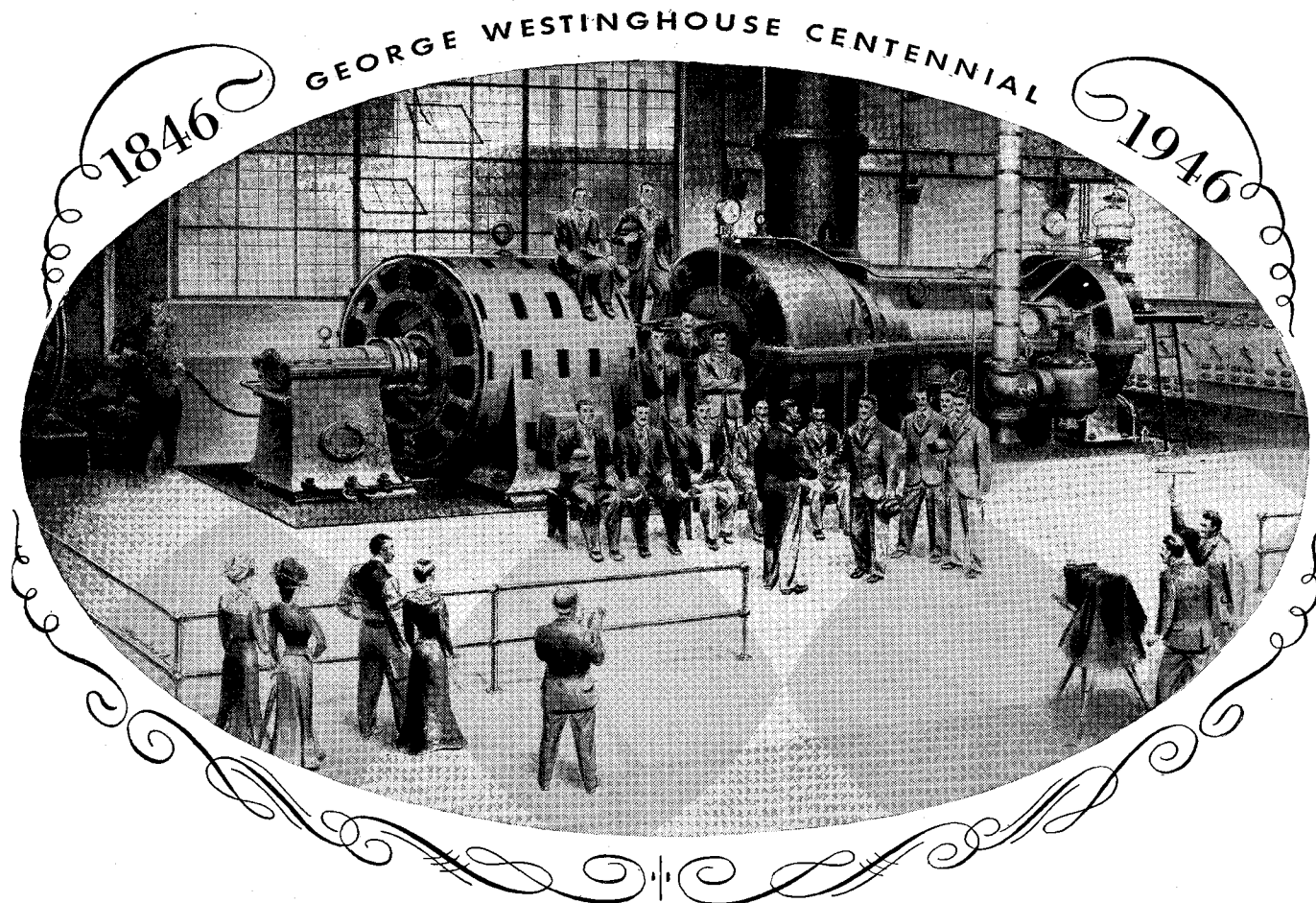
The forces of the Right, who enjoy the support of British arms, believe with profound conviction that they are battling to save Greece from Communism. Their opponents, whether Communists, Liberals, or other supporters of Republican aspirations, believe just as deeply that they are fighting to save Greece from dictatorship by a rightist reaction.

The new British loan to Greece gives promise of putting an end to the worst inflation experienced by any country on the European continent. Cancellation of the Greek debt to Britain for war aid lifts another backbreaking burden. Finally, Britain's bold postponement until 1948 of the plebiscite on the form of the government puts off the decision on the monarchy.

Two thirds of all the labor in the country is unemployed. The industrial index stands at 20. Under the necessity of paying close to 30 per cent of its entire annual income to British investors, with 75 per cent of its building craftsmen idle and 90,000 homes in ruins, denuded of raw materials and deprived of essential economic imports, strangled in billows of worthless drachmas, shaken by internecine political feuds and the supervening contest of the Great Powers, Greece surveys a hollow victory.

The head of the Palestine Arabs

One of the most interested absentees from the first meeting of the United Nations occupies a closely guarded chateau on the outskirts of Paris. Repeatedly at London, spokesmen for the seven Arab states in the Middle East have shown their solidarity, vis-à-



WHIRLING POWER

EARLY in life, George Westinghouse dreamed of a new and better source of power that would make obsolete the ponderous *reciprocating* steam engine of his day.

Even as a boy he had wrestled with the problem—securing his first patent on an engine of the *rotary type* when only 19 years old.

Years later, Westinghouse heard the exciting news about a *new type of rotary engine*, developed by Sir Charles Parsons in England. It was a steam turbine . . . using *jets of steam* to drive whirling blades.

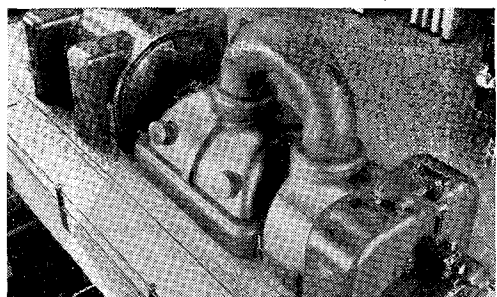
Here was the answer to the problem that had fascinated Westinghouse since boyhood—and he promptly acquired

the rights to manufacture the turbine in America.

The next few years were busy ones for George Westinghouse. With characteristic energy, he applied all his inventive genius in developing the still crude steam turbine into a *compact power source* for generating electricity.

Then, in 1900, Westinghouse installed a 2000-kilowatt steam turbine generator at Hartford, Connecticut—by far the largest then in existence.

It was the *first* practical central station turbine generator in America . . . a *new* application of whirling power that was to bring electricity to people all over the world.



Westinghouse
PLANTS IN 25 CITIES OFFICES EVERYWHERE

TODAY . . . America annually produces more than two billion kilowatt hours of electricity and more than three-fourths of the generating capacity in America is in steam turbine generators. Westinghouse manufactured a large share of these turbine generators—some developing more than 200,000 horsepower each. In 1946, more than a million horsepower of Westinghouse steam turbines will go into American power plants.

Tune in: JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—Sunday, 2:30 pm, EST, NBC • TED MALONE—Monday through Friday, 11:45 am, EST, American Network

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vis Britain, France, Russia, the United States, and other important powers. Their accomplishments foreshadow new challenges. The Arab prisoner guarded by the French expects, eventually, to embody one of these challenges in his own person. He is Haj Amin el Husseini, former Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, self-styled descendant of the Prophet, and would-be spiritual leader of the Moslem Arab world.

Tall, slim, red-bearded, and blue-eyed, this dark-skinned man in his early fifties has been probably the most dangerous opponent of the authority of France and Britain in the Middle East during the past quarter of a century — ever since he got himself named spiritual head of the Palestinian Arabs back in 1921.

Exiled by the British in 1937 after he had engineered the bloody riots of that year in Palestine, he fled successively from Lebanon to Syria to Iraq. There, in 1941, he became one of the movers of the revolt which came perilously close to opening a highway for Hitler into India. With a price on his head, Amin el Husseini next escaped to Rome and then to Berlin. From these cities, throughout the struggle with the Axis he preached a holy war to the Arab world.

Husseini's importance is indicated not alone by the elaborate silence of British and French diplomacy. It is emphasized by reports that the Arab League is now beginning to move for his exoneration and release from custody. If the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem is liberated, there is trouble ahead for all colonial powers in Africa and the Middle East. If he is not, the refusal may further sharpen Arab nationalism.

Foster child of British policy

The Arab League was originally a foster child of British policy, which still seeks to employ it for imperial purposes. The aim was to set up a bloc of Arab states in the Middle East as a safeguard against Russian pressure from the north. Moreover the British, and since the war the Americans, have recognized the importance of holding the support of the Arab rulers, for economic reasons, in the oil-rich Middle East.

Ibn Saud, one of the Arab League's key directors, has been a recipient of British subsidies for many years. He thrived on them during the war, when they helped to keep Iraqi rebels and the rest of the Arabs divided. With the royalties he receives from exploitation of oil fields in his kingdom, and with his other royal revenues, these subsidies make Ibn Saud one of the richest kings in the world.

According to an official report issued at London, he was paid in the form of "assistance to Saudi Arabia" (meaning himself) 596,582 pounds sterling in 1940, 1,311,375 pounds sterling in 1941, 3,381,188 pounds sterling in 1942, when Arab flirtations with the Nazis

were causing endless trouble in Iraq, and 3,367,189 pounds sterling in 1943, when Syrian and Iraqi dissent was finally smothered. To this handsome "assistance" in hard cash, which adds up to about 35 million dollars, should be added 2 million dollars in supplies and 1.5 million dollars in Lend-Lease, between 1943 and 1945.

Ibn Saud's business acumen is disclosed by the apportionment of the costs for the League's activities. Egypt pays 42 per cent, Iraq pays 21 per cent, Syria 16, and tiny Lebanon 6. But the multimillionaire King of Arabia, the King of Trans-Jordan, and the Imam of Yemen pay, all together, only 14 per cent.

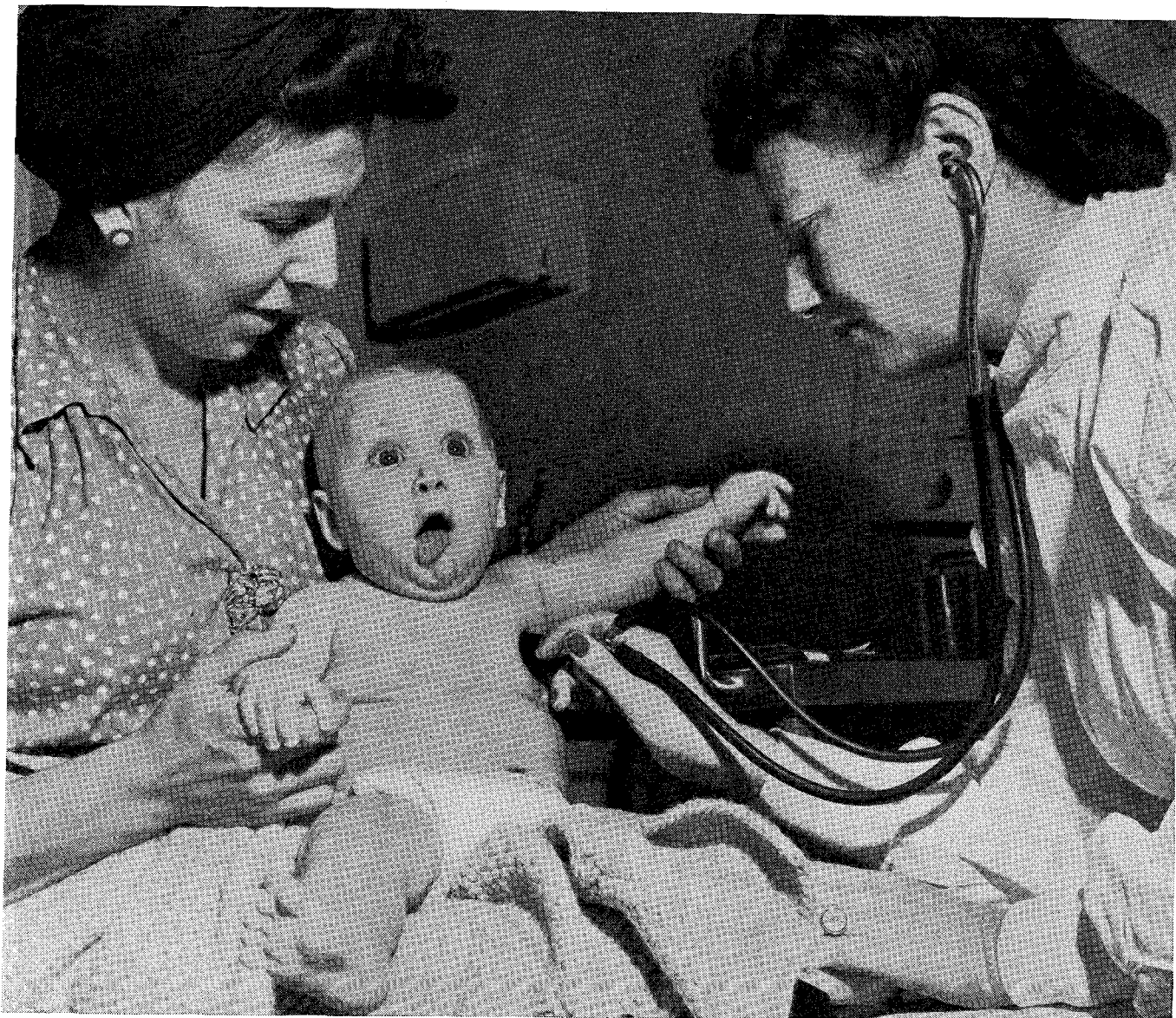
A league of rulers

The League is one of rulers rather than of peoples, for the Arab masses have little to say about their government in most Arab states. Though presiding over the hopes of countries harboring fifty million Arabs and aspiring to extend its sway to encompass all Arab North Africa and re-establish the empire of the Middle Ages, the League is a compact and closely held organization. It is tied tightly to the interests of the great Arabian landowners. Accordingly its directors are opposed to any fundamental reforms, social or economic.

This fact plays an important part in British policy in the Middle East and explains the firmly held view of the Colonial Office that industrialization and economic development in the region on any scale promising to raise living standards for the masses would be ruinous to imperial interest. Only in Egypt, where the League recently convened, are there signs of ferment at the bottom of society, demonstrations for social reform, demands for a living wage. Throughout most of the lands associated by their rulers under the League's banners, the poverty and misery of the people are almost incredible.

Rulers reluctant to yield to progress often find it convenient to focus attention on a substitute for reform. Nationalism is made to order for this purpose. It is not strange, accordingly, to find the League pressing its claims on all fronts. The more London and Cairo yield to the League, the stronger becomes its appetite. Trusteeship for the League over Italian colonies in Africa is one objective sought. Pressures growing on French Africa suggest others. A customs union, designed to knit the seven member states more closely together in the economic field, and an ambitious program for cementing cultural ties promise to strengthen the organization further.

Its chief weaknesses are two: the tendency toward feud among Arab rulers is an old one and difficult to eradicate; the revolutionary awakening which is stirring Asia to social and economic reform is moving out of China across India into the Middle East.



What makes babies tick?

Many a mother, faced with the intricate mechanism of a small, new human being, asks herself that question. Plus a lot of others!

It's the purpose of child health stations, in scores of progressive communities, to provide the answers. Their guidance extends from the cradle to kindergarten—covers everything from proper feeding to periodic physical examinations.

This work is without question one of modern medicine's brightest achievements. Given frequent and expert care, more well babies *stay* well; more sick babies survive. Significantly, mortality figures are now at the lowest mark.

Significantly, too, child health stations got their start as *milk* stations. Over half a century ago, it was seen how closely the disease-resistance of the nation's children is linked to the supply of *safe milk*.

It was then that a National Dairy company pioneered in the pasteurization of milk. Today, that same regard for public welfare continually prompts research work at National Dairy Laboratories to improve the keeping qualities and guard the flavor—some purity of milk—nature's most nearly perfect food. Through such efforts, milk now remains *fresh* and *wholesome* for days instead of hours.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



NATIONAL DAIRY
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AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Paris

AFTER frittering away the first eighteen months of its freedom in often futile and sometimes scandalous flirtation with minor matters, the liberated nation of France has finally come to grips with its principal problem. The debate over the future constitution of France shows that the fundamental issue is: How shall the Fourth Republic be governed? The complete disagreement between President de Gaulle and the parties of the Left over this issue resulted in de Gaulle's abrupt departure from power.

The answer to this question will determine whether the executive or the legislative branch is to be supreme in the new republic, and also whether the government will come back under de Gaulle or go to a political alliance of Communists and Socialists. In the meantime, unless there is another rapid evolution in her political position, France is condemned to a makeshift interim government, with the three major parties, Communist, Socialist, and Popular Republican, maintaining a cautious political truce and serving with President Félix Gouin until the elections scheduled for June determine the form of the constitution.

The January crisis that brought about this political situation was accompanied by startling deterioration of the physical and the moral situation. Food supplies went from little to less. Bread rationing returned, at a lower level than it ever reached under the Germans. The electricity supply dwindled, and with it industrial production. The financial situation slumped equally badly, with a more than twofold devaluation of the franc, unchecked inflation of currency, further increases in prices despite controls, and strikes for higher wages.

Adding to political and economic difficulties, the winter, which started mild, turned suddenly severe, with successive waves of clear, sharp cold down to

fourteen degrees in the Paris region. Then came fogs that made Paris look like London and left the thin interior walls of unheated houses dripping.

Suffering in freedom almost as much as they did in German slavery, and deserted without reasonable explanation by the man they had been educated to consider as their only possible leader, the people reached a low point of distress and demoralization.

The battle for position

The immediate need was for a strong government that could and would take effective measures for recovery. But first there had to be a decision on the form of government. In retrospect, it became clear that the leaders of the provisional de Gaulle regime had been preoccupied in the struggle for power — a struggle between de Gaulle on the one side and the political parties on the other, and then between the parties themselves.

The general election in October proved to have been an empty affair. Of the two questions submitted to referendum, one answer was a foregone conclusion — that there should be a new constitution. The real electoral battle was fought for domination during the provisional period. De Gaulle appeared to be the victor in that battle. He formed a government on November 21, satisfying the Communists — the largest single party in the Assembly — by making their leader, Maurice Thorez, a Minister of State.

But an artificial crisis broke on New Year's Day when de Gaulle flatly rejected a Socialist request for a 20 per cent reduction in military appropriations for the 1946 budget. Taking an unusually strong stand on what seemed to be a relatively small matter, de Gaulle went to the Assembly that day to say, "This will doubtless be the last time that I shall speak in these surroundings. I want to tell you that

GENERAL SCIENCE

Ten Important Science Developments of Year

► THE TEN most important advances in science made during 1945, as picked by Watson Davis, director of Science Service, are:

- X 1. The atomic bomb and the practical release of nuclear energy of potential industrial use.
- X 2. Discovery and verification of the trans-uranium chemical elements 93, 94, 95 and 96, and the large-scale production of 94, plutonium, for use in the atomic bomb.
- 3. Use of the antibiotic, streptomycin, for the treatment of many diseases, especially those not cured by the sulfa drugs and penicillin.
- X 4. Development of the proximity fuze.

5. Development and use of loran, which allows determination of exact positions at sea and in the air through use of exactly timed radio signals.

6. Use of psychological warfare methods in hastening the Japanese unconditional surrender.

7. Development and use of BAL, a kind of alcohol, for the treatment of arsenic and mercury poisoning.

X 8. Development and use of the chemicals, ANTU and 1080, for killing rats and other rodents.

9. Successful transplantation of hearts in warmblooded animals.

10. Steps taken in Congress for the establishment of a National Science Foundation.

Some of these developments were actually made before 1945 but on account of war secrecy were not announced until 1945.

Science News Letter, December 22, 1945

"X" Marks the Spots where Monsanto Served

Monsanto's slogan, "Serving Industry . . . Which Serves Mankind," finds practical expression in the list above. The scope of Monsanto chemical research, engineering and production is indicated by the fact that this organization shared in *four* of the ten scientific achievements selected by Mr. Davis as outstanding for 1945.

ATOMIC POWER — In the words of an army message of commendation: "Monsanto completed vital research and solved production problems of extreme complexity without which the atomic bomb could not have been."

More than 200 scientists worked on special research phases of the

program at Monsanto's Central Research Laboratories. At Clinton Laboratories, Oak Ridge, Tenn., Monsanto is carrying on additional atomic research.

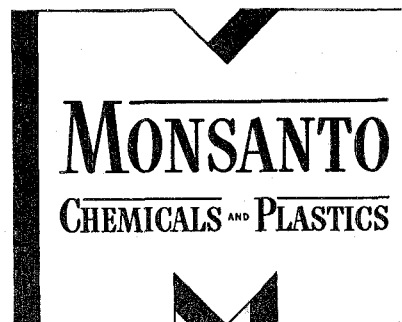
TRANS-URANIUM ELEMENTS—Monsanto's contributions to this scientific accomplishment paralleled its work in other phases of atomic power.

PROXIMITY FUZE — New plastics materials developed by Monsanto's Plastics Division were used in this device.

"1080" RODENTICIDE — Monsanto is the world's sole producer of this effective new rodent killing chemical, developed by the U. S. Fish and

Wildlife Service. Available only to pest-control operators because of its lethal qualities, "1080" is expected to reduce materially the annual damage caused by rats . . . estimated at \$500,000,000 a year in the United States alone.

MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY
St. Louis 4



SERVING INDUSTRY...WHICH SERVES MANKIND

if you do not take into account conditions of responsibility and dignity of government you will see the time come when you will bitterly regret the path you have taken."

His words were too strong for the occasion. That crisis was by-passed temporarily, but de Gaulle had raised on the secondary issue of army funds the primary question of executive responsibility.

During the honeymoon

Then came a pause for honeymoons. De Gaulle gave his daughter Elizabeth in marriage on January 3 to a member of his staff, Commandant de Boissieu. The same day Francisque Gay, Minister of State, saw his daughter married. Foreign Minister Georges Bidault was already on honeymoon with Suzanne Borel, France's first woman career diplomat.

On this eve of grave political crisis, the polite society of Paris struggled with petty problems much as the *haute société* of Brussels danced at the grand ball on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo. De Gaulle insisted that his daughter's wedding be private — so much so that he told a delegation from the Diplomatic Corps that he did not want a wedding present. The bewildered wives of ambassadors and ministers, having already collected the money, settled for a silver tray that could be concealed under a silver tea service given by members of the Cabinet.

Bidault, however, invited the entire Diplomatic Corps, the officers of the French foreign service, the members of the Assembly, and even ten American and ten British correspondents, to his wedding reception in the Salon de l'Horloge of the Foreign Ministry. The difference in wedding receptions reflected frequent differences in policy between the Foreign Minister and the President.

The Assembly took a vacation the first two weeks in January and the most important ministers left Paris. René Plevin, Minister of Finance, repaired to his electoral district in Brittany. Marcel Paul, Communist Minister of Industrial Production, made a trip to Kemsdam on the Rhine, where he urged French workers not to strike but to work, work, work. Charles Tillon, Communist Minister of Armaments, traveled to Toulouse to visit an arms plant. Bidault took his bride to Switzerland.

Hunger and politics

But most important of the mid-January vacationers was de Gaulle, who went alone to a villa at Cap d'Antibes on the Riviera and reflected on the course of French politics. It was there that he reached the tentative decision to resign.

These much publicized ministerial vacations coincided with the sharp descent of the French people

into the abyss of misfortune. All meat shops in Paris were closed. Butchers complained that they could not make a living at the retail prices fixed by the government while wholesale prices were uncontrolled. Bread tickets were reinstated New Year's Day, after bread had been off rationing two months, when blundering estimates of the wheat supply were discovered.

When de Gaulle returned to Paris on January 14, he was appalled by the situation. He called a Cabinet meeting immediately, scolded the Ministers like a schoolmaster chastising delinquent students, and attempted to resume control.

Assemblymen returned the next day. First on their agenda was the foreign policy debate. De Gaulle, tapping his foot restlessly, must have thought that this debate reached the depth of decadence in democratic practices, and that it confirmed his contention that executive power should be supreme.

A spokesman from each party took the rostrum for a limited time in the hallowed Chamber of Deputies, which once echoed to inspired speeches, and each uttered well-known, hackneyed views of his group, applauded mechanically by his group alone. The speech that drew the loudest applause was that of Florimond Bonte, because his group — the Communist — was the most numerous. Then the Assembly proceeded to try formalistic debate on the supply situation.

De Gaulle bows out

By then de Gaulle had reached confirmation of the decision he made during his vacation. At noon on January 20, Sunday, an unusual day for a Cabinet meeting, he called the Ministers to the War Office, an unusual place (the sessions are customarily held in the Hotel Matignon). In a few curt words he announced his resignation. The de Gaulle government, born of crisis, expired without a struggle.

The only explanation de Gaulle gave his Ministers was that he always felt that his leadership should end when political parties were ready to assume control; that since the period of transition had ended, France was no longer in a state of alarm and therefore no longer needed him. He repeated this explanation in a formal letter to Félix Gouin, then President of the Assembly, not requesting permission to resign, but announcing his withdrawal. The Assembly had no alternative but to accept.

In the absence of an immediate explanation and in the presence of a quick spurt of rumors, it is interesting to reconstruct the sequence of events. It appeared that de Gaulle's impulse to resign was reinforced on Friday, January 18, when the Socialist-Communist Committee of Entente, after considerable polemics,

announced its "desire to see agreement achieved on the principal problems of the day, in particular on the elaboration of a constitution."

Joint Socialist-Communist action in drafting the constitution implied a common stand in the election next summer. Last October, de Gaulle had carried the Socialist vote, in winning limitation of the powers of the Assembly, against the Communists, who wanted to make parliament supreme. In January, the Left united against de Gaulle.

The Communists take the offensive

Bolstered by the Socialist accord, the Communists passed immediately to the attack. On Saturday, January 19, Jacques Duclos told the Central Committee of the Communist Party, "The political situation is such that the possibility of a new governmental formula can be envisaged." Benoit Frachon, Secretary General of the General Confederation of Labor, told a meeting of Paris cadres that the de Gaulle government "does not correspond to your desires."

That day de Gaulle made the final decision to resign. He had long felt that his role as President in a three-party government had become futile; and with the pride that at times has been his glory, at times his handicap, he refused to lend his name to the constitution being prepared for the country. With newly acquired political sense, he saw his position being gradually reduced to a point where he would be at the mercy of the leftist parties.

He went out in the *maladroit* manner that has been typical of his political career. News leaked Saturday through the British Agency Exchange Telegraph that de Gaulle intended to resign. His office would say only that there would be a Cabinet meeting Sunday and that the President would speak over the radio Monday. He was persuaded not to speak to the nation over the heads of the Assembly, but let it be known that he would issue a statement. Then he decided not to do that, lest he split the nation in two, and withdrew to the country.

De Gaulle's sudden retreat brought a sudden drop in his public standing. His announcement that he was leaving because all was going well, when every Frenchman felt that things were going worse than ever, was ridiculous to a politically conscious people. His failure to follow up with an immediate explanation compromised his position even more. The current saying became: "De Gaulle has his head in the clouds, his hands in blood, and his feet in mud."

De Gaulle's ever present amanuensis, Gaston Palewski, announced that de Gaulle had withdrawn "irrevocably" to private life. Doing a quick political double-take, he tried through the Ministry of In-

formation to have the statement withdrawn. It was too late. But no one was deceived into believing that de Gaulle had really left political life forever.

Looking for a leader

During the subsequent crisis his long shadow lay over the negotiations — first for a Socialist-Communist government, and then for a three-party Cabinet that would include the Popular Republicans and would be headed by Socialist Gouin, chosen for his non-party role as Assembly President. No one believed that this quiet little lawyer from the Midi, who took his new role nervously and reluctantly, was the strong man France needed.

The most memorable fact of crisis was the resurgence of Pierre Mendès-France, a member of the discredited Radical-Socialist Party, but a skilled financial expert who had quit de Gaulle's government as Minister of National Economy because the Cabinet refused to accept his stern deflationary proposals. He was the man Gouin consulted most on the formation of a Cabinet and of a program. He did not become Minister, because his party decided to boycott the new government; but most of his ideas were incorporated in the government plan, with Socialist André Philip as Minister of Finance and National Economy.

The showdown will come over the adoption of the constitution this summer. At the vigorous age of fifty-five, de Gaulle with his pride and ambition is unlikely to let the country he led in spirit for five years go a way he disapproves. Whether he offers his own constitutional plan or opposes the leftist draft with a new party, he will be heard from again.

The GI's leave France

In the midst of political crisis the French hardly noticed the departure of an American phenomenon. The unfortunate *affaire GI* in France had virtually ended. A new military establishment called Western Base Section was set up in Paris on January 15, merging the former Oise base at Reims with the Seine base in Paris. Its sole function was to close out the United States Army from France.

In terms of everyday life for the French, the notorious black market opposite the Madeleine ceased. The price of American cigarettes mounted astronomically because of shortened supply. Hotels, buses, and taxis reverted to civilian use, and the boulevards lost their khaki tinge. No one who noticed this event regretted it unless it was the black-market operators.

Both the GI's and the French had begun to compare each other to the Germans. The French found the Germans more "correct." The GI's found the Germans more "like us." It was high time that the French were left alone to their problems.

IT'S

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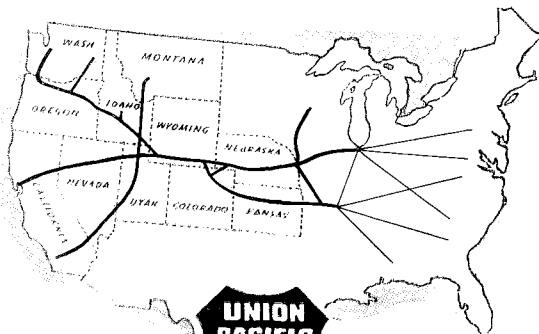
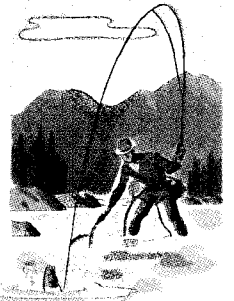
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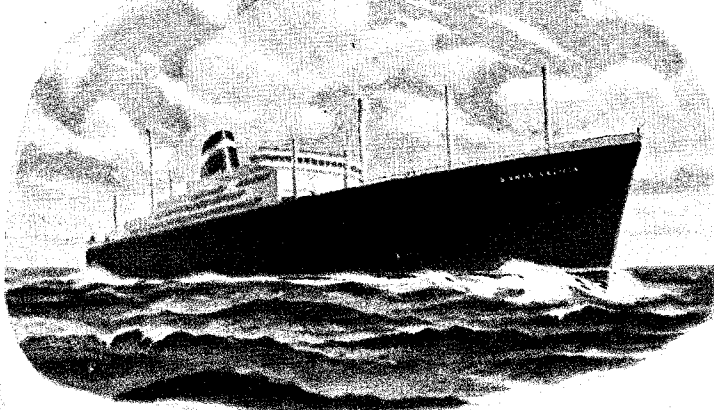
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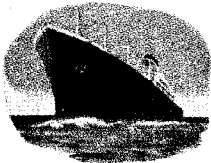
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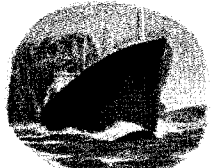
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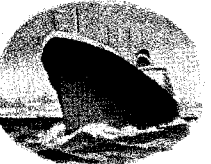
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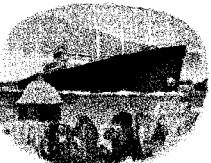
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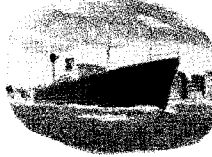
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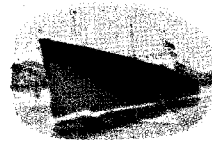
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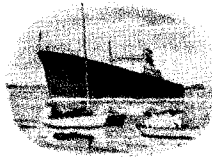
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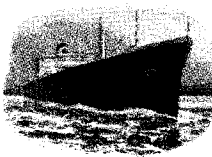
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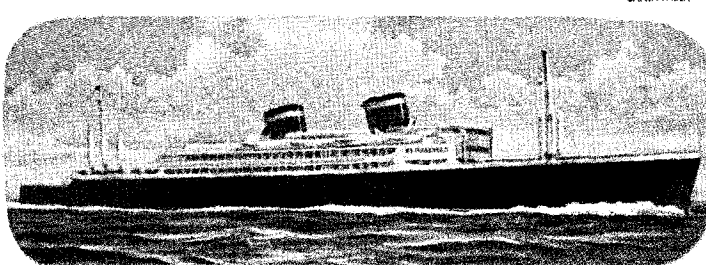
The new passenger and cargo liners will be air-conditioned and will provide all outside rooms, each with private bath, and outdoor tiled swimming pools.

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SANTA ROSA



SANTA PAULA

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Rome

ITALY is full of color these days. Things look exciting and catastrophic to correspondents; yet this wealth of good story material should not be interpreted as indicating a state of tumult everywhere. By and large the public order is tolerable. The incidents are just local cracks showing that the ice is beginning to move after the long freeze.

In Florence, which inclines to neat definition, partisans and royal parachutists date each other at 9.00 P.M. in Central Square and shoot it out in the approved Guelph versus Ghibelline style. In the plains of the North, peasants annex the crops and ask the landlords to sign new contracts, or else.

In Sicily, the ancient sickness of the island has broken out in real civil war, with well-armed and motorized brigades of the separatist army fighting regular divisions. The worst side of this outbreak is the amount of organization revealed, including a vast gun-running racket extending as far as the Yugoslav coast. But the organization in this case is not Communist. It is headed by the shadowy figures of the great local landlords, who are using feudal retainers and the social flotsam and jetsam left after the Allied invasion tide receded.

The problems are real but are limited in scope. The masses of Central and Northern Italy have not yet shown their hand, and the leaders of the Left are anxiously cooperating with the government in order to stave off the coming crisis for a few weeks more.

In the economic field, things look better than they really are. Reconstruction and the bustle of activity are visible everywhere. Transportation is still a major difficulty, but bridges are being repaired, and communications along the peninsula are almost re-established. Many plants are working, and the normal exchange of goods has started again.

The topsy-turvy condition in which everyone appeared to have lots of money (Allied fiat money), but couldn't find things to buy, has turned into the more logical situation of a scarcity of money to procure the available and necessary things. As a result, prices have dropped sharply, hoarded goods have come on the market, and the producers who had been playing the black market with carefully hidden and husbanded stocks of raw materials are putting them into production wherever possible. UNRRA supplies also are beginning to feed the industrial machine.

Italy on relief

How the Italians manage to keep alive is a mystery. One way is by selling their belongings. Another way is by paying only nominal rent, a process which is not without evil consequences in the form of chronic exasperation at the housing shortage. The situation is made worse by six million war homeless. Another method is keeping the diet down to about a thousand calories a day with the result that a common cold will snuff them out.

There are no reserves of material or biological supplies. There is a tragic shortage of drugs, anesthetics, hospital bed sheets — everything. Tuberculosis is rampant. The population shivers in unheated and damaged houses. Nobody who has not gone through a winter without relief from bone-freezing, brain-numbing cold, with not even an occasional pitcher of hot water to wash with, can know what such privation means.

And — for misfortunes hardly ever come alone — nature singled out this critical period for its greatest weather freaks of half a century. It rained for months on end when GI's were working their way through the Apennines mud. Then it stopped raining. For two years implacable drought has cut crops in half and reduced the single local source of energy, hydroelectric

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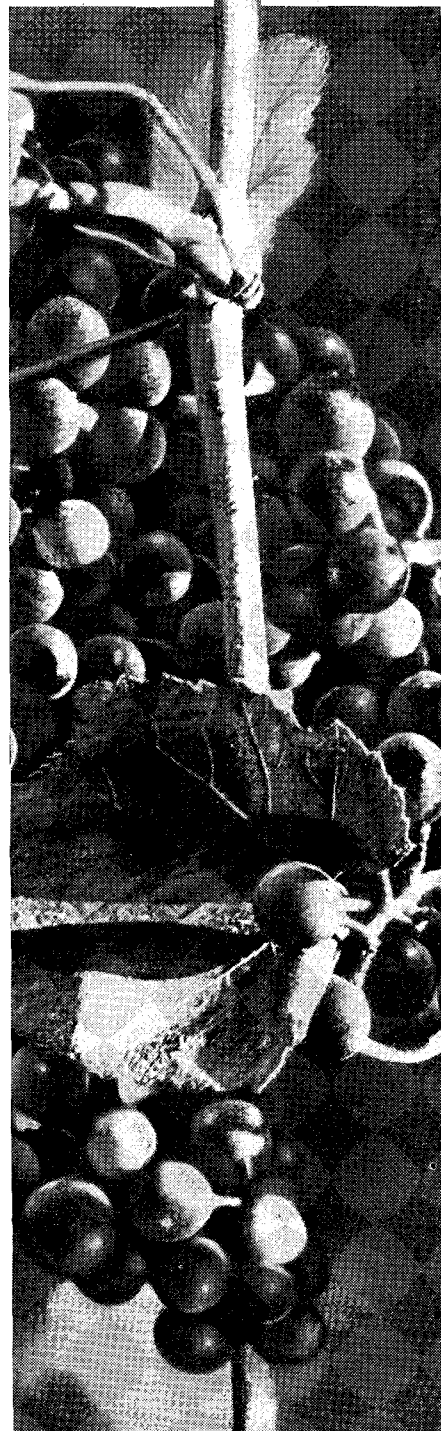


and rewards involved in America's productive progress are shared by the *many*—and *not* the few.

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power. Over and above the cold came darkness, imposed for hours each day. This winter there have been only a few days of rain. The only hope has been that the weather would break before the inexorable sunshine sets in again.

Everything considered, the people have taken these grim periods with exemplary calm. But the show-down is still bound to come. The government and business cannot go on wasting billions for the salaries of idle workers, and hundreds of thousands will have to be laid off. The layoff has been postponed twice. A number of industries, notably the Fiat automobile works, have given notice of their intention to shut down.

How long will charity last?

On their side, the middle classes have reached the end of their hidden reserves, which are huge in any civilized country. Some people have mobilized their belongings, from the family silver down to chairs and mattresses. UNRRA raw materials and food have staved off famine. But this aid is still unable to make up for the lack of foreign commerce.

Italy is still on relief. And since no one knows how long this kind of charity may last, people give up planning production. They have again started hiding away gasoline, a gallon at a time, against the day when gasoline will have to be bought on unknown terms and nonexistent foreign credits.

The fundamental aspect of the crisis is the fact that foreign credits, at least an urgently needed 600 million dollars, are not even in sight. There is no hope for them until the peace treaty has been signed and a stable government formed. What kind of settlement will the treaty of peace bring? What price level? There is already a double exchange rate — 220 lire to the dollar officially, and 400 in practice.

This financial uncertainty is upsetting enough. But if America insists on no tariff barriers and backs commerce with credit, it is clear that the Fiat works, for instance, will never be able to compete with American automobiles and tractors so long as Fiat's overhead costs are spread on only one part of capacity production. Generally speaking, all planning departments which started so hopefully six months ago are in the doldrums of discouragement.

The monetary situation has one good aspect. Italy has been able to avoid the inflationary spiral despite the huge input of Allied military lire. But the reason is that the peasants (who never had so much before) have been gradually absorbing all money available through black-market food dealings and putting it away in capacious stockings. There is a farm population of 27 million. If we reckon the hoardings at 10,000 lire per capita, that makes 270 billion lire —

more than the entire amount of the printed American lire. But when prices are stabilized at an international level, that money will pour out in exchange for such mass-produced goods as shoes, clothing, and household equipment. Then inflation may come.

Italy needs strong government

Italy needs a really strong government to steer her through the crisis. It takes a strong government to secure even minimum credits. To scrap stagnant industries, and to relieve mass unemployment, the North needs to carry through drastic social plans. It would take such a government to bring back order and production and to set up a yardstick for prices by an adequate policy of buying and stocking.

No real government is possible in Italy with this provisional, deadlocked six-party outfit, unrepresentative of any real distribution of forces. When Nenni said, "We need a constitution more than bread," for once he was talking on a firm basis of common sense. Only a representative assembly could establish a government able to take responsibilities.

Since the need for strong government is overwhelming, the Rightists think that the time will soon be ripe when anything goes. Bloodshed is calmly expected. They are disarmingly candid about all this, expecting the Allies to understand.

Whoever has vested interests in Italy today wants a favorable outcome as their right. They will present themselves as oldtime conservatives with no tie to Fascism, but it is enough to consider that for two decades it was the Fascist regime that made, unmade, and distributed vested interests. That is the core of the matter, and the rest comes naturally, including nostalgia for the good old times.

The embittered veterans

The foul-mouthed and slobbering Giannini with his newspaper, *L'Uomo Qualunque*, is acting as a rabble-rouser among some four million former Party members — the bedeviled, leaderless lower middle class. The danger, if any, is of a real neo-Fascist mass movement yet to come, and its leaders are likely to spring from the embittered veterans and repatriated prisoners.

By contrast the parties of the Left are lying low. Leftism has become the last refuge of old-style patriotism. But the only real statesman, Togliatti, frightens people because he is a Stalinist. Caught between foreign dominations, left and right, public opinion is dazed and passive.

On the national plane everything is a matter of compromise and postponement. The Communists themselves are going to face a stiff trial in party discipline, when the layoffs start, for having accepted govern-



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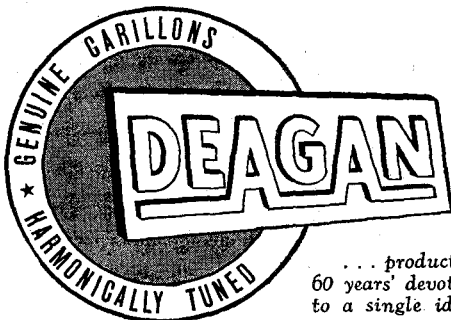
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ROME (continued)

ment responsibility. They preach moderation, and the masses tend to escape them in the direction of some real Left party still in the making. Nor are the Socialists much better off, for it is the Socialist Interior Minister who will have to call out the armed forces against rioters.

And all the King's men

Observers may well wonder at the ineptitude of Italian politicians as a class. They have allowed themselves to be worn down and depreciated. They exercise a powerless authority to the point that all look alike to the public. The reason lies in the initial mistake of accepting the Allied terms carelessly. These were imposed solely with military expediency in view. The Allies thought they must save the Italian state and accept the burden of responsibility themselves. Now it seems too bad they did.

Italy two years ago had a very definite complexion. It had gone Labor almost solid. If the North, with its already prepared organization, had been able to step in, the country would have had a legitimate government, even though it had only a provisional standing. But the North was cut off for nineteen months. Meanwhile the King and his entourage were again put in power by the Allies with the connivance of the Southern landlords.

This unfortunate move destroyed national unity. The Left could do little except endorse Allied measures, but they could not participate in a sincere national reconciliation, for they knew only too well that the actual power was in the hands of the King's men, who were building up a machine under Allied sponsorship. So they raised Jacobin howls and got set for the coming showdown. They tried to counter hidden forces with a moral *fait accompli*, but they only succeeded in frightening the middle classes. The result was the recent swing of the pendulum to the right.

If there had been present any really democratic and serious-minded group commanding respect, no doubt it could have prevented turmoil and created a stable concentration. But the King's strategic position checked and stultified just that possibility. Parri and his men came too late. Even the North wilted.

As it is, the one intelligible message conveyed to Italians from the outside is that they are a beaten country of no particular concern to anybody. Italians generally have felt that this attitude branded them as fools for their co-belligerence efforts and have turned with bitterness on its exponents. One result is that anti-Fascism is now dead for good. The anti-Fascists appear as birds of ill omen who croaked until their prediction came true and then looked foolish because they were unable to do anything about it. The whole situation is contained in an overheard conversation. An Italian officer asked, "But don't you want us to be some kind of organized nation?" An English officer replied, "Hope you don't mind, old boy — but you'll remember what happened when you were one."

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

CONGRESS has served warning on the President that his appointments are due for careful scrutiny. The evidence lies in the reception accorded to two of his nominations: Edwin Pauley as Under Secretary of the Navy, and Admiral Earl W. Mills as Chairman of the Maritime Commission.

Pauley is one of the most debated men in Washington. Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, he did excellent work for Truman at the Chicago Convention. Early in the convention struggle, he swung the votes of the California delegation over to Truman, with the aid of State Attorney General Robert W. Kenny. Soon after Mr. Truman's accession Pauley was appointed as American representative on the Allied Reparations Commission, with the rank of Ambassador. His duties first took him to Moscow.

Judging from the stories of the men who went with him, he deemed it his duty to start negotiations *de novo*. The Roosevelt pledge at Yalta that the United States would not expect any material compensation did not constitute a mandate to Mr. Pauley. In the name of the United States, he laid claim to all manner of reparations from Germany. The Russians were first amused, then irritated. The row was taken to Potsdam, where the President reaffirmed Roosevelt's position.

Mr. Pauley is known to have ambitions for Cabinet status. His nomination as Under Secretary of the Navy may mean that he has been promised it. Secretary Forrestal, who for some time past has been called "Secretary-resignate," has announced that he will resign this year. He is expected to enter New York politics. This vacancy in the Cabinet caught the eye of Mr. Pauley. Does he see in the nomination the possibility of becoming Secretary of National Defense?

Some of the perturbation caused by the ambition of Mr. Pauley centered on his relation to oil politics. A big battle in Washington concerns the issue of whether offshore oil is owned by the individual states or the Federal government. The question will soon be settled in court. Mr. Pauley's concern about tideland oil is natural, since he is both a Californian and an oil man. As Secretary of the Navy, he would have quite a little to say about oil.

One of the objections to unification of the armed forces is that a single secretary for a Department of National Defense would have enormous power. Such authority should not be vested in men of Mr. Pauley's stamp.

The situation in the Maritime Commission is curious. Under the law only three of the five members can be members of the same party. At present there are three members and they are all Democrats: Macauley, Carmody, and McKeough. Admiral Mills, having been born in Arkansas, is a Democrat by inheritance. But he has voted only once, and that was in the last Democratic primaries. It is a pity that his one vote should keep him out of a position which is of vital significance in the post-war world, and for which he is well qualified.

Admiral Mills knows ships and how they are built and is conversant with business. These attributes are shown by the fact that in the Bureau of Ships he handed out contracts to the tune of a million dollars an hour during the war. It would be a good thing if the occasion were taken to give the Maritime Commission a shake-up.

Labor's trouble-shooters

Probably the men who are closest to the President at this time of labor unrest are Lewis Schwellenbach and John Steelman. Schwellenbach made a good

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showing when he came to Washington, but his ardor for reorganization has now cooled.

The headaches associated with the labor conflict make him long for the serenity and security of his Federal bench in the State of Washington. Some of the headaches are of his own making. A prime blunder occurred when he took an offer by the oil refiners as the starting point in negotiations. This has made other industries timid about making offers to the union chiefs. Schwellenbach also is handicapped by his lack of knowledge of the top men in the major industries.

John Steelman is, in a way, alternate Secretary of Labor. Steelman, not Schwellenbach, is at the President's right hand whenever labor disputes reach the White House. A breezy personality with a fabulous knowledge of workers and employers, Steelman is the best conciliator in the business and used to head the Conciliation Service. He has smoothed out a lot of strife by the device of making provisional settlements. In recent negotiations he has had to cope with the additional difficulties arising out of confusion in administration.

Homes for married veterans

The recent transfer of John B. Blandford to a post in China removes as Administrator of the National Housing Agency one of the ablest men in Washington. But it was a necessary shift. Wilson W. Wyatt had been appointed Federal Housing Expediter. Thus there was danger of a Rooseveltian type of duplication such as Truman himself has copied in one instance — namely, Steelman-Schwellenbach as his Secretary of Labor. Wyatt, who succeeds Blandford, is a top-flight housing expert, with a gift for administration. He was formerly mayor of Louisville.

Housing looms as one of our biggest troubles ahead. As one military man said, "The trouble abroad over demobilization will seem like a zephyr by comparison." Veterans coming back home can find no place to make a home.

In New York the Peruvian Consul General, unable to find a residence even after appealing to the mayor, asked his government to send him to another post. Frantic appeals are being made to residents of all cities to double up. Without the wartime impetus, the response has not been too good, for former doublers want to make their homes their castles again. The only answer lies in more building.

Two mistakes have been made which increase the headache. Despite Blandford's warnings, housing was neglected during the war, along with other things of vital consequence to the nation's future. A top Navy man said recently, "It is the greatest folly to behave in wartime as if peace will never return."

A second mistake lay in removing controls as soon as the war was over. This has since been rectified. Priorities on building materials have been restored for residential construction, and allocations are made for houses costing \$10,000 or less. It was said that the \$10,000 limit would permit a lot of profiteering, but the NHA is scrutinizing the plans most carefully so as to guard against profiteering.

Wyatt's first task is to overcome the bottleneck of scarce materials while still maintaining reasonable price ceilings. Bricks, flooring, and soil pipe are the tight items. The OPA will have to help by giving price relief to manufacturers of flooring, who have gone into other lines because there is no profit in flooring at present prices. Workers must be attracted back into brickmaking by higher wages. The situation is becoming more desperate with every shipload of veterans.

The bedlam of committees

The infuriating Senate filibuster on the bill authorizing the Fair Employment Practices Committee adds emphasis to the need for reorganization of the legislative branch. A report on the matter came up for discussion by the LaFollette-Monroney Committee.

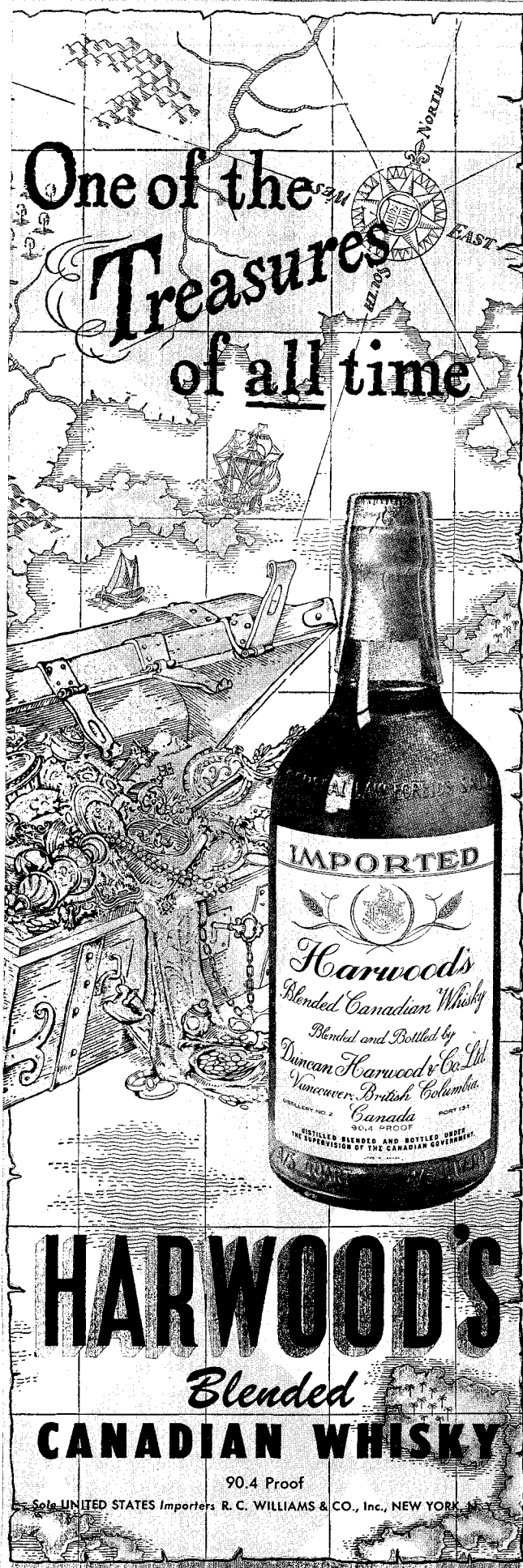
The present committee system is thoroughly discredited. The lack of leadership is scandalous. The reorganization report under discussion would modernize Congressional procedure in a number of ways. A policy committee would be set up which would work with the Senate as a sort of legislative cabinet.

An illustration will show how this policy committee would function. Take the "state of the Union" message. This at present is merely the brain child of the Administration. Under the new system it would be the program of a united Administration, for both the Congressional leaders and the Executive would help to draft it. There would be an end to the division of policy-making between the Executive and Congress. In this post-war world the country cannot risk stagnation because of a rivalry resulting in cessation of leadership.

Under the new proposal the number of Congressional committees would be sharply reduced. In the course of years the committees have multiplied. Transportation, for example, is divided among half a dozen committees, and the difficulty of working out a national transportation policy is needlessly complicated. Under this lack of system all the committees become competitive. There are 33 standing committees in the Senate and 48 in the House, plus about 15 special committees.

No improvement in the conduct of the public business can be expected till half of these committees have been abolished. The problem will be to uproot

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WASHINGTON (continued)

the vested interests that have been built up over the years by these committees.

In the Christmas recess the Republican Party advertised its conservative-liberal schism. The occasion was the President's legislative program. From August through December not one major piece of legislation was passed. Part of the trouble came from the coalition of Republican and Democratic conservatives. This interparty understanding called forth biting criticism from Oregon's Republican Morse at the expense of Ohio's Republican Taft.

The Republican Party split is paralleled on the Democratic side. The filibuster testified to that. Was there ever such an indictment of the Administration by the Administration's own followers? No Republican could have outdone the Southern Democrats in their castigation of a Democratic President.

A target for censure is the President's casualness at press conferences. He still endeavors to give direct answers to questions, but sometimes the answers are so laconic as to be cryptic. A recent example was his reply to requests of correspondents for information on American policy on Pacific bases. He left an impression that the right of conquest had his approval. Somebody has called this policy "security imperialism."

Whatever it may be, at this press conference Presidential notice was served on the United Nations that we intend to keep what we want, no matter what the United Nations decide. Only the helpful tact of one of the newspaper correspondents enabled the President to acknowledge that we would even ask the United Nations for a trustee's umbrella.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital is already dominated by thoughts about the Congressional elections. When the President talked with the American commission about to supervise the Greek elections, he said to them that if they did a good job, he might ask them to supervise the Congressional elections. Election prospects will influence the action of Congress on the legislative program.

Harold Stassen is going from state to state on a continuous speaking tour designed to put the "right" men in the next House. He has no machine, but he hopes to evoke support in the grass roots, as Willkie did before him.

The right wing of the Republican Party is anti-Stassen, as is the big money, though the delegates, in the final analysis, determine choices. Being in the main officeholders themselves, the delegates always back the man they think is a winner. In this respect Stassen may have a strong rival in Vandenberg. The conservative choice, of course, remains Bricker, with Dewey completely out.



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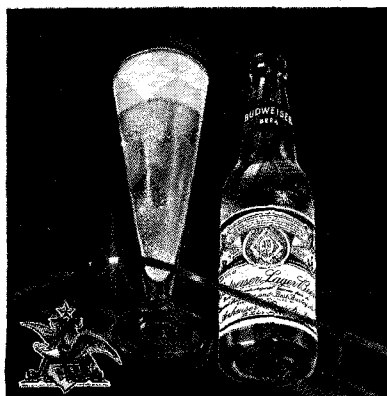
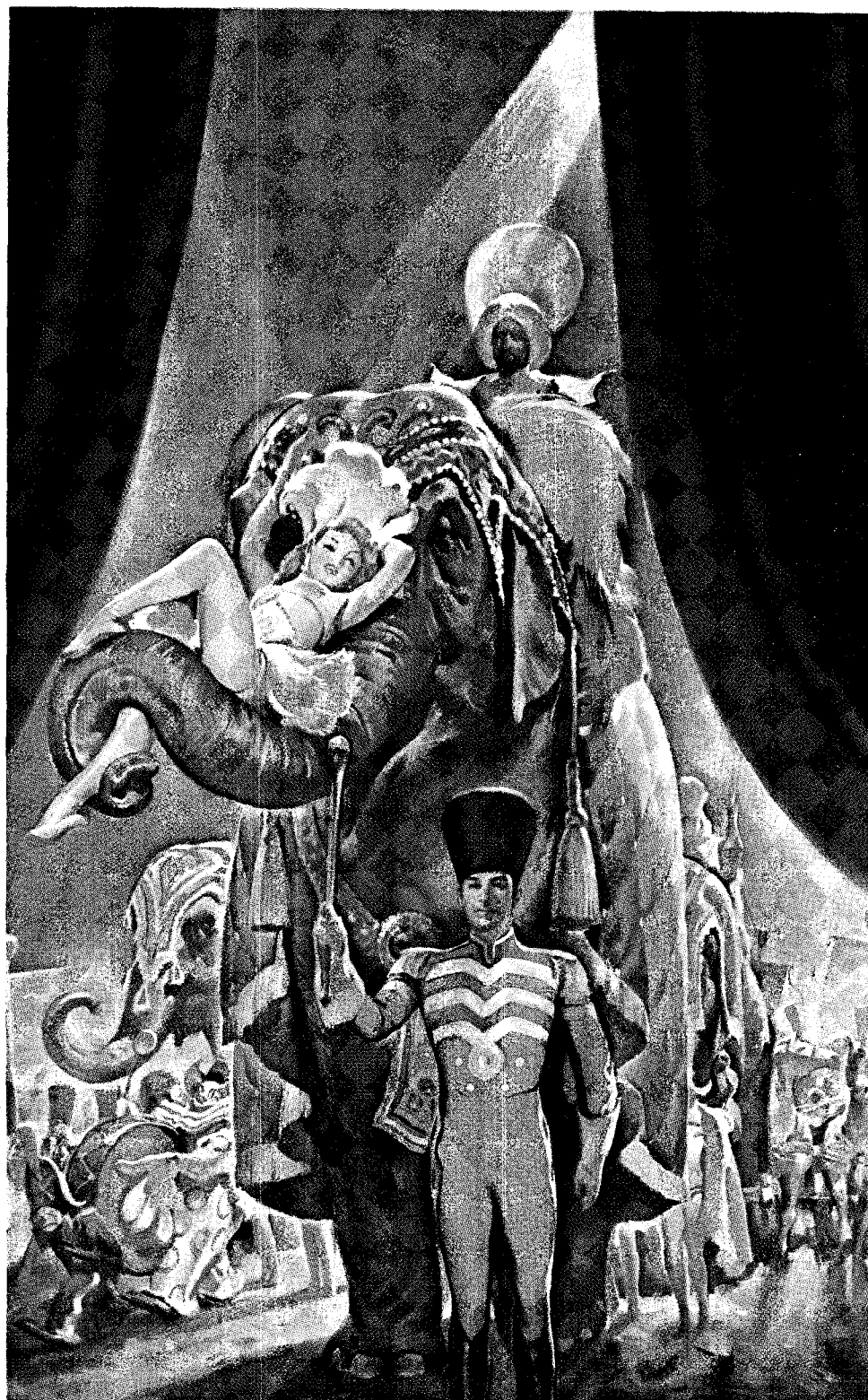
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Even in more everyday matters, we see examples of how words fall short of actual experience. For example, Budweiser. Millions of words have been spoken in praise of its goodness, but only when you raise a golden, foaming glass of Budweiser to your lips do you experience the utterly distinctive taste and delightful bouquet that have made this the world's most popular beer.

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ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

A number of readers have written to protest against what they regard as the infiltration of Nazi anti-Semitism in the diary kept by Captain Chester W. Morse, Army doctor, during the eight months he spent in a German prison camp. We are printing the fairest spokesman of these letters, together with Captain Morse's rejoinder. Captain Morse's diary ran to considerable length, and in the process of cutting out one section of it, we omitted those prefatory remarks which would have made his situation clearer to the hypersensitive. — THE EDITOR

Sir:

I read with great interest "One Year Ago. A Diary of Captivity," by Captain Chester W. Morse, in your January issue.

May I point out that the information given to Captain Morse by an "intelligent student" is full of typical Nazi distortions. I should like to correct at least a few of the most flagrant. This student, who must have been a child when Hitler came to power, reiterates word for word the Nazi version of German-Jewish history; the facts were altogether different.

It is well known that between 1850 and 1933 Jewish assimilation in Germany was so marked that, with the exception of the Junkers and their circles, anti-Semitic feelings were hardly perceptible. The anti-Semitic movement started by the Imperial Court Preacher Stoecker, which reflected the much stronger anti-Semitism in Austria, was not able to influence the masses very deeply. Jewish businessmen, scientists, and writers were highly regarded members of German society. It is true that the later development of anti-Semitism was due no less to Nazi propaganda than to the complete breakdown of the middle classes on account of the inflation — to exploitation of the fact that in proportion to the numbers of the Jewish population, the percentage of Jews working in certain professions was too large. This, however, was due to the late emancipation of the Jews in Germany.

The "intelligent student" is equally wrong in repeating the story that German Jews opened the doors of Germany to Russian and Eastern Jews, thereby increasing Jewish power in Germany. Unfortunately, the highly assimilated German Jews, quite to the contrary, had no fraternal feelings whatever for their persecuted Eastern brothers, and should be reproached for this fact rather than for the opposite, which would have been much more to their credit. Anyway, here you find again the conception of an international "Jewish Plot" detrimental to the German people, which is purely Nazi fiction.

May I add that as an American citizen of German-Jewish descent I deeply resent the comment Captain Morse sees fit to add to the above statements of the Nazi student. He wonders a bit "how we in America will react to our Jewish indigestion when our refugee population claims its own and our soldiers return from war to find no jobs available."

First, let me point out that there is no such thing in this country as a "refugee population." There are immigrants only, loyal and devoted citizens, faithful to the ideals of democracy. Second, it seems to me that Captain Morse should have had plenty of opportunity to meet thousands of Jewish immigrant soldiers, many of whom died for the United States. I can furnish him with a considerable list of names of immigrant soldiers who distinguished themselves in the service of this country and who were decorated and praised by their superiors. But Captain Morse goes even further. He writes: "Many of the most ardent Nazis are former soldiers who survived the post-war poverty in Germany." What does he mean by that? Does he want to suggest that our veterans are liable to become Nazis? Experience has shown that there is no atheism in foxholes, and neither is there anti-Semitism; but there are people in this country who try to catch the veterans for their sinister purposes, exactly as it happened in Germany.

As a regular reader of the *Atlantic Monthly* as well as in my capacity as editor of *Aufbau*, an American

Atlantic Repartee

weekly in German and English, I should appreciate it very much if you could publish this letter.

MANFRED GEORGE
Editor of Aufbau
New York, N.Y.

● I was both surprised and disappointed that my account of my prison experiences and philosophies should have provoked such violent reactions. In my original journal I took care to preface it with the statement that these bits were all written in prison, when I was completely out of touch with the world as we know it. Also I stated that many ideas and misconceptions reflected the influence of Nazi propaganda. Mr. George's letter is constructive and I thank him for his correction of errors in the situation presented to me. I think we all realize the dangers of intolerance and blind prejudice such as existed in Germany. We have the seeds for a similar situation in our own country; and as a man who has fought for tolerance and decency, I believe that we should face the existing situation and make sure we don't develop this destructive class or religious hatred. My article was not intended to excite further hatreds, and if it has had that effect, the readers have interpreted my story incorrectly. After my experiences, I have no hatred for any individual or group of individuals.

— DR. C. W. MORSE

Radio Commercials

Medical advertising broadcast by American radio stations and networks was attacked in the August Atlantic by Lewis Gannett in a short article entitled "Feeling Tired?" In our January issue we published a rejoinder to Mr. Gannett from Paul Hollister, Vice President of the Columbia Broadcasting System, with the suggestion that our readers pick the winner of the debate. Thus far, the mail favors Mr. Gannett by a ratio of about eight to one. Some of this correspondence follows. — THE EDITOR

Sir:

Score one for Gannett. Infantile radio advertising seldom fails to cause our family to turn the radio off altogether. Daytime listening is worth your very life!

W. KEPHART
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

It is astonishing that Mr. Hollister should have thought it worth his while to attempt a refutation of Lewis Gannett's mild diatribe. Of what earthly importance to radio's sponsors are the people who read the *Atlantic*? If as one man they stopped brushing

their teeth, gave up the "healthful benefits of smoking pleasure," and all the other joys of Paradise offered them on radio, if they all retired to the tops of desert pillars to live on parched lentils, the vendors of nickel candy bars, stomach remedies, and such would never know it.

No, you could drown all the readers of the *Atlantic*, and the promoters of the catchpenny commodities wouldn't be hurt at all. On the contrary, their lives would become easier, for an obstreperous minority which lives pretty much by sense instead of slogans would be out of the way. It is a significant tribute to the power of ideas that, instead of shrugging Mr. Gannett's article off, Mr. Hollister should have taken the trouble to attempt a refutation.

It wasn't very much of a refutation at that, mostly variations on the theme "You're another and so is the *Herald Tribune*." And Mr. Hollister killed his own case when he conceded the existence of an objectionable "vocal unction that seems to please a lot of people and drives your current correspondent [Mr. H. himself] insane." For it is exactly that "vocal unction" that spoils radio; the drippy, gooey, sugary, ignorant, golden voices that degrade. It's the whole show.

Now, it is an incontestable fact that this unctuous drivell appeals to the American people — even our statesmen are beginning to talk that way. If Mr. Hollister had been content to admit it and beg the indulgence of his betters, on the ground that it is one way to earn a living, he would have merited indulgence. In a life of extremes I have known prostitutes who were to be admired for their courage and respected for their honesty. They never pretended to be what they weren't. If the radio people would quit hollering their double-talk version of "Taint no sin," they might eventually be saved.

ANONYMOUS
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

I submit my personal opinion that Mr. Hollister's piece of special pleading on behalf of radio commercials rests on three moral fallacies.

The first fallacy is that the end justifies the means. Because radio gives us a modicum of news, sober comment, and good music, we are apparently to accept its annoying and sometimes offensive advertising without protest.

The second fallacy is that two wrongs make a right. Because newspapers also juxtapose useful material and senseless advertisements, protest against the adoption of the same practice by radio is apparently to be ridiculed.

The third and perhaps most serious fallacy is that personal abuse is a valid form of argument. Mr. Hollister calls Mr. Gannett "fretful," "dictatorial," "grumpy," and "shrill," and further slurs his opponent's character indirectly by sarcasm and innuendo. I am not acquainted with Mr. Gannett; for all I know, Mr. Hollister's charges may be justified. The point is that they have no bearing on the intrinsic merits of the question under discussion. The

argumentum ad hominem cuts a poor figure under "the light of the highest morals" or even of elementary logic.

Accent on Living has always seemed to me one of the most enjoyable features of your magazine. Please do not exempt its contributors from the canons of taste which govern your acceptance of other articles.

W. EDWIN COLLIER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sir:

As Mr. Hollister points out, it would seem to be a simple matter for Mr. Gannett to have "tuned out mentally" the commercial radio announcements that aroused his antipathy. These "commercials" are of short duration and ought not to prove annoying to anyone genuinely interested in the radio program.

The best point made by Mr. Hollister was the observation that the people of the United States are excellent judges of "commercials." The public will not tolerate any "commercial" which casts reflections upon them in the matter of their health — or in any other way, for that matter. By the same token there must be nothing in the "commercial" which smacks of unfairness or is of doubtful propriety.

Mr. Gannett does, without a doubt, appear to be creating a tempest in a teapot.

ELWOOD B. HAWORTH
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sir:

I am resigned to advertising at the beginning and end of radio programs. It is like driving through the slums of a city in order to reach the country, when you are starting out for a ride on a beautiful spring day. It seems to be something you can't avoid, something you must accept, if you want the scenery.

But, just as I resent billboards leaping up to hit me in the eye and ruin the spring landscape, so I resent commercials, laxative or non-laxative, being thrown in my face during the radio programs.

I can jerk my eyes away from the billboards and glue them to the concrete until the offenders have slid past. But not being able completely to close my ears to the commercials, to "tune them out mentally" as Mr. Hollister says he does, I have only one recourse: to jump up and turn the damned thing off. Which I do.

HAROLD S. BARBOUR
Higganum, Conn.

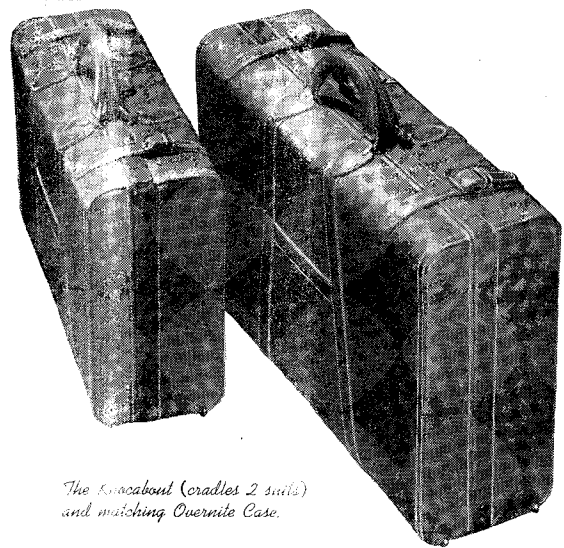
Sir:

I have spent most of the day fighting, cussing, and dialing out loud-mouthed, insulting radio commercials. Millions more are probably doing likewise. And I do mean insulting, when we are forced to listen to twelve obnoxious program commercials an hour.

C. M. ROGERS
San Leandro, Cal.

Sir:

So far as I am concerned Mr. Gannett won the war from Mr. Hollister. If we haven't learned anything else, at least we have learned to live by certain common-sense standards. There seems to be a conspiracy



*The Knocabout (cradles 2 suits)
and matching Overnite Case.*

"What's worth having
is worth waiting for" so
HARTMANN
never hurries the slower,
better methods of
building
finer luggage.



Hartmann
HARTMANN COMPANY • RACINE, WISCONSIN

to distort even those. We are made to sound like morons, and eventually our nation itself may suffer from the peculiar standards being forced upon us.

MRS. W. J. MCGREER
Portland, Ore.

Sir:

I think most people are aware that radio entertainment needs sponsors in order to finance it, and if there were no advertisers the radio would have to be government-run. As a listener, I feel that it would be better advertising psychology to imprint the name of the product and perhaps a slogan on the mind of the listener rather than to go into how the product functions and urge him to go out *tonight* (often in the rain) and buy some. The public's defense mechanism against all this blather is the closing of the mind to it. Attention strays during commercials, or we start conversing or even turn down the volume.

SUZANNE PERRIN
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

Paul Hollister's answer to Lewis Gannett leaves me just as tired of radio commercials as ever. Of course I am speaking personally, as Mr. Gannett was, while Mr. Hollister is speaking like a lawyer who is employed to use every device of his trade to make good his client's case.

I can read the papers and select what I want. But I cannot listen to the radio and select what I want. I have to take it all in at the ear, like a tap left running in the sink. My eye could skip an ad in an instant, but my ear must wait while the obviously emotionally dishonest commercial goes on.

Radio commercials do two things to my mind. They produce a break, an interruption, a sour note, a needless and often vulgar intrusion. And they waste my time.

HOWARD HAYES
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

I am glad to stand up and shout with and for Mr. Gannett. But it will do no good. Mr. Hollister and his 90 per cent will overwhelm us by the sheer force of numbers.

Nothing can be done for commercials except to tune them out as quickly as possible, even though it is very boring to be constantly leaping at the radio and twiddling the controls.

Nor can I accept the happy picture Mr. Hollister paints of the thirty-three million displaying "desirable and eager acceptance" of the incessant urging — shouted at them with patently fictitious enthusiasm and gladness — to buy Currems *today*.

Wishful thinking, Mr. Hollister.

MRS. A. R. HANN
Highlands, Tex.

Sir:

In the Gannett vs. Hollister argument over radio commercials, each, to my mind, "has something." I don't object to commercials *per se*, but their repetitious character wears me down. To hear the identical words day after day soon becomes unendurable. I listen daily only to news broadcasts, but I could scream when the announcer starts his line. Why doesn't the sponsor take a leaf from the housewife's book and change the menu each day in the week even if he starts the same set all over again the next week?

EDNA L. BACON
Dividing Creek, N.J.

The TVA

Sir:

As a partisan of the TVA principle and its extension to other regions, I should like to say a word about "Your Electricity and Your Money," Mr. Kellogg's preposterous argument against public power in the January *Atlantic*.

Mr. Kellogg cannot understand why people pick on the power industry as a candidate for public ownership. There is a simple answer: because the industry is a monopoly, supplying a service quite as vital to modern life as air or water. Talk of "unfair" government competition with private business in this field means nothing. TVA does not compete with Commonwealth Edison in Chicago. It does not even compete with privately owned utilities in its own region, for it has, necessarily, supplanted them. Every power market is served by a monopoly, the question being whether that monopoly shall rest in private or public hands.

Mr. Kellogg says the monopoly should be privately owned because it pays interest, dividends, and taxes. Public systems, however, pay all three: interest on their debt, dividends in the form of lower rates, and taxes in the form of "in lieu" payments or services. Why do we not recognize that, in any case, all such charges are paid ultimately not by the company but by the customers? Surely it is no argument for private power to say that its customers bear a larger share of government costs than those of a public system. Indeed, it makes far more sense to say that contributions to the cost of government should be measured by some other standard than the electricity one uses.

The case for TVA, of course, rests on a much larger foundation than the issue of public vs. private power. But I think it is time we recognized the emptiness of the argument against its power program.

ROBERT LASCH
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:

The pair of articles on TVA by Mr. Kellogg and by Mr. Lilienthal could provide invaluable material for an essay on the behavior of man. I hold no special brief for either the "Utilities" or the TVA as such, but Mr. Lilienthal, in his confused and largely undocumented argumentation, so deeply submerged

his explanation of the real value of TVA to America that it is essentially lost in words. Mr. Kellogg did not take advantage of his opportunity to make a confession which could have been turned into a story of magnificent accomplishment on the part of privately owned power companies.

In 1930 I purchased Niagara power at \$1.65 cents (about \$5000 a month). The rate was protested and the threat made to install a Diesel plant, only to be met with the very haughty statement to "go ahead" — that the American Locomotive Company at Dunkirk, N.Y., had similarly protested and even then was installing its own steam plant. We could take Niagara rates or we could leave them. We left them. In 1940 I shut down my Diesel plant and resumed the purchase of Niagara power, but at 0.9 cents, exactly my generating cost. In 1940 the attitude of the Niagara men was truly delightful.

It would appear that the TVA, by putting "the fear of God" into those responsible for power-company policies, has provided the American public with a workable means of effecting efficiency in the private generation, distribution, and sale of electric power such as regulatory bodies could never provide. Since 1935 the Niagara system has built no such office "palaces" as it had previously constructed at Syracuse. The power companies have done a truly great job in meeting the challenge. Mr. Kellogg has every reason to be proud of the achievements of the power companies. To have confessed the basic reason would have made him and his colleagues better men in the opinion of the public. The widespread realization of "superefficient" steam plants was a product of the threat presented by the TVA just as truly as it was a product of technical ingenuity. The attitude of power-company policy makers, both in 1930 and in 1940, was only human.

The nation, including the power companies themselves, has been amply repaid for the public investment in TVA, solely for its value as an aid in regulating power-company activities. The threat of a similar MVA is excellent, but it would be unfortunate if the actual construction of other Valley Authorities should become necessary.

I am sorry that neither Mr. Kellogg nor Mr. Lilienthal had the courage to emphasize these facts.

HARRY M. RYDER
Bradford, Pa.

Sir:

Mr. Lilienthal's article about TVA is a disappointment to me. I have kept an open mind on TVA, realizing that I have never been able to get sufficient facts upon which to base an intelligent opinion. And this article does not help much, being more in the nature of a political speech than a consideration of the subject. It is perhaps inevitable that oratory tends to get away from the factual and to blind one to untruthful implications in the words used. It would be interesting if you could find someone who would write a real article on TVA from the pro side, and who could approach the subject more objectively.

To illustrate, Mr. Lilienthal justifies a lot of things by saying that TVA belongs to the people. This is the old political campaign speech technique of taking a word out of a known context and using

MORE THAN EVER

People are talking about



THE *Saturday Review* OF LITERATURE

A literary weekly that reviews contemporary life and thought as reflected in the significant books, plays, music and films of the day.
It gets around, starts things, meets interesting people.

YOU will enjoy *The Saturday Review* whether you're a *highbrow* or a *lowbrow*. You just have to be interested in books, ideas, people. And it helps if you like a good fight every now and then. The SRL is wonderful and exciting reading because it is interested in everything... things amusing, delightful, dangerous, important.

Try reading the SRL for a while and you too will find yourself saying "That's for me". People are talking about the SRL because it's the magazine that brilliantly reports on the world's idea frontiers. For instance.

- ✎ It was the SRL which published *Modern Man is Obsolete* by Norman Cousins, the most quoted editorial of 1945.
- ✎ It was the SRL which published Vincent Sheean's masterly and revealing dissection of *The Ciano Diaries*.
- ✎ It was the SRL which startled America with Bob Trout's extensively reprinted *Imaginary Broadcast*.
- ✎ It was the SRL which published *Beardsley Ruml's* provocative article on what we can do about the atomic bomb.

Well, that's it. Interested? Don't just sit there with a pleased expression. Do something about it. Sign and mail the coupon below. You'll be glad you did.



**IT'S SHEER MASOCHISM
to deprive yourself
of the SRL at this low rate**

\$2 FOR 36 ISSUES

SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 W. 45 ST., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Send me the SRL for the next 36 weeks at the special "just-to-prove it" rate of only \$2.00. ☐ My check is enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

A

it elsewhere to damn, or justify, or deceive. He uses the word "belong" as though the case were similar to the case (for instance) of a corporation, where the property of the corporation belongs to the stockholders — which it does. But applied to TVA it is not true. The property belongs to the government. And if Mr. Lilienthal considers the government and the people synonymous, he should go back to school and read the Constitution, about three fourths of which is aimed at protecting the people from the government.

A corporation stockholder, if he loses faith in the corporation or does not like its management or is dissatisfied, can sell his interest and get out. But not in TVA.

A stockholder has an asset in his stock upon which he can realize. But not in TVA.

In the case of a corporation dissolution, the assets would be sold and the proceeds distributed to the stockholders. But not in TVA.

In the case of a corporation, the stockholders receive an annual report made out by auditors representing the stockholders, and immediately thereafter, vote on a re-election or change of the management. But not in TVA.

To say that a thing belongs to me, when I enjoy none of the rights or privileges implied in the word "belong," is not truthful enough to be of any use in an analytical survey.

Let us put off the political speeches till campaign year and have some honest and common-sense talk on this subject.

R. A. BELL
Detroit, Mich.

Sir:

It is interesting to note that, in the very month in which you published my article about TVA and other matters, there should have been high water in the Tennessee Valley, which fully confirms my statement that the TVA as such had made no provision for alleviating flood damages in the Tennessee Valley, where, as in Chattanooga, those damages under pre-TVA conditions had been the greatest.

C. W. KELLOGG
New York, N.Y.

"Waves of Darkness"

Sir:

"Waves of Darkness" by Cord Meyer, Jr., in the January *Atlantic* is one of the most compelling stories yet to have come out of the war. But, more important, its vitality and force make it one of the finest literary expressions which I have felt to be American, in the sense that stark simplicity marks the Russian short stories.

Occasionally, a writer will read a story combining literary quality, integrity, and experience so perfectly that he wishes to let the author know of his

appreciation. It is heartening to one, like myself, to read such stories that have been drawn simply, yet have been amplified by a philosophy and personal feeling that mold the powerful impact of the "situation," as in "Waves of Darkness," into greater stature and greater significance.

Emotion is perhaps the most delicate of all expressions to build upon — especially when it is drawn from acute personal experiences. To have blended it with "literacy" is an achievement. I should like to say more, but the purpose of this letter is to tell you of my sincere appreciation in reading prose that embodies what I feel more modern writing should embody: a word sense, a spatial quality, proportioned by intellect and emotion.

JOHN A. WRIGHT
Culver City, Cal.

Church Unity

Sir:

Those who have been praying for unity among races, nations, and classes (which some of us feel should properly be led by unity among the various Christian bodies) may have been somewhat discouraged by "What About Church Unity?" by Bernard Iddings Bell in the January *Atlantic*. This article assured us that this matter was relatively unimportant and might better be postponed.

Those who have risked or lost sons in the manifestation of man's division we have called World War II perhaps were more than merely discouraged. When we start to number wars instead of giving them names, it would seem high time to push human unity on every level. This is not the time to describe those who speak for unity, rather than about unity, as "agitating extremists." It is no time to spread the canard that they seek "bigger and better ecclesiastical bureaucracies" and more money, even when that remark is disowned in favor of the gentle assumption that the advocates of immediate organic reunion are merely carried away by the sound of their own voices. Let the future judge whether they are madmen or prophets.

Indeed, time changes many things. Let it be marked as a note of definite encouragement that a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church who never refers to it by its full Prayer Book title (he had four chances in his article to do so, but always left out the word Protestant) can point with pride to the coöperation of the Federal Council of Churches. This organization, after all, is mostly a sort of Pan-Protestant movement, with all the creaking and crudity that that must imply. It was pressure from men he caustically labels "super-churchmen" which brought his Church into that Council and its work.

In fact there is an undercurrent of urbane name-calling in the article which will make some readers doubt that unity within churches would be much helped by giving up present hope of unity between churches.

REV. HUGH McCANDLESS
*Church of the Epiphany
New York, N.Y.*

Sir:

Canon Bell's analysis of the state of church unity is typically thought-provoking. His thesis, however, that interdenominational ("horizontal") unification must be stalemated until intradenominational ("vertical") fissures can be either healed or split wide open is just provoking.

His Classic-traditionalism may be likened to a long but narrow telescope. The broad but stubby telescope of the Liberal-evangelical, which is out of focus on many vital issues, he would hammer at until it is either long and narrow like his own, or completely shattered, or merely eliminated. He would await the accomplishment of a similar process in other denominations before knocking down the outmoded walls which separate them.

In practice, if the spirit of Christian friendliness of which both schools are equally capable can be brought to prevail, it will be seen very clearly that no denomination, or even local congregation, can have the wealth of outlook needed to become truly catholic unless both schools are represented to some degree. How much better it is to alternate one's reading between the narrow but gloriously long telescope of Classic-traditionalist C. S. Lewis and the stubby but wonderfully broad instrument of Liberal-evangelical H. E. Fosdick than to be confined to either one.

Some day, I trust, we'll all be able to fit the two telescopes into one long, broad instrument through which all may contemplate life in its thrilling fullness. Add up the affirmations and eliminate the negations of both schools and you have a more powerful answer to the world's plight than either affords separately.

Meanwhile, let's eliminate as steadily as possible those outgrown organizational barriers which come between Anglican Lewis, Baptist Fosdick, and Presbyterian me. The Christians in Corinth were of varied, partisan persuasions. Paul wrote them all to focus on Jesus Christ, as clearly as their varied outlooks permitted and not only were the threatening schisms prevented, but richness of life resulting from unity-in-difference was made cheerily manifest.

REV. L. HUMPHREY WALZ
Second Presbyterian Church
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

In a footnote appended to Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell's article, I find myself listed among others as a "late convert" to Anglo-Catholicism. I am wondering (and, I may say, not at all calmly!) upon what authority Dr. Bell includes my name. I feel that in honesty to the Church and to myself I must say that I am a convert, early or late, to nothing. I have been for thirty years a member of the Episcopal Church, subscribing at the present time to very much the same views which I held upon entering it. And, although I am no theologian, I cannot think that Dr. Bell is either fair or accurate when he somewhat easily assumes that if one is not a "Liberal Evangelical," one is perforce an "Anglo-Catholic." Like thousands of other communicants whom the Church seems ready at least to tolerate, I desire to wear neither label.

MARY ELLEN CHASE
Smith College
Northampton, Mass.



Announcing . . .

The Atlantic \$10,000 Novel Contest for 1947

Closing date—January 15, 1947

There are no restrictions whatsoever as to author or subject. The sole purpose of this Contest, as in previous years, is to secure a novel that is both distinctive and interesting, and to make it one of the outstanding books of its year.

For circular giving complete details, address
ATLANTIC NOVEL CONTEST for 1947
8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts



Katharine Newlin Burt, author of many best sellers including "Quest," "The Monkey's Tail," "No Surrender," "Fatal Gift" and recently Fiction Editor of *Ladies Home Journal* says: "I'd have started ten years sooner on a literary career. But there was no Palmer Institute then."

It's not as hard to be a successful writer as you may imagine. Most famous authors were once just ordinary people—with an urge to write. Many of them learned the slow, hard way, by trial and error. But now there's a direct road—Palmer Institute's home study training.

Endorsed By Famous Authors

Palmer Institute, established in 1917, is an approved school—a member of the National Home Study Council, and is endorsed by Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Ruth Comfort Mitchell and others.

There have been hundreds of successful graduates—new as well as established writers—in our 20 years experience teaching fiction—the basis

of big pay writing in all fields (short stories, novels, mysteries, newspaper features, magazine articles, radio scripts.)

Learn At Home

In the privacy of your own home you can apply yourself to our complete instruction material and professional coaching. You get actual writing experience to develop your own style. Go fast or slow. Learn more. Save time, money and effort.

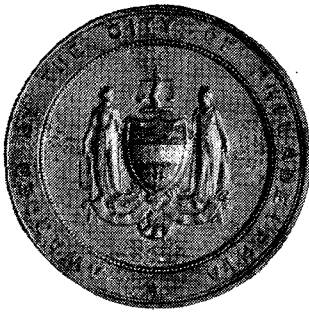
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Please send me free illustrated book, "The Art of Writing Salable Stories," explaining how the unique features of your training help new writers get started and experienced writers increase their income. I understand this request is confidential and no salesman will call.

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EDWARD LONGSTRETH MEDAL
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More than 50 awards from learned and professional societies have been presented to staff members of Bell Telephone Laboratories for their scientific discoveries and inventions.

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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89th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

YOUNG KANSAS EDITOR

by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

WHEN I arrived at Emporia at the end of May in 1895, to take charge of the *Gazette*, I had a dollar and twenty-five cents in my pocket. It seemed ample at the time.

For I was happy. I still can remember with what joy I rode across Kansas that May afternoon into the sunset and through the long twilight. We came by way of Ottawa and I still retain the picture of the ride through the Marais des Cygnes valley. The grass was lush. The trees were in first foliage. The prairie flowers were abloom in the pastures and in the wood lots. Mostly blue flowers, they were. The streams were full. The ponds were full. The hour filled me with a delight that I have held through nearly fifty years. I have forgotten what visions of conquest I had. I only remember that the road across eastern Kansas into the sunset and through the twilight was ineffably beautiful and gave me a deep joy.

This also I remember: when I stepped off the train at Emporia it was into a considerable crowd of idlers who in that day came to the station to see the two plug trains come in from Kansas City. The announcement had been made that I had bought the *Gazette* from W. Y. Morgan. I was a fairly familiar figure on the streets of Emporia — what with my student days and my occasional sorties into the town as a gay young blade who danced in Jay's Opera House. And also I was spotted when I made the

many visits to Emporia to buy the *Gazette*. I knew many of the faces that greeted me.

I had a moment's indecision: should I lug my heavy baggage uptown to the boardinghouse where I was expected, and establish a reputation as a frugal, thrifty young publisher, or should I establish my credit in the community by going in a hack? The hack was a quarter. I decided, as a credit-strengthening act, to take the hack. I piled in. I never regretted it. I was never the kind who could have made my money by saving it. But if the crowd had known that when I paid the hackman I had just a dollar left, a fact which was nobody's business, the opinion of the town would have been divided about me. As it was, no question arose in the mind of the town about my financial ability. A good front is rather to be chosen than great riches.

I was twenty-seven years old. Just ten years before that May evening that landed me in Emporia, I had left Emporia to take a job in a printing office. In those ten years I had learned the printer's trade and had made a living at it. I had become a reporter. I had been in charge of the circulation of a small daily. I had earned my way, at least partially, through college by writing. I had managed a weekly newspaper, the *El Dorado Republican*, hired and fired the help, solicited the advertising, written most of the editorials and all of the locals. I had made twenty-five hundred dollars a year for the publisher, Bent Murdock, and left his credit A1.

I had written for the *Kansas City Journal* and for the *Star*, and had published a book which had sold out in sixty days. My stuff — prose or verse — had been copied across the country. I had had a little nibble of fame. I was not afraid of the *Emporia*

A short, four-square redhead of Kansas, WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE was born in Emporia three years after Appomattox. He loved the farm, the prairie, and the uncut woods of the West. He loved Kansas as he loved the Republican Party, and to his career as editor of the *Emporia Gazette* he brought a spark, an eagerness, and a vitality which illuminate these early chapters of his autobiography, which will be published this month by Macmillan.

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Gazette. I was not uneasy about the mortgages on my mother's property. I had fitted myself to do everything, from sweeping out to writing the editorials and keeping the bank account, that I could ask any other man to do. So I was not afraid to plank down twenty-five cents to the hackman and go on a dollar over Sunday until the money from the *Gazette* began to come in. Which is another way of saying that I was a brash youth with a lot of assurance, who took considerable satisfaction, even pleasurable delight, in getting in a tight place and wiggling out. I never played poker, but I did enjoy throwing dice with fate that May evening as I rode regally through Emporia with the top of the hack down, a dollar in my pocket, and in my heart the sense that I had the world by the tail with a downhill pull.

2

I HAD crossed the Rubicon — that border line in this world between the hired man and the boss. I waked the next morning, which was Sunday, scared. I had the key to the office in my pocket. After breakfast I went to look at it, all alone. Here's what I saw: a room twenty-five by sixty with a smaller cubbyhole, ten by fifteen, subtracted from that floor space. In the cubbyhole were three chairs and a pine board table built into the wall. There I and the two reporters were supposed to do our writing, to keep the books, and get out the copy generally for the paper. It opened into the street. The walls of the cubbyhole were covered with theatrical posters and campaign pictures of statesmen pasted on the wallpaper; a few photographs of local celebrities and crooks were tacked above the desk. There was a swivel chair — presumably mine. A second chair had a cane bottom and arms, and the third was a common kitchen chair. The oilcloth on the floor had been scuffed into holes beneath each chair. So much for the editorial department.

The rest of the sixty by twenty-five floor space was the composing room and printing office. In the middle stood the cylinder press on which the *Gazette* was printed: a Cottrell equipped with a water motor which in drouthy seasons was disconnected and replaced by a colored man who turned a crank. Half a dozen racks for type cases were strung along the walls of the room, and three composing stones stood in the center of the floor. A heavy lead roller, weighing seventy-five pounds, stood on one end of the largest composing stone. That was the proof press. And that was all of the machinery that went with the *Emporia Gazette*.

I wonder if God has yet forgiven me for my sinful pride in it all. I knew what everything was — how good it was, or how bad from misuse or wear and tear. As a printer, I looked over the various cases and was pleased to find they were full. There had been much thrift in the organization of the shop. The floors were swept and everything was in order, which was an-

other good omen. I must have spent an hour there, gloating over my treasure.

The foreman, Jack McGinley, a six-foot, 240-pound, curly-headed, black-eyed Irishman, with a goatee and mustache, showed up in midmorning, and he and I talked until noon about the paper, the payroll, and business prospects generally. Jack was a dozen years older than I and a good printer, who had at one time owned his own paper. I did not know it then, but he was a periodical drinker and sacrificed his position on the right-hand bank of the Rubicon to his lip for liquor. He took me in hand like a father and I have never had a wiser, more loyal friend than he. He came to be my refuge in many a storm. Why he liked me, I do not know. He had every reason to dislike me, for I was younger than he, and the boss. I seemed to have smart city ways; very likely I was most opinionated. But he realized early how much I trusted him.

The paper was supposed to have between seven and eight hundred subscribers. Jack told me that there were only four hundred eighty-five in the town of Emporia and fewer than a hundred more in the county, and that the county collections were far in arrears. Jack seemed to have helped Mr. Morgan with the books. In the seesawing and horse trading, Mr. Morgan had given me certain of the May bills and the arrears in certain other collections. It was a fair trade. Jack knew about it and helped me to straighten out the accounts. He and I, being somewhat of the same blood and both of an ardent nature, dropped our guards in that hour alone in the office, and when noon came we stood at the front door. I offered him my hand. He looked me over from head to foot, quite formally, a heavy-set young fellow whose pudgy hands had never known toil heavier than typesetting, a youth with evident, even maybe a little conspicuous, modesty in his voice and mien to hide an inner self-esteem. Jack surveyed that figure with intuitive Irish appraisal, then smiled a beaming, possessive, fatherly smile and said: —

"You'll do. I guess we'll make it!"

I hope I blushed when I thanked him and we shook hands warmly. The binding tie was welded.

My wife and my mother did not come to Emporia until the end of the first week. Sunday afternoon I wrote my salutatory editorial. Reading it after nearly half a century, I was amazed to find that it stands up. It still represents my ideals, realized with such a sad and heavy discount in approximate. But what I wrote I tried to do. Here it is: —

ENTIRELY PERSONAL

June 3, 1895

To the gentle reader who may, through the coming years during which we are spared to one another, follow the course of this paper, a word of personal address from the new editor of the GAZETTE is due. In the first place, the new editor hopes to live here until he is the old editor, until some of the visions which rise before him as he dreams shall have come true. He

hopes always to sign "from Emporia" after his name when he is abroad, and he trusts that he may so endear himself to the people that they will be as proud of the first words of the signature as he is of the last words. He expects to perform all the kind offices of the country editor in this community for a generation to come. It is likely that he will write the wedding notices of the boys and girls in the schools; that he will announce the birth of the children who will some day honor Emporia, and that he will say the final words over those of middle age who read these lines.

His relations with the people of this town and country are to be close and personal. He hopes that they may be kindly and just. The new editor of the *GAZETTE* is a young man now, full of high purposes and high ideals. But he needs the close touch of older hands. His endeavor will be to make a paper for the best people of the city. But to do that he must have their help. They must counsel with him, be his friends, often show him what their sentiment is. On them rests the responsibility somewhat. The "other fellows" will be around. They will give advice. They will attempt to show what the public sentiment is. They will try to work their schemes, which might dishonor the town. If the best people stay away from the editor's office, if they neglect to stand by the editor, they must not blame him for mistakes. An editor is not all wise. He judges only by what he sees and hears. Public sentiment is the only sentiment that prevails. Good sentiment, so long as it does not assert itself, so long as it is a silent majority, is only private sentiment. If the good, honest, upright, God-fearing, law-abiding people of any community desire to be reflected to the world, they must see that their private opinion is public opinion. They must stand by the editors who believe as they do.

It is a plain business proposition. The new editor of the *GAZETTE* desires to make a clean, honest local paper. He is a Republican and will support Republican nominees first, last, and all the time. There will be no bolting, no sulking, no "holier than thou" business about his politics — but politics is so little. Not one man in ten cares for politics more than two weeks in a year. In this paper, while the politics will be straight, it will not be obtrusive. It will be confined to the editorial page — where the gentle reader may venture at his peril. The main thing is to have this paper represent the average thought of the best people of Emporia and Lyon County in all their varied interests. The editor will do his best. He has no axes to grind. He is not running the paper for a political pull. If he could get an office he wouldn't have it. He is in the newspaper business as he would be in the drygoods business — to make an honest living and to leave an honest name behind. If the good people care for a fair, honest home paper, that will stand for the best that is in the town — here it is.

In the meantime, I shall hustle advertising, job work and subscriptions, and write editorials and "telegraph" twelve hours a day in spite of my ideals. The path of glory is barred hog-tight for the man who does not labor while he waits.

WILLIAM A. WHITE

I slammed it on the copy hook when I left the office that Sunday night and the next morning came down to take charge. Nothing new confronted me except

the sense that I was actually boss, not a sub-boss for someone else, which was more frightening than exhilarating. But I had this comfort that first day. I met scores of my father's old friends who had known him twenty-five years before in Emporia. They were mostly substantial citizens, many of them old-line, anti-Populist, silk-stockings Democrats. And they heartened me. Mr. Morgan took me up and down Commercial Street, introduced me to all the merchants and most of the lawyers and some of the doctors. I picked up local items as I went, talked advertising to advertisers, and did a good day's work. We had two reporters, one of whom helped keep the books, and we all solicited advertising. The total payroll of the office was forty-five dollars. I had to find that much money before the next Saturday night.

The ravens brought it. It may be well to give the reader something of the economic picture of the times, to set down what the wages of skilled labor were in Emporia in 1895. Jack, the foreman, got twelve dollars; later a raise to fifteen. The best printer got eight dollars a week, and four girls set type at from two fifty to four dollars a week, according to their skill. The office devil got two fifty and Mr. Morgan told me he was due for a raise to three dollars the first of July. The reporters got eight and ten dollars each.

But living costs were low. A frying chicken cost fifteen cents, steak ten cents a pound, bacon eight and nine cents, flour two dollars a hundred, sugar twenty pounds for a dollar. Sallie and I paid eighteen dollars a month for a six-room house. It did not have a sign of a pipe or a wire in it, neither for water nor for light. We laid aside five dollars and no more for our grocery and incidental budget, and lived within it. We kept no maid, but we could have got one for from a dollar and a half to three dollars a week. Those wages and those commodity prices represented a hang-over from the old days when communities, even homes and certainly farms, were self-sufficient, when craftsmen in many trades set their wages on the basis of a self-sufficient home, a small farm and garden, cows and chickens and pigs as one of the props of every family.

But the world had moved in the quarter of a century before 1895. Railroads and other machines had wiped out all but the skeleton of the old self-subsistent civilization, and the catastrophic maladjustment between the two epochs was evident all around Emporia, and particularly on the farms. Unemployment had beaten down the price of corn, wheat, hay, hogs, and livestock until farming was unprofitable. The protest of Populism was the political phase of the unpainted farmhouses and barns one saw all over the Midwestern country, the run-down fences, the fallow, weedy fields; and in towns, the vacant stores and bankruptcy sales. And one of the town banks, though I did not know it at first, was slowly sinking into insolvency.

Yet in the big houses, ten or twenty of them, people lived well. The bankers and some of the doc-

tors and lawyers drove spanking teams to carriages that cost as much as three hundred dollars. The Whist and High Five clubs, attended by the best people, had gay parties. Dances were given with some style and *éclat*, perhaps in the third-floor garrets of the baronial rococo mansions built in the seventies, or maybe in the skating rink or the hall of some fraternal insurance society. People who had money were living well in Emporia, others hanging on by their eyebrows. And Populism was raging across the state, across the Missouri valley and through the South.

3

I DID NOT realize during those first days in Emporia why our town was divided, as were most towns in the Western world, into bank factions — factions deeply divided, bitterly feudal. But now I see across the years that those two factions in Emporia — the faction gathered about Major Calvin Hood and his bank and the faction gathered around Charley Cross and William Martindale and their bank — arose and thrived as local clans bound by purely monetary interests, and somewhat made necessary by the fact that storekeepers, professional people, and owners of little industries around the town could not live without credit. This, the banks furnished. The use of credit was made widely necessary by this transition from a simple self-supporting and self-sufficient economy to the new economy in the machine age. Capital, as represented by the banks, was still tribal, feudal, competitive. All over this part of the world in the nineties the economic scenery of the world was changing. Factions, feuds, internal bitternesses, wicked and sometimes bloody rivalries were fostered at the front doors of the banks in towns and cities across the land — at least across our Western land. I only know about that.

So when Mr. Morgan took me up and down Commercial Street and Fifth and Sixth Avenues, calling on our friends and customers, I went unwittingly wearing the collar of the Emporia National Bank, Major Hood's bank, the bank which Plumb and Hood founded twenty-five years before. This civic brawl, typical of the day and time, was a sad reality in the life of a young editor who took his pen in hand that Sunday afternoon to write his salutatory to the town of his birth.

That night, in the *Emporia Republican*, "our loathed but esteemed contemporary," a two-line item appeared thus: —

Will A. White, of Kansas City, has bought the Gazette from W. Y. Morgan. Next!

Editor Eskridge of the *Republican* was a man in his sixties who had served the town in the legislature, who had secured the location of the State Normal in Emporia, who was an acknowledged leader of the Republican Party in Kansas and vice-regent of the Santa Fe Railroad, which named a town for him on

one of its branches in an adjoining county. He was a dignified man with a rather large head, who covered the bald frontal area of his skull with long hair from the side and dyed it, and who always wrote the resolutions at the Republican County Convention. He was of the samurai caste in Kansas Republicanism, receiving remuneration as needed for his paper's payroll from the Santa Fe, and was a spokesman of the other bank, the Cross-Martindale bank. When it was closed, a few years later, a sheaf of the old editor's blank notes, accommodation paper, was found in the bank, which they slipped into the note case to polish up the record for the National Bank Inspector.

He did not realize it, but I was the young bull who had come to horn the old one out of the herd. Toward the end of his career, as was the fashion of the day, he devoted much space to abusing me. The *Gazette* never replied. Not a line in our paper indicated that we even knew he was on earth, and that — his reporters told ours — galled him more deeply than anything we could say. He was used to every form of abuse but contempt.

My wife and my mother came to Emporia the week-end after I arrived. Sallie came down to the office daily and we worked together — she on society items and other local items, I writing the editorial, soliciting advertising, taking care of the bank account. Soon we invited Lew Schmucker to quit his job as a railway postal clerk and come to the *Gazette* as bookkeeper, reporter, and advertising salesman. To him, it was a dream come true, for he had always wanted to be a newspaperman. So we jogged along for six months or so, with nothing more serious to cloud our happy lives than a weekly overdraft at the bank Monday morning, which was wiped out by Wednesday evening.

Then one Saturday night we rocked the town with laughter in one of those sheer accidents which the devil, in his ingenuity, sometimes contrives for newspapers alone. Sallie had made the announcement in the society column of the wedding of Hortense Kelly, daughter of a Methodist elder, a man of great political power in the state, and George Crawford, son of a former Governor and brother-in-law of Arthur Capper, of the *Topeka Capital*. It was quite a wedding. For a week, at odd times, Sallie had been at the Kelly home with the other young women of the town, helping to draw blue or pink baby ribbon through the bride's trousseau, and was an intimate of the house. Saturday morning she wrote a funny story about John Martin, the laundryman who had taken his son, Charley, to Kansas City. Charley came home saying that his father had given him a dollar to call him Uncle instead of Papa when the girls were around. She had prefaced her story about John Martin with the quatrain: —

And this is the sorrowful story
Told as the twilight fails,
When the monkeys walk together
Holding each other's tails!

And then, the devil only knows why, the make-up man on the paper put a separating dash between that quatrain and the John Martin item and tacked the verses on at the end of the Kelly-Crawford wedding, which concluded thus: —

This marriage unites two of the oldest and most important families in Kansas, the Crawfords and the Kellys.

Then followed: —

And this is the sorrowful story . . .

When old Jack saw it after the last paper was out and the carrier boys were gone, he began to roar with laughter and within ten minutes the barbershops of the town were churning with hilarity. In an hour the town was giggling its head off. In three hours the town was divided. Nine tenths of the burghers thought we did it on purpose and that it was a dirty shame. The other tenth realized that it was one of those devil's accidents which come to newspapers in spite of all their care. But on the whole it was good medicine for the *Gazette*. It had never made such a deep and widespread impression on the town as that which came in that item. As for Sallie, she went to bed in tears, and when she tried to explain to the Kellys, she was greeted by cold, rebuking unbelief. If the *Gazette* gained circulation and attention, it was the woman who paid, and paid, and paid.

4

IT IS a lovely thing in youth to have "the valor of ignorance," to have no other cares but a weekly overdraft at the bank, to be overwhelmingly in love, and to be able to laugh at the accidents of fate and turn the barbs of misfortune with the armor of an invulnerable self-confidence. We two — Sallie and I — walked to and from work every day, chattering, honking our laughter, billing and cooing like birds — perhaps equally brainless, which was a good thing also, for we did not realize how precarious was our lot.

Times were unbelievably hard that first summer. The overdraft began to mount Friday, sank into a dark abyss Saturday night, and, strain as we would Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, we rarely got it entirely wiped out. Once in a while Major Hood at the bank would call me in and remonstrate. Twice that summer we had to give our note for fifty or a hundred dollars to cover the deepening overdraft. But we went on cutting our paper dolls at the office most happily. I printed two stories in the *Gazette* for filler, which the Sunday editor had rejected on the *Star*.

One story was called "The Court of Boyville," the other was the story of "Aqua Pura," both of which appeared later in a book. But from the *Gazette* they were copied and got around the country. So sometime in the winter or early spring of 1896, we had two offers from legitimate book publishers, asking if we

had any other stories like that, enough to make a book. We had! We chose Way and Williams, Chicago publishers, largely because they were Western, and we turned down Henry Holt & Company chiefly because they were Eastern. We were loyal Westerners without much sense. So we began gathering up our stories for *The Book*. A five-hundred-dollar advance came from the publishers with the contract, and we slapped that advance on one of the mortgages. Which made us still happier and more carefree. And we screamed our delight like jays as we went about our work and through the town. That five hundred dollars seemed to cheer the Major up. At least it strengthened our credit and we could deepen the overdraft a little when we had to, but we could not get rid of it.

Let me paste in a picture here of Major Calvin Hood, our banker friend, known in the town as the "Little Major." Major Hood was in his late fifties then, a slight little figure beginning to bend just a bit at the shoulders. He had sharp brown eyes, a clear skin, gray hair thinning at the brow, and gray whiskers always immaculately trimmed. But behind the barrier of those whiskers he kept a hard, cruel mouth, rapacious and hungry. Yet he smiled easily, laughed gently, very gently when he smiled — the refinement of his face appearing. He was another man. It was this man who always headed the subscription for every good thing. It was this man who lent students money, who bought beautiful pictures for his home when he went to New York, and good ones too, who patronized the arts in Emporia, gave generously to the library, kept a box at the Emporia Opera until he fell out with the owner of the theater, had a spanking team of well-matched sorrels hitched to a magnificent phaeton which adorned the streets. Compared with all other carriages in the town, the "Little Major's" equipage was a Rolls-Royce beside a T Model. He was generous to his friends and ruthless to his enemies. He had a thin, long-fingered, bony hand. I never saw a palm that cupped so deeply, nor a palm that seemed so dry and crinkled. His voice was soft and he always cleared his throat with a little "ahem" when he spoke of interest, which he could compound in his head quicker than another banker could look it up in his interest book. Yet he was loyal to his friends, who were loyal to him, and for twenty years he treated me as his son.

He was a type, a product of his day, the banker who was a free man, who ran his own bank in his own way, deferring only slightly to the nonsense of the Federal bank inspectors. In his town and county, that typical banker was the sheik of the village. In his state, the "Little Major" was one of fewer than a dozen men who, with the railroad attorneys and the old heel-walking captains of industry who owned the packing houses, were the ruling class of our state. Every state had its rulers like these. Although he was known in Emporia as the "Little Major," the pioneers knew that the "Little Major," when he set up his bank in Emporia, used to carry tens of thou-

sands of dollars in a money belt buckled around him when he went down into the wilds of Texas, carrying a pistol almost as large as himself, bought cattle, and sometimes pulled the pistol and stood off bandits with a nerve of steel. Only his enemies saw that side of him — or his friends, when they were in trouble and needed him. He and his kind have disappeared, as have the Mound Builders. The banker of today, hag-ridden by the Comptroller of the Currency, walking between the state laws and the Federal restrictions, like "Eugene Aram . . . with gyves upon his wrist," is another creature, certainly neither the residuary legatee nor the heir-at-law of the "Little Major" and the Mound Builders.

Yet, in his suzerainty over the business world around him, Major Hood was typical of the banker in that day of metamorphosis when the old self-subsistent economy of America had passed and a new order had come, all confused because it was uncharted, highly competitive in everything, yet more or less manacled by trusts which were themselves somewhat competitive, and by a growing subconscious feeling among men in control that their competition was wasteful and that some kind of amalgamation was necessary. The Major — in little — was Jim Hill, Jay Gould, Henry Villard, Andrew Carnegie, John W. Gates, the elder Morgan, Old John D. Rockefeller, and all the heads, organizers, and owners in trust of the nation's industrial and financial institutions.

The "Little Major," there in the back room of his bank, spinning his web (his enemies used to call him the "Old Spider"), dominating the politics, controlling the business, bossing his church, financing and directing the local college, was my friend, loyal, generous, and understanding. I had no sense that he was corrupting our newspaper. When we talked over local or state politics, I had the feeling that we were two free men. He never gave orders and, in many minor matters, I suppose he took advice. It was years before a major matter threatened a division between us. I just happened to think his way most of the time in those first years as a young editor, and maybe sometimes, because I was young and he was old, he deferred to me. Certainly he was an easy boss. I doubt not that they all were easy bosses in the big world which he symbolized in little. They too went with the current of the times, walking sturdily on their heels or stealthily on their toes, thinking they were going their own way. They were really guided, guarded, led unconsciously in the pell-mell rush of the times.

5

THE first real knock-down-and-drag-out fight I had in Emporia was with the Grand Army of the Republic. The Union veterans literally packed and controlled the Court House. They had majorities in the City Council and on the School Board. The Republican County Convention and the Kansas

State Republican Convention were their private parade grounds. When I came to town I determined to cut down extra words in the *Gazette* and boil down the items to the bare bone. The G.A.R. had two Posts in Emporia and every week their notices came to the newspaper office in the form of a military order. It took twelve lines to say that P. B. Plumb Post of the G.A.R. would meet in its hall, as usual, Wednesday night. I cut the twelve lines down to exactly that many words — eliminating all the military phraseology, the names of the Commander and the Adjutant and the Corporal — and the G.A.R. blew its head off and boycotted the *Gazette*.

I explained to the people that I was not refusing to give the news of the G.A.R. meeting, but was refusing to clutter up the paper and take the space that real news would occupy by printing every week a lot of military jargon. And the boycott disappeared impotently after a few weeks. My competition, the old editor of the opposition paper, faunched wildly because I was insulting the men who had saved the Union and had struck the shackles from four million slaves, but little good it did him. We stressed local news and printed a number of items that ordinarily would not have been printed in a strictly conventional newspaper. We were chatty, colloquial, incisive, impertinent, ribald, and enterprising in our treatment of local events. Looking back over it now, I can see that much of it was based upon a smart-aleck attitude, but the people liked it. Circulation grew. The *Gazette* was generally abused in conservative households. A few prudish people sighed that they could not allow the *Gazette* in their homes on account of their children, which I felt was silly. So did Sallie.

Editorially, from the very first week the *Gazette* was a conservative Republican newspaper. I had no use for the protective tariff, but I tolerated it because I wished to advocate the gold standard. Kansas was sadly bitten by the fiat money theory. Senator Plumb, who had bossed the state and led it politically in the seventies and eighties, had been for the free coinage of silver. He owned silver mines in Colorado. Most of our Kansas statesmen toyed with the free-silver idea. They hoped to beat the Populists by making fun of pure fiat money, and at the same time by advocating free coinage of silver, which was 40 per cent fiat. So, when the *Gazette* advocated the single gold standard, it was politically a pariah in Kansas. It is not unlikely that occasional editorials in the files of the *Gazette*, speaking well of the theory of protection, were my defense weapons against attack upon my gold standard flank.

But I set no great store by the editorial page. I believed that local news, if honestly and energetically presented, would do more for subscriptions and more for the *Gazette's* standing in the community than its editorial page. Indeed I believed then and believe now that a newspaper that prints the news — all of it that is fit to print — can take any editorial position it desires without loss of prestige or patronage. People choose their paper not because of its politics but

because of its integrity, its enterprise, and its intelligence. They want an honest paper, well written, where they can find all the news to which they are entitled.

Except for occasional boycotts, which were noisy but highly incompetent, our editorials never got us in trouble. It was the news items that brought in irate subscribers. Our policy, for instance, was to drop the word "lady" and substitute the word "woman." A lady who had paid a fine for streetwalking came in to protest not the publication of the news of her fine, but the fact that we called her a woman, and she assured us that she was as much of a lady as any of the other girls in this town. And from that hour to this, the *Gazette* has referred to all females as women, except police court characters, who are designated as "ladies."

One time a colored man who had been in the penitentiary twice for crimes of violence threatened that if his name ever appeared in the *Gazette* again, he would cut my heart out and show it to me. He was known as Razor Billings — commonly accounted by the orderly colored people of the town as "a bad nigger." He got in trouble again. We used his name. The next morning I knew he would appear. So did the two reporters and the people in the back room. He was a big, lean, lantern-jawed chimpanzee of a man whose wild, bloodshot eyes had a lot of white in them, a loud-talking person. He began bellowing as he left the sidewalk. I had wrapped a lead window weight in a newspaper rather deftly, waiting for him, just in case. He did not know what it was. It lay on my desk and my hand toyed with it.

He began shouting to work up his temper as he stood there before me. I looked through the door into the office and my eye caught sight of the monumental figure of Jack McKinley wrapping in his apron a steel sidestick from the forms, which weighed ten pounds at least — a deadly weapon if there ever was one. Billings could not see Jack, though Jack was less than ten feet from him. Jack was "reinforcements." I got suddenly brave and assumed a cold, deadly manner which belied my inner fear and trembling agitation. With my hand toying with the window weight and with Jack armed to the teeth with the sidestick, I exhibited a courage that I certainly did not feel. But it was terrible and deadly enough so that I made Mr. Billings sit down while I read him a riot act, then made him get up and walk out of the office. As he got to the sidewalk, I followed him to the door and then, with the window weight unsheathed, herded him verbally down the street. As I turned to go back, Old Jack put his arm around me and said: —

"I said you would do, and you'll do!"

And after that we had a good laugh, which was 98 per cent hysterical. Jack went back to his work and I sat down at my desk, with my window weight before me as I went on with my morning's job, whatever it was. Of course through Jack, through the reporters, through the printers, the story of Razor Billings's

rout from the *Gazette* office spread over town that day. It gave me a reputation for physical courage that I certainly did not deserve. I was scared stiff throughout the whole interview. But we went on printing whatever news came up, and in our own way.

6

THE campaign of 1896, in which I had a minor and not particularly creditable part, for I only aroused bad blood and bitter feeling, was the first national campaign in the United States in which the debtors were for the most part on one side and the creditors on the other. No one can doubt that labor sympathized with Bryan, even though it was persuaded, more or less with crass coercion, to vote against him. It was our first class election. McKinley's victory was due to the fact that he could unite to a political solidarity the American middle class.

In Emporia, the day after election, the Populists and Democrats, for all their county and state victories, were sad, disgruntled, and discouraged. I felt at once that the pressure of opposition to me, to which I was extremely sensitive, for all the success of my editorial, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" was relieved overnight. It was then in their national victory that the Republicans of our town rallied to me. As a national figure, I had their respect, and my ancient competitor, Governor Eskridge, who had before McKinley's nomination been a free-silver leader, could not quite claim a share in the Republican victory.

All of which was rather unfair, for I am sure the Governor, despite his free-silver heterodoxy, was at heart a better, more loyal party man than I. For in my heart partisanship, in the sense that it really governs men's thinking and directs their conduct, to me seemed always a political folly. I have always believed that parties are but a means to an end. A good partisan believes that partisanship is an end in itself. Nevertheless I crowed editorially in the election for my party, and was much more bitter on our editorial page than I was in my heart. Probably my bitterness was to convince myself that I was right. But it did not work. Politically I was a poor sinner in the temple, wearing the broad phylacteries of a Pharisee and ashamed of my pride.

Perhaps if I had known the real significance of that election, perhaps if I had realized that it was the beginning of a long fight for distributive justice, the opening of a campaign to bring to the common man — the man lacking the acquisitive virtues, the man of one talent — a larger and more equitable share in the common wealth of our country, I should have been more consciously ashamed of my political attitude than I was. For I was constitutionally and temperamentally, by blood and inheritance on both sides of my family, a friend of the underdog.

But somehow in those days, I was blind to the realities. My college education, my reading in sociol-

ogy and in science, to keep abreast and be worthy of fellowship with Vernon Kellogg, did not teach me to see the truth all about me in those days of the middle nineties. I saw the mange on the underdog and did not realize its cause. Perhaps if Bryan had won and the underdog had been fed up a little and had been top dog, I should have respected him more heartily. I wonder. I doubt it. Perhaps I shrink from the truth even now, looking at those days across the years.

But one incident of that hour of triumph in November, 1896, has stuck vividly in my memory. It was a sunny winter day. The *Gazette* office door was open. In walked Frank Frazier, an old banker friend from El Dorado. He was a cynic. It was said of him in El Dorado that he never made a loan without assuming that his debtor was a dead-beat and letting the debtor know it. He had a wire voice — not high, but low and deadly. He was my father's friend and was one of those who represented the Santa Fe in Butler County politics and kept entirely out of the lime-light. He stood looking at me the way he appraised his customers in the bank, with a cocked eye, hard, mean, for a few moments without speaking, then began abruptly: —

"Well, so you think you are a hell of a fellow. Maybe you are. At least you rung the bell in this election. Now let me give you one thing. Your father was my friend. I want to help you. I owed him something for things he did for me. And here's what I am paying you on that debt!"

He paused for a moment to gather himself, and said: —

"Young man, around town they say you are paying your bills. Major Hood says you have been getting out of the red recently. I guess you're on the upgrade. Now here's your inheritance from your father. I'll tell you, if for the next five years you will run your paper so straight and square and necessarily mean that you'll make every faction in this town hate you and every man in this town fear and despise you, then you'll know that you never can have any hope to run for office. You'll know you can't be elected to anything any time, and so you'll keep away from running for office. It kills any editor. Editors who take offices lose their influence and wreck their business. You've got to take the veil of absolute chastity, so far as political office goes. Boss it, if you can, but don't ever let them talk you into running for anything. And if you're mean-honest for the next five years, your paper will make money and you'll know you can't get an office. That, by God, is because I owed your father, not money, but many kindnesses."

He stared at me for a moment, and then the fat, chunky, hard-featured little county boss waddled, like the apparition of a potbellied god, out of the office without another word. But what he said sank deeply in my heart.

In midautumn after "What's the Matter with Kansas?" came the publication of *The Real Issue*, my book of Kansas stories. It had the tremendous

lift of the campaign editorial. But the campaign editorial could not have given the book the kinds of reviews that it had from the kinds of reviewers who praised it. For the book had nothing to do with the politics of the campaign of '96. The stories in the book were stories of Kansas life, mostly under three thousand words. Probably the average length was two thousand. The stories were modeled on those of Kipling, Davis, and Frank Stockton — on an American last but with a little of the French influence, Maupassant, Coppée, and Daudet; tear-jerkers most of them, though some were just ebullient Kansas spirits.

Before the book had been out a month, a letter came from *McClure's Magazine* asking for the right to publish the story called "The King of Boyville," and ordering half a dozen others at five hundred dollars each. It was enough to lift one's hair and fit one's head into the dimensions of something approaching success. But the real thrill came in the late autumn. I went into the corner bookstore where Vernon Parrington and Frank Miller, who drove the oil wagon, and John Van Schaick, a young college professor, were loafing in what the bookstore called its "Amen Corner," when they yelled at me: —

"Hey, Bill, did you see the review of your book in *Life*?" And, "My God, man, you've hit it!" And, "How did you wangle that out of them?"

I bought *Life*, which was then a critical journal with a humorous slant, and hurried with the magazine unread to Sallie, who was in the office. We walked out, to be free of the flings and arrows of Lew Schmucker and the other reporter, and read it as we walked home on the sidewalk. It was a beautiful review written by Robert Bridges, who for years was one of the editors of *Scribner's Magazine* in its best days. He was the top-ranking literary critic of the country. Even a pleasant notice from Mr. Howells did not go so far or mean so much as the review by "Droch," which was Bridges' literary nom de plume. Our eyes filled with tears and our hands met in a passionate grip as we walked along under the falling leaves of the elm trees, along Sixth Avenue, toward home. It was a moment in life never to be forgotten. It was indeed the journey's end of our struggles and hardships. We had entered into a new life. We were breathing another atmosphere. The printer, the reporter, the editorial writer on the *Star*, the country editor wrestling three days a week with his payroll, with his petty cares and troubles — all these skins which I had worn were cast aside. I was a young author.

7

IT WAS on my first trip to Washington that Congressman Charles Curtis introduced me to the man who, more than any other in my twenties, thirties, and forties, dominated my life. Curtis said one day, after he knew that he was probably licked in the Emporia Post Office fight: —

"Will, there's a man down in the Navy Department that has been asking for you — a young fellow named Roosevelt. He read 'What's the Matter with Kansas?' He knows about your book. He heard you were in town and he wants to meet you."

So we arranged an appointment. I met Theodore Roosevelt. He sounded in my heart the first trumpet call of the new time that was to be. I went hurrying home from our first casual meeting, in the office of an assistant of the Navy Department, to tell Sallie of the marvel of the meeting. I was afire with the splendor of the personality that I had met, and I walked up and down our little bedroom at the Normandy trying to impart to her some of the marvel that I saw in this young man.

We were to lunch together the next day at the Army and Navy Club. It was a rather somber old barn in those days, that club, and we sat there for an hour after lunch and talked our jaws loose about everything. I had never known such a man as he. He overcame me. And in the hour or two we spent that day at lunch, and in a walk down F Street, he poured into my heart such visions, such ideals, such hopes, such a new attitude toward life and patriotism and the meaning of things, as I had never dreamed men had.

We had this in common: neither of us could work up any enthusiasm for McKinley. I remember the first shock of pain with which he revealed not only his scorn for McKinley and his kind, but his disgust with the plutocracy that Hanna was establishing in the land. For Hanna, he had a certain large, joyous tolerance as a man, but for the government he was maintaining, for the reign of privilege he was constructing, for the whole deep and damnable alliance between business and politics for the good of business, Roosevelt was full of vocal eloquence and ironic rage. That was the order which I had upheld, to which I was committed, to which I had commended my soul. Yet so strong was this young Roosevelt, — hard-muscled, hard-voiced, with hard, wriggling jaw muscles and snapping teeth even when he cackled in raucous glee, — so completely did the personality of this man overcome me, that I made no protest and accepted his dictum for my creed. Presently we launched out into heaven knows what seas of speculation, what excursions of delight, into books and men and manners, poetry, and philosophy — "Cabages and Kings"! After that I was his man.

It was not the ten years between us. It was more than the background of his achievements in politics. It was something besides his social status, which itself

might have influenced me in those days, something greater even than his erudition and his cultural equipment, that overcame me. It was out of the spirit of the man, the undefinable equation of his identity, body, mind, emotion, the soul of him, that grappled with me and, quite apart from reason, brought me into his train. It was youth and the new order calling youth away from the old order. It was the inexorable coming of change into life, the passing of the old into the new.

I was only functioning after the manner of my kind. All the youth of that day was leaving the nineteenth century and hurrying into the twentieth. And this was one of the episodes of a spiritual migration as definite, and yet as marvelous, as that which came when our grandfathers and fathers poured over the Alleghenies into the Mississippi valley and built their homes there in the last half of the old century. We were building our homes too — mansions not made by hands. And so came the new order.

To think that the difference in the size of a dollar, a mere dollar, measures so much of the difference between the world of the 1890's and the world of today is a doleful thought. We should like to think, being men who have put a life of aspiration and struggle into the generation, that we have done something for humanity. That new world, which came into being with the new century, seemed while we were making it to be a new heaven and a new earth. The thing that happened was the shrinking of the dollar, and with that shrinking came the enlargement of our needs. Maybe the miracle of change was something like this: our dollar would buy less; our lives required more. Hence, the world turned inside out and upside down.

Theodore Roosevelt and I, walking that summer day under the elms on F Street in Washington, going from the lunch at the Army and Navy Club, visioned a vast amount of justice to come in the cruel world. Much that we visioned has come.

A few months later he sent me his book *American Ideals and Other Essays*. I read it with feelings of mingled astonishment and trepidation. It shook my foundations, for it questioned things as they are. It challenged a complacent plutocracy. I did not dream that anyone, save the fly-by-night demagogues of Populism, had any question about the divine right of the well-to-do to rule the world. But that book was filled with an unsettling arraignment of the more predatory representatives of our American plutocracy. As a defender of the faith, I had met my first heretic.

JOBS AND FREEDOM

by HAROLD E. STASSEN

1

CAN we have jobs and freedom? Can we have reasonably steady jobs for all who want to work, allowing for some seasonal variations and shifting from job to job, and also have our traditional American freedom for each citizen? As I see it, the answer is, Yes — If. Yes — *if* we develop a coöperative united approach by our major economic groups to our national post-war problems, and *if* our government is active and alert in meeting new problems and in exercising leadership in the vigorous support of the free-enterprise system.

There is a very great need for increased unity in America. We need an agreement on objectives and on the steps to reach those objectives. In my view the over-all objective of the American system in the years ahead should be to furnish to all the men and women and children of America all the necessities of modern life, and to an increasing degree the comforts; and to do so on a basis that will contribute to their individual freedom of thought and action and, at the same time, assist in the steady march of progress of all mankind in a world at peace.

As the first principle toward the attainment of that objective, I propose that we in America, all of us, — government, labor, agriculture, and management, — champion, implement, and stimulate an expanding competitive American economic system of private capital, individual enterprise, and free workmen. To carry out this principle requires some readjustment in the thinking of all of us. It means placing opportunity above security on our list of priorities. It means that we must encourage and applaud the pioneer, the originator, the inventor, the risk taker.

We must not become a nation of security seekers, nor of selfish nationalists. We must be a nation of originality, of boldness, and of imagination. Take one recent specific example. When V-J Day arrived, we turned our national attention to security for unemployment during the reconversion period. The emphasis was placed upon an increase in unemploy-

ment compensation. Clearly, that was a desirable measure, but how much more important it would have been to place the entire emphasis then, immediately after V-J Day, upon the necessity for housing and the opportunities this presented for jobs, for investments, for enterprise to begin immediately to expand housing in America. All building material in the hands of the Army and Navy should, at that time, have been promptly made available for housing. Governmental action should have taken the form of making available, by subsidized dismantling and shipping, the temporary housing facilities around defense plants. The opportunity in housing, rather than security and unemployment, should have been given the emphasis.

Another example of the wrong approach was the recent refusal of the Chicago City Council to license additional taxicabs for returning veterans. Everyone in Chicago has observed the acute shortage of taxicabs, and there has been a decided handicap to doing business in the city because of this shortage. Hundreds of returning veterans have wanted the opportunity to start up in business as taxicab owners and operators. But they were refused because of an old ordinance limiting to three thousand the number of cab permits until 1950. Security for the existing operators took precedence over the stimulating effect of opportunity in this great metropolitan city. Fortunately for Chicago, a determined protest by veterans applying for licenses resulted, after considerable delay, in some increase in licenses.

The question of whether there will be worth-while jobs for the ten to eleven million men returning from service will depend upon whether two or three thousand of them find the courage, the spirit, and the opportunity to start new businesses, new stores, new ventures which in turn will furnish jobs. Veterans with ingenuity will find such opportunities in the field of civilian aviation with its greatly expanded facilities; in small agencies for electric and radio sales, service, and repair; and in a wide range of transportation, service, and commercial activity. The huge housing program will call for skill, command, and economy in the contractors' field; deep freeze and the airplane will make our larders rich; resort and recreation business the country over must expand in the

A Minnesotan born in 1907, HAROLD E. STASSEN in 1938 became the youngest Governor in his state's history. He was re-elected for a third term, but resigned from office to enter the Navy, where he served with distinction on Admiral Halsey's staff. Emerging with decorations and the rank of Captain, he has since had time to begin a size-up of the more pressing of our democratic problems.

relaxation of peace; new conveniences of home and of farm will be invented and manufactured; a variety of food and confection products will be originated and marketed.

It is almost humorous now to go back and read some of the writings of ten years ago about the lack of frontiers. I am reminded of the incident that was reported when a Japanese officer was fished out of the ocean after his ship had been sunk in one of the sudden raids of Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet into the South China Sea. As he was brought up on the fantail of the destroyer, it was found that he could speak limited English. He said, "Tokyo Radio say Third Fleet all sunk. How come you all are way out here?"

Undoubtedly our enemies on more than one occasion during these last years of war have said to themselves, "We thought that this was an economy that had reached its height, that had no more potentialities of expansion. Then how come this tremendous flow of materials and weapons?" It can well be said that the frontiers of our economic system are formed by our mental attitude and our unity, or lack of it, rather than by any limitation of science or of productivity.

2

To implement our over-all objectives, we must all of us, including labor and government, look upon the making of profits with approval. Labor must take pride in the success of its company, in the making of profits. Profits are the ignition system that makes our economic machine operate, producing supplies for all the people and making jobs for the workers. Profits must not be condemned by either government or labor.

This does not mean that abuses of profits are to be condoned. There must be a vigorous opposition to excess profits from monopolies, from unfair practices, from suppression of wages. But I believe the workmen of America should and will to an increasing degree take pride in working for a company that furnishes large quantities of products for their fellow workmen throughout the country at a price that all can pay, while itself maintaining good wages and good profits.

Likewise we must all of us, including capital and management and government, support strong unions. They are an essential part of the checks and balances of a strong economic system of private capitalism and democratic government. This does not mean that we should condone abuses in unions. There should be an increasing safeguarding of the rights of the individual workman. There should be increasing democracy and financial accountability in some unions now autocratically run. There should be a periodic choice of the officers of unions by secret ballot. There should be increased discipline within the ranks of some unions. There must be an effective insistence upon respect for contracts entered into.

There are many indications that when the present serious wage disputes between labor and management have been concluded, they will be followed by an increased contest over jurisdiction between unions. There can be no real justification for strikes as a weapon to be used between unions in a battle for jurisdiction over workingmen. We need a method for settling these jurisdictional disputes by peaceful judicial means. Government must provide labor courts with the power to make substantive decisions for the settlement of these jurisdictional disputes.

The basic right to strike must be maintained. It is an essential part of the continuance of the entire American system. The loss by labor of the right to strike would also lead in time to the loss of the right of private capital. It would mean that government would take over, and soon neither labor nor capital would be free. Some people annoyed or injured by strikes are inclined to conclude lightly that the right to strike should be curtailed. They do not realize that to take away the right to strike would be to impose a dictatorial power over labor.

But the right to strike should be very rarely used. It should be like the right to shoot in self-defense. It should be recognized by both labor and management that all disputes must be settled sometime and that both are much better off if settlement is made first, while production continues.

We all must also recognize the reasonable requirements of security. Security should occupy a secondary place, but it must nevertheless be fulfilled to a reasonable degree. There is nothing inconsistent between unemployment compensation and a free-enterprise system. Unemployment compensation should be promptly extended in its coverage, and made more adequate both in amount and duration. The same is true of old-age and survivor's insurance. But, the government must carefully analyze the amount of unemployment compensation and justly administer the system so that it does not in practice actually encourage idleness if jobs are available.

The right of business to manage its affairs must be vigorously defended. Foremen and other supervisory personnel should be under the unquestioned, exclusive direction of management, and not of labor. The right of management to manage is just as important as the right of labor to strike. This right of management and the skill of management have been key factors in the attainment of the unexcelled production record of our economic system. It is from this productivity brought forth by skilled management that a high standard of living is attained.

There must also be an increasing amount of information to labor and to the general public about the financial facts of business. Times have changed. The splendid facilities for the dissemination of information very properly and happily make people want more information. The companies must adjust the conduct of their business to a greater amount of information to labor and to the public.

It does not balance to say in one breath that high

productivity should be a major concern of labor, and in the next breath say that the profits of its company are none of labor's business.

Some of our national concerns have for a number of years followed a new and intelligent policy of giving increased information, in a form that all can understand, regarding their operations, their gross income, and their division of receipts among the major items of cost. I view this as one of the best types of public relations. The approval of an informed public opinion is a tremendous asset. It must be the goal of the free-enterprise system. If the free-enterprise system depends upon secrecy and upon keeping from labor and public the vital facts of the results that are accrued from their own productivity, then the free-enterprise system is on difficult ground to maintain. But if, as I believe, the enterprise system can be thoroughly justified with full facts available to labor and the public, then it is truly on sound ground.

Just as labor is entitled to be informed to an increasing degree about the activities of business, so management is entitled to the right to inform its employees on any subject. In other words, the workingman should be entitled to the maximum of information and to the interpretation placed upon that information by both his employer and his union leader, and then should have an opportunity to make his own decisions in a free and American manner upon his contracts and conditions for work.

3

WE SHOULD not lose sight of the lessons of war. The miracle of war production was accomplished by turning to experienced management of private industry and giving it the tasks of managing the war industry. Under the early leadership of William Knudsen, the principle of insisting upon skilled management, even though it came from an unrelated field of industry, to take over the contractual agreement for turning out the weapons of war was vigorously followed. It was a good example of government functioning in accordance with the private-enterprise system. Contrast this successful procedure with that of the government itself endeavoring to build the plants, appointing governmental managers, and placing the employees on a governmental payroll. In instance after instance manufacturers of soap or of breakfast foods were given contracts to produce entirely different products for the prosecution of the war. The success of this method is evident to all of us. We should use a similar approach whenever we have unused manpower, in order to bring this manpower together in the accomplishment of needed public improvements.

Pennsylvania's superhighway, Pittsburgh's tunnel on the route from the city to the airport, New York's parkway and superdrive along the Hudson River, Chicago's Lake Shore Drive, are but a few examples of public projects that have been constructive and sound. There will be need for this type of project

multiplied many times over in America in the next ten years.

Every city in the country needs highway arteries of the grade separation type. The congestion after our automobile production has been going for a year or two will be almost paralyzing. Nearly every major city needs increased air facilities, particularly modern air depots and administrative facilities. There is a major need for increased school facilities to take care of the large increase in enrollment that will result from the increased birth rate through the last five years. The blighted areas of our cities should be cleared out and the land should be made available for rebuilding and redeveloping by private capital on a basis comparable to the original development of these cities. Increased hospital facilities are needed in almost every major city in the country. Extensive plans could be prepared for this type of activity, and the government should be ready to move in promptly and vigorously, utilizing Federal, state, and local administration, as we approach the catching-up period of accumulated wartime consumer demand.

Semi-stagnant pools of capital must be utilized. A conservative portion of the vast resources of the insurance companies of the nation, with over three billion dollars pouring in annually, must be used in an increasingly stimulating manner.

The housing program of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York City is worthy of high praise. It is an example of the stimulating use of the resources of capital that has accumulated in the insurance companies' treasuries. These are projects carried on under individual management by free enterprise. They meet a vital need and do so in an effective, profitable manner. They are a demonstration of an intelligent and new use of capital that brings together various aspects of our economic system for the benefit of the people as a whole. Commercial banks should also be encouraged to temper the excessive caution that has followed the banking disaster of 1932.

4

TO THOSE who are inclined to say that the system of private capital and individual enterprise and free workmen has already failed, has already shown such gross inadequacies that it must be changed, my response is that, on the contrary, it has shown such great strength that it should be strongly supported. It is not a historical accident that the 6 per cent of the world's population within our borders produced one fourth of the world's goods. Furthermore, our system has not even yet had a full opportunity to demonstrate itself under modern conditions of peace.

To those who would press ever for a further extension of actual government operation of enterprise in a mixed economy, and who point to the trends in other parts of the world, I say directly that I do not believe in the nationalization of any industry or commerce or institution. I might add that there appear to be

ample experiments of this type going on now in the world. The great need for the future of mankind, and the best prospect for the future of the people of America, is a vigorous demonstration of what freedom can do with individual enterprise, private capital, and free workmen. To those who feel that one or more of these should be maintained without the others, I express my conviction that they all go together.

But perhaps the best response to those who would turn progressively away from our basic system as we think of it, and who seek a "mixed economy," is to say, Let us all agree upon a thorough ten-year test. Let us begin promptly to join together — government, labor, business, and agriculture — and to do everything possible to champion and encourage and develop the basic American system. At the end of ten years of united support, let us observe the result, and then make our decisions as to future policies. I am confident that if we do this it will result in a clear-cut demonstration of the superiority and high value of our system to the people of America and of the world.

It is not possible to generalize the point of view of the eleven million returning servicemen. Neither can anyone be their spokesman. Their experiences in war have been as diverse as their backgrounds in peace. Their outlooks now are those of eleven million individuals and not of a bloc of eleven million veterans. But I do believe that these men, after spending three, four, and five years in this bitter and tragic conflict, after observing the productive results of our American system in the cruel test of war, will almost unanimously support the position of giving alert, complete, unwavering support for such a ten-year test of the basic American system of private capital and individual enterprise and free workmen.

5

THE President has complained, with some justification, that the economic groups are not fulfilling their promises of coöperation made to him after V-J Day. He has contrasted this with the degree of progress made by Congress and the people in their participation in world affairs — by their adherence to the United Nations Charter and to various subsidiary organizations such as the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (the Bretton Woods Agreements) and the Food and Agricultural Organization.

But we should not lose sight of the fact that this unity was reached through a bipartisan approach and the broadest possible discussion of the issues. We need that same kind of approach to our major post-war economic problems. The labor-management conference was a failure. It was clear from the very outset that it would be a failure. It brought together only the two narrow economic groups that were concerned in the immediate phase of a problem. They

did not come to grips with the major questions of post-war wage and price policies.

What we have needed in this post-war period is a broad bipartisan economic conference, including leadership of both the Republican and Democratic parties in the House and Senate, and including leadership from our major economic groups, — labor, capital, and agriculture, — and including some of the outstanding economists of the country and representatives of the Federal administration. Such a conference should tackle the major questions of future wage and price levels, their relationship to the rest of the world, long-term sources of raw materials, and our part in contributing to a healthy world economy. It should seek broad answers as to how we can best fulfill the tremendous housing need of at least the next five years. It should seek the best method of supporting the prices of agricultural products and yet contribute to the food supply and trade of the world.

These basic economic questions require an overwhelming unity of support of the American people just as the major problems of the war required it. The answers can be attained only through the broadest type of conference, in which all major elements of thought are represented, and with full and free discussion by the people as a whole. There has not been action on the domestic program of the Administration in Congress because there is no agreement in the country on its desirability or the correctness of its methods of solving the difficulties that have arisen.

The membership of such a conference should be such that the people of the country as a whole, of all political parties and of all walks of life, would have overwhelming confidence in its recommendations. During a sixty-day period while this conference meets, labor should be requested to renew the no-strike pledge.

The major cause of the wave of strikes in the country has been the lack of an accepted national policy on the interrelated economic problems of wages, prices, and production. Government in a democracy should not decree such a policy, but it should take the lead in formulating the policy. This is particularly true when the scarcity of goods makes it necessary that there be temporary government price controls in place of competitive price controls. To fail to exercise that leadership and foresight means that the policy is formed in a violent clash between economic forces, resulting in danger to the entire economic system.

To seek to work out these policies through industrial warfare is a dangerous practice. Stoppage of production increases the danger of inflation. It also results in the dissipation of our accumulated savings on frivolous purposes. It builds up class tension and hatreds that are fundamentally dangerous to our way of life.

A review of the statements and hints and suggestions of the government since V-J Day, beginning with the removal of governmental control over wages

and working conditions and labor relations, the disjointed statements from various departments of conflicting amounts that wages could be raised, the talk of the necessity of coöperation and of real collective bargaining, the rumors and reports, all add up to a stimulation of industrial warfare as a method of settling basic economic questions that need the broadest and most statesmanlike consideration by the leadership, and support by the country as a whole.

I know there are those who say that there were also many strikes after the last war. That is correct. And there also were an inflationary boom and a very serious crash and a depression and millions of unemployed in the decades after the last war. We want to avoid that entire series of events of economic disorder. One of the first steps in avoiding it is to keep the wheels of production turning, avoid strikes and stoppages, and avoid the inflationary rush which builds up bubbles that sooner or later will burst.

As to the bipartisan nature of the conference which I have urged the President to call, I know that some politicians in my party would say that it is a political mistake. They would say that it would place the Republican Party in the position of sharing the responsibility for working out these very difficult post-war economic problems and that it is smarter to let the Administration struggle with these difficulties and to watch the strikes flare up and the economic disorders arise, to permit dissension to increase between government and labor, and then to use all these things in future elections.

That is not my idea of the way in which the American political and economic system should operate.

Both parties must share in the responsibility of major decisions of government of a kind that require the overwhelming support of the people of all walks of life to make them effective. The responsibility, to be constructive, rests with equal weight upon the minority party and the majority party under the American political system. Here again the lessons of wartime should be kept in mind. Our remarkable success in war was in no small part due to the joint participation in decisions and support by both political parties. And yet everyone seemed immediately to want to shrug off this constructive unity of action the moment V-J Day arrived. There can be constructive campaigning without harmful disunity. Many problems of peace require a joint approach just as do the

problems of war. We need a new and critical examination of the remark, "Politics as usual." Political leadership in either party which places its party welfare above the welfare of the country should be set aside as out of keeping with the realistic tasks and problems and responsibilities of modern America.

The broad approach to these problems should eliminate aimless talks and petty feuds. The attention of each in the conference should be directed first to the question: What will best serve the general public and the general welfare of America? Only after answering that question can the various economic and political groups interpret their relationship to that constructive national result.

As we look to the future, the basic factors are very favorable. Our country has been untouched by enemy action — thank God! There is a tremendous pent-up demand for goods of all kinds. There is a splendid trained labor supply in good health. There is ample capital. There is over 115 billion dollars in individual savings, and at least an equal amount in the savings of business. We have the raw materials. This decade should be marked by new jobs, new products, new fortunes, new unions, new managers, new enterprises. It should be marked by productivity of men which exceeds all previous peacetime accomplishments anywhere in the world.

Capitalism need not be, and in fact must not be, narrow or selfish or cold-blooded. There is no basic reason why alert modern managers cannot see to it that the great company with thousands of employees has policies and practices that are as human, as warm, and as alert for the welfare of its men and women and for the human relationships as does the owner-manager of the little shop with five workmen.

The organization of a union should not mean that the responsibility for the welfare of the employees is taken over entirely by the union. The management of business and the leadership of unions should jointly share a heavy responsibility with government for the good housing and the health and the happiness of the workmen. Events that are milestones of happiness or of sadness in the life of an individual workman should be recognized by the big company as well as by the small shop owner. Management should never forget for a day that labor is not simply a union. Labor is not simply a commodity. Labor is people — men and women — fellow citizens.



» Thomas K. Finletter here defines the inescapable alternative which now confronts every thinking American: anarchy between nations, or law which will save us.

TIMETABLE FOR WORLD GOVERNMENT

by THOMAS K. FINLETTER

I

THE reason for the remarkable growth of opinion in recent months in favor of world government is not that anyone likes government — world, national, or local — for its own sake. It is that many people have become convinced that unless we set up promptly an enforceable world law to control the new weapons of mass destruction, we shall find ourselves in an atomic armaments race which will eventuate in atomic war.

The choice before us, in broad lines, is between two sharply defined courses. Alternative One is to maintain the present international structure, in which the nation-state is the highest unit of government and all international arrangements are based on good will. Alternative Two is to create a world government, superior to the national states, which will have the power, under a regime of enforceable law, to prohibit war and such acts as necessarily lead to war.

I believe that Alternative Two alone offers any hope of keeping the peace. But the question of timing is as important as the policy. Is Alternative Two a long-term project, an aspiration for the future? Or is it an immediate necessity and possibility?

The scientists who know about atomic fission have been doing their best to tell us what will happen if we do not control this thing they have invented. They are so frightened that they have come out of their laboratories and have busied themselves, at considerable self-sacrifice, to explain to us what we are facing if we do not do something drastic and do it soon. But even the scientists have not brought home to us what the future holds if we fail to act. Military secrecy forbids their telling much of what they know. And they themselves cannot forecast what five, ten, or twenty-five years will bring forth in new ways of destroying matter and killing people.

We laymen therefore have to work largely in the dark in calculating the consequences of following

Alternative One — the maintenance of the nation-state as the highest political unit. I suggest, however, that available scientific information shows that unless we set up an effective control of war in the immediate future, we must base our political action on the following assumptions: —

1. Plans of the United States government must be made on the premise that war may come at any time after the other nations learn how to make atomic weapons. This critical point will be reached in less than ten years. It may be reached much sooner. We must do everything we can through diplomatic channels and through the United Nations Organization to ensure the solidarity of the Great Powers so that we may have a peaceful world; but we must not count on success. These methods, based on contract and not on law, on good faith and not on compulsion, have no greater worth than the promises of the independent sovereign states on which they are based. What this worth is can be judged by the unbroken succession of wars during the 3800 years that man has tried to keep the peace by treaties, agreements, leagues, and other arrangements between sovereign states. Much as we must try to make these traditional methods work now for the first time, we must not base our national policy on the assumption that they can now be made to prevent an atomic war.

2. The United States will be on the receiving end at the beginning of the next war. Even if we have superiority in atomic and other weapons of mass destruction (bacteriological weapons and all the others which do or will exist), we will not use them first. It is not in our nature to attack other nations or to fight preventive wars for security.

The attack will probably come from an aggressor nation determined on complete conquest, and will have as its objective the destruction of the military installations, cities, and population of the United States. The purpose will be to make it impossible for the United States to retaliate atomically. Judging from the reports of the scientists, a successful overwhelming first assault of this kind is well within the possibilities. We are told that the bombs used against Japan were firecrackers compared with those that surely will exist in the immediate future.

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It also seems to be accepted that we may not know where the attack was launched. We are told that atomic bombs may be sent by rockets from any place on the earth, or even be smuggled into a country in peacetime and exploded at long range. The figure of 40,000,000 American casualties in the first ten minutes of an atomic assault is accepted as a round figure to give some idea of the damage. It therefore seems necessary to assume that the first atomic bombardment of the United States may destroy our ability to retaliate, and thus open us up to easy conquests and occupation. As one distinguished scientist has put it, "The side which shoots first will win."

3. At the moment we are safe. We shall continue to be safe until the critical point is reached — when we learn that other nations know how to make atomic weapons or other weapons as bad or worse. The reaching of the critical point — if we make the disastrous error of allowing it to arrive — will make serious changes in the situation.

Preparations for defense against these weapons will become imperative. We shall have to do what we can to put ourselves in a position not to be overwhelmed by the attack. Many people are already talking about the dispersion of American industry and city populations (50,000,000 Americans live in cities) and of going underground as the best defense. There have been discussions whether 3000 feet or 4000 feet is the correct depth. Others say that even these measures would not be enough to protect us. But suppose that they were — would the American people put up with them? Would we submit to the regulation of our economy and persons which would be necessary to withstand atomic attack? We might prefer to take a chance rather than to submit to a state dominated by the War Department.

Unless we have been grossly misinformed about the power of atomic weapons, we cannot afford to take the chance of letting them get into the arsenals of other nations. We must set up some method of preventing their manufacture which will surely work — a method as infallible as human political organization can make it. Can we rely on Alternative One — on agreements between the nation-states backed only by the good faith of these states — as the best political method available? Clearly not, I think. There is a convincing reason why, in the long course of history, treaties and other agreements between independent nation-states have never succeeded in keeping the peace. The reason is that, in any important matter, loyalty to the nation-state will prevail over loyalty to the agreement. The overriding duty of a national government is to its people. If a government has to make a choice between breaking a promise and doing grievous harm to the people it represents, few national governments will honor the promise.

This time we have to try something new, something which gives us hope of not having to face an armed truce, to be broken by a war which will probably be fatal to the safety of our country. And, if the scientists are right about the nearness of the

critical point, the time when other nations will know how to make atomic weapons, it is plain that the timetable for action is in our hands and that time is short.

What is this something new? What is this Second Alternative? It is, I think, a limited world government. I do not say this for any theoretical reason. I say it because any analysis of the problem leads inevitably to a series of steps which in the aggregate add up, at the very minimum, to such a limited world government. In other terms, the facts show that nothing short of a rule of law enforced by the preponderant power of an authority higher than any nation-state can protect us from having atomic weapons manufactured and eventually used for aggressive war.

But, it will be asked, is there not some compromise between these extremes? Can we not stop war and the making of these weapons without setting up a law superior to our national laws? Can we not control atomic energy with an inspection system or by moderate amendments of the UNO Charter, such as the elimination of the veto power in the Security Council? Do we have to create a super-state — even one of narrowly limited powers — which will be superior within its field to our national governments? Must we allow an international authority to give orders directly to our citizens? Is there not some way in which we can stop war and the manufacture of these dreadful things, and at the same time preserve intact our national independence — our right to take no orders from anyone outside our territorial limits, our right to do what we want in this world, subject only to the power of someone else to stop us by force?

There is no such middle ground. Any analysis of the methods of controlling atomic energy and of stopping war will show that the method proposed is either (1) merely an international treaty or agreement based on good will, or (2) a regime of law under a government superior to that of the governments of the nation-states.

2

WHAT are the necessary steps to set up a control of atomic energy which will prevent its being used for destructive purposes?

1. The rules must be stated and an international body given the authority to see that they are enforced. The United Nations Organization is an appropriate body and should be used for this purpose. The rules should prohibit (a) the making of war — which is of course the fundamental objective — and (b) the manufacture or possession of the weapons of mass destruction except by the UNO itself.

The purpose of the second prohibition is not only to keep these new weapons out of the hands of the nation-states (for if they have them, they will eventually use them), but also to give to the UNO preponderant military power. Unless the UNO has greater physical power than any likely combination

of the nation-states, the rules of the UNO cannot be enforced. They will be mere statements of good intentions like the Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928, by which sixty-five nations solemnly and forever renounced war.

The rule against the possession or manufacture of the weapons of mass destruction would amount to substantially total national disarmament of all the nation-states. And precisely that has been announced as the policy of Britain, Russia, and the United States. The Moscow Agreement of the Foreign Ministers of Russia, Britain, and the United States of December 27, 1945, states that it is the policy of their governments to seek "the elimination from national armaments of atomic weapons and of all other major weapons adaptable to mass destruction."

Let us note the significance of this part of the Moscow Agreement. This disarmament clause goes far beyond the old-fashioned conventions outlawing certain noxious weapons such as poison gas. It is a call for substantially total national disarmament, with the clear effect of making the national governments (including the government of the United States) incapable of resisting the orders of the world authority. At the minimum, "weapons of mass destruction" include atomic and bacteriological weapons, V-1s, V-2s, bombers and all bombs (especially the 50-tonners we have been told about), and all similar weapons already invented and to be invented.

2. No nation which stripped itself of these weapons could survive in an atomic world unless there was a world authority, with power, to protect it by making it impossible for any other nation to possess such weapons. Therefore, if a nation (say the United States) is to give up all these weapons, it will have to be sure that the other nations do likewise. The precautions against the secret manufacture of these weapons will have to be effective. The UNO will have to have an information service authorized to do whatever the UNO may deem necessary to prevent secret manufacture. How deep this inspection system might have to go is a technical matter which only the experts can answer. The political principle is that the inspectors must have the right to pry into all activities of industry and of individuals to the extent necessary to make impossible the secret manufacture or possession of the prohibited weapons. And the right of the inspectors to inspect must be backed by the force of the UNO. Otherwise there would be a repetition of the failure of the German inspection scheme under the League of Nations. One can only guess how much interference with our private affairs an enforced inspection system might entail. But it would almost certainly be serious.

3. To make this information system work, and to give the UNO the ability to act quickly and effectively to suppress violations of its law, the UNO must be able to act directly against the individual citizen. If the inspectors are denied access to plant A in country X, or if it is learned that plant A is making

prohibited weapons, the UNO must have the power to act directly against plant A. If time allows, the UNO might ask the government of X to stop the violation, but if government X fails to act, the UNO will have to be able to by-pass government X and go directly to the source of the trouble.

4. A carefully restricted taxing power, for revenue only, will be necessary. The UNO could be paralyzed if it had to rely on the good will of the nation-states to provide the necessary funds.

5. The rules will have to be kept up to date, within, of course, the clearly defined constitutional limitations of the UNO Charter. It will be necessary, for example, to add new weapons from time to time to the proscribed list, to keep the inspection provisions abreast of the changing facts of science, and to regulate the UNO forces. This will require a legislature, chosen not on the present basis of one vote per nation-state, but in some manner (such as a unicameral body giving effect to population differences and to other factors, or a bicameral structure along the lines of the United States system) which will do away with the artificial allocation of voting power to national groupings and emphasize instead the voting power of individuals.

6. If the Security Council is to be the executive of the UNO, it will have to act as any other executive. It could not function as it does now, as a *political* body, with the right to act or not to act as its sovereign members choose. If there is a rule, the executive must enforce it. Enforcement must not require a new political decision each time a specific case comes before the Council. Only the manner of enforcement must be open for discussion. This means a change in the present voting system of the Security Council to get rid of the veto of the Great Powers, or the setting up of a different kind of executive for the UNO.

7. Finally, if this enormous power is given to the UNO, a judicial body (presumably the Permanent Court of International Justice) will be needed to interpret the rules. Summary action by the UNO executive to stop prohibited acts in a hurry without waiting for court procedure would be permissible; but the general principle should be in accordance with our notion of due process, by which an alleged offender is not subjected to penalties without the judgment of a court.

3

THESE seven elements are the irreducible minimum. If you take away any one of them you do not have a system which has any substantial chance of stopping atomic war. Perhaps it is necessary to go further — to prohibit national military establishments, and to prohibit civil war specifically, for example. But these seven points are the necessary minimum.

This becomes clear if any one of these elements is eliminated. If the UNO does not have an enforceable inspection system, it will not know what is going on and will be impotent. If it cannot act directly against

the individual malefactor, enforcement of its rules is impossible. If it cannot tax, it will be starved for lack of money. If it does not have a legislature, the rules will become sterile and easy to evade. Unless its executive is bound to enforce the rules automatically, the Powers, especially the Big Powers, will interfere with enforcement when it conflicts with their interests. If there is no court to assure due process, public opinion will not support the rules. And, finally, if the UNO does not have preponderant military power to compel any government or person to live up to the rules, the arrangement will collapse on the first attempt by the UNO to put its orders into effect.

These seven elements also add up to a world government of limited but enforceable powers, acting under law. Therefore what I am saying is that the effective prohibition of war, and the necessary means to that end, — the elimination of the weapons of mass destruction from national armaments, — can be accomplished only by a limited world government. It cannot be accomplished by an arrangement which lacks any of the elements necessary to create a regime of enforceable law.

A world government of limited powers is admittedly a serious business. But there are those who say that we must go much further; and, though I do not agree with them, their point of view must be considered. You cannot limit world law, it is said, to the specific end-products you are seeking — the elimination of war and of the manufacture of outlawed weapons. You must strike at the causes of war — the social and economic factors which create the inequalities and injustices which make men want to fight.

Therefore, this school argues, the world government must be given power to deal with these causes. Moreover, atomic power has a positive side. It has immense possibilities of doing good for mankind. These possibilities should be realized. And if they are, the degree of regulation will have to go far beyond a world government with only limited powers.

For both these reasons, it is said, the world authority must have power at least as great as that of the Federal government of the United States — that is, the right to legislate with respect to international commerce (and this means control of tariffs, among other things) and, touchiest of all, immigration. Indeed, it is argued by some, the world government must have even greater powers. If you freeze the *status quo* by making civil war illegal, must you not give the world government the authority to require local self-government in accordance with the wishes of the governed? It has even been suggested that the world government should have powers which our Federal government does not possess — such as the right to enforce a bill of rights within each nation and to deal with education and local police matters.

This extreme view is sometimes put forward by those who wish to discredit world government by showing it to be impossible. But there are also those who sincerely believe it. My objection to this all-out theory is not based on the usual ground of impossi-

bility, but rather on the belief that it is a mistake to go beyond what is proved to be necessary. I believe it is clear that only a world government, possessing the limited powers I have described, can prevent war and the rapid growth of closed authoritarian nation-states. But it is not proved that, with the sense of security which would come from the creation of a limited world government, the deep causes of war will not gradually be eliminated through the work of the Economic and Social Council of the UNO and by the growth of a sense of world community.

We founded the United States on the theory of limited powers. And although we did not consolidate the federation without a civil war, we did consolidate it. In the interest of holding government to the minimum authority shown to be necessary, we should try the same method in dealing with the world scene.

But even with a strict limitation on the powers of the world government, we shall have to face up to the question of amendments. We cannot propose a world constitution without the power of amendment. And we cannot, I think, put a Big Power veto on changes in this constitution, which means that the jurisdiction of the world government could be extended despite the negative vote of the United States. That is hard to accept. But there is no alternative. Either we must have some faith in the rest of mankind, or we must shoot it out with them.

4

I HAVE tried to make it clear that even a limited world government would seriously affect our deep tradition of national independence and would be a bitter pill. There is only one reason why we should — and I hope shall — make it our national policy to achieve world government in the immediate future: namely, that the alternative is appallingly worse.

I see no possibility that the United States can maintain any of the things we think of as making up our philosophy of living if we have to exist in a world of nation-states armed with these frightful weapons. Indeed I do not believe that many people who have thought seriously about the subject contest this proposition — as a long-term project. The dissenters usually concede that world government at some future time may be both desirable and inevitable, but they say that for one reason or another it is impossible now.

Is this attitude justified? Is world government in any sense immediate practical politics? And, if so, what are the steps to be taken to get it?

Let us understand what the practical issue is. It is whether we can achieve a control of the weapons of modern science without first going through an atomic war. That is, whether we have sufficient character and intelligence to grasp and solve this problem without first having an actual demonstration of the destructiveness of these weapons and of the consequences of not controlling them. Stated in these terms

the question of practicality becomes clear. Nothing can be more practical than to stop an atomic war. The lack of realism, and the very heavy responsibility which accompanies that lack, is with those who preach that nothing can be done, and thereby increase the likelihood that the atomic war will happen.

What are the immediate steps to be taken? First, I think, is to propose specific amendments to the United Nations Charter which, if adopted, would set up a rule of law. Second, not to be discouraged during this interim phase, when the United States, Britain, and Canada alone have the bomb, by preachments that nothing can be done except to follow traditional methods. Once the day comes when the American people know that other nations have the bomb and can let it loose on us not at some vague future date but tomorrow morning, American opinion will do a somersault, and those who now say that nothing can be done will be out in front to do it — if it is not then too late. Third, we must avoid being taken in by the idea of working into the rule of law by gradual steps. Gradualism is just another way of avoiding the issue. For the gradual steps so widely proposed now will, on examination, be found to be nothing more than variations and embellishments on the traditional technique of trying to outlaw war by international promises based only on the good faith of the nation-states.

A frequent suggestion for the gradual approach, especially from the scientists, is to work by stages into a full inspection system. Instead of proposing now an enforceable system which would compel the nations to admit inspectors into all the factories and possibly the homes of their peoples, the gradualist theory would have the UNO ease the shock by proposing as a first step an interchange of scientific information by the experts. Then, as that became familiar, a mild inspection system of certain factories, under great restrictions, would be introduced. Then if this mild system worked satisfactorily, that is without creating friction between the inspected country and the UNO, the system would be gradually strengthened until it grew into a complete, enforced, and reliable scheme of inspection.

Similarly with the development of law. Instead of shocking nationalist sentiment by proposing a world legislative assembly in which each nation could be outvoted by peoples of different races and cultures, world law with jurisdiction over the individual citizen would be developed gradually — by treaties and other international agreements, by an extension of the principle of the Nürnbeg trials applying law directly against individuals, by development of a code of international law and increase of the jurisdiction of the Permanent Court of International Justice, and by the development of a world common law based on custom and growing parallel with the development of a sense of world community.

The fallacy of the gradualist notion lies, I think, in its failure to recognize that the first step must necessarily be the final one; that no nation can give up its

nationalist defenses before it is sure that it will be safe in doing so. An attempt to work into a full inspection system gradually would run into trouble from the outset because it would be to the national interest of the Powers to prevent it from working. What would be the purpose of the inspections? Not to inspect for inspection's sake, but to find out whether an international treaty not to make or possess weapons of mass destruction was being lived up to.

But would the nations be willing to live up to such a disarmament treaty; would they be willing to strip themselves of their major weapons, and promise to stay stripped, with nothing more than a promise of the other nations to do likewise? Assuming that the nations would make this promise (and almost certainly the United States would not), the inspection system would work only as long as the nations wholly lived up to their promise to stay disarmed — that is, as long as the inspection system was not necessary. Once a nation, either for purposes of aggression or because it feared that other nations were secretly violating the disarmament agreement, determined to possess the prohibited weapons, it would necessarily sabotage the inspection system.

Nor can we work gradually into a system of law. The first step is the big one. Law cannot exist without government. World law therefore cannot come into being unless there is a world government. Preparatory measures, such as the codification of rules of international conduct or the making of new rules by treaties, may develop world opinion in the direction of law. But they will not of themselves constitute law.

5

THE gradualist approach to world law was until recently the official policy of the United States government, as set out in the Atomic Declaration of November, 1945. This declaration made two great statements of policy.

First, it called for “effective *enforceable* safeguards” against the use of atomic energy for destructive purposes, for national disarmament as to major weapons adaptable to mass destruction, and for the extension of the authority of the United Nations Organization in order to maintain the rule of law. If these three provisions were put into effect, they would constitute a limited world government.

Second, the Declaration assumed that Russia, Britain, and the United States were not ready to take such a serious step immediately, but that all three could be persuaded to take it within the reasonably near future. To this end, the gradual approach was to be used. The work, the Declaration said, was to “proceed by separate stages, the successful completion of each one of which will develop the necessary confidence of the world before the next stage is undertaken.” The Declaration then listed the first four stages — the exchange of scientific information, the control of atomic energy to the extent necessary to

ensure its use only for peaceful purposes, substantially total disarmament (the elimination from national armaments of weapons of mass destruction) and an effective inspection system to protect complying states against the hazards of violations and evasions of the law.

The Atomic Declaration was taken to Moscow at the December, 1945, meeting of the Foreign Ministers of Britain, Russia, and the United States, and a shortened version of it was included in the Agreement issued at the end of the Conference. The reference to *enforceable* safeguards and to the rule of law was left out; and it is not clear whether the omission of these significant terms was intended to eliminate the concept of world law and its necessary element of enforceability, or whether it was felt that the rest of the Moscow Agreement necessarily implied the existence of world law, since the statement of the four stages of gradualism originally contained in the Atomic Declaration was left in the Moscow Agreement.

On the return of Secretary Byrnes from Moscow, members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee brought forth a clarification of the Moscow Agreement which is significant. They struck at the heart of the problem. Did the stage-by-stage method prescribed by the Atomic Declaration and the Moscow Agreement mean, they asked, that the United States would tell the United Nations how to make the bomb (something it might take them three, five, or ten years to learn), or agree to have its industry inspected, or, even worse, agree to substantially total national disarmament, *before* completely effective safeguards against war and the manufacture of weapons of mass destruction were established? Obviously not. As one of their fellow Senators put it, the bomb goes off all at once, and you cannot control it gradually. What then did the Declaration and the Agreement mean?

The matter was immediately clarified. After a visit to the White House, Senator Vandenberg said that he would not have been able to agree that the problem could be handled by separate and unrelated stages; that he shared the general Congressional opinion that any disclosures regarding the atomic bomb should be part of a complete plan for adequate world-wide inspection and control; and that he had now been advised by the State Department that while the Moscow Agreement listed four separate objectives, with inspection and control listed last, it was not intended that these objectives should be taken in the order indicated, but that the four should be read together and that each should be "accompanied by full security requirements" — all being finally subject to Congressional approval. Secretary of State Byrnes confirmed this interpretation two days later in his radio address on the Moscow Conference and later at the meeting of the General Assembly of the UNO in January of this year.

The effect of this plan is to do away officially with the gradualist approach. We will not tell the United Nations about the bomb, or agree to disarm substan-

tially, before an effective security system is set up. What will this security system be? Shall we be willing to tell about the bomb and strip ourselves of our national armaments in reliance on the promises of other nations to do likewise, backed by a further promise of those nations to permit themselves to be inspected?

I doubt it. I do not think that we shall take the chances involved in substantially total national disarmament unless there is something much more reliable than an international agreement to assure us that we are safe in giving up our armaments. The choice then is between doing nothing effective about the bomb and the other objectives of the Atomic Declaration and the Moscow Agreement, and establishing a limited world government. We will either go the whole way across the Rubicon or stay on this side with all the horrible consequences that such a course will entail.

6

IF THE gradual approach is not feasible, what chances are there that the United Nations will agree to the big step? What will the UNO commission that was set up to consider this subject recommend? Will the Powers accept its recommendations?

Britain's attitude has been stated. Mr. Bevin, the Foreign Secretary, reporting to the House of Commons on the Atomic Declaration, said that he wanted a world legislative assembly and a world law, with a world judiciary to interpret it and a world police force to enforce it. Such a statement by a Foreign Secretary, even though not put forward as a formal Cabinet policy, shows what Britain would do if the matter came up for decision — especially since Mr. Anthony Eden, of the Opposition, supported Mr. Bevin's views by saying in the same debate that he wanted a relationship between the nations like that which exists between England, Scotland, and Wales.

But what about Russia? Is there any possibility that she will agree to join a world government of this kind?

There is considerable opinion in the United States that the nature of the government of the Soviet Union makes it impossible to set up a common political unit in which Russia and the Western democracies would participate. Mr. Sumner Welles, for example, has expressed this view in the *Atlantic* for January. In attacking a proposal by Professor Albert Einstein in a previous issue of the *Atlantic* that the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain establish a world government and that the Soviet present the first draft of its constitution, Mr. Welles said that the only constitution of this kind which the Soviet would accept would be one which would provide for a World Union of Soviet Socialist Republics with its capital at Moscow.

This is a fundamental issue. Most of those who say that world government is impossible rely on this argument. Russia will never agree; there can be no

world government without Russia; why talk about something which is not real? Why will Russia not agree? Because, it is said, an authoritarian government cannot afford to allow the interference with its internal affairs which a world government would require. Being based on force from above rather than on the free consent of the governed, an authoritarian government cannot allow any interference from without because that might interfere with the processes by which the government keeps itself in power. Above all, it cannot allow the exposure of its people to ideas from without. Therefore, it is said, the Russian regime would fall if a world government were allowed to exercise its powers. And the regime will not commit suicide.

As Mr. Welles puts it, "no world government of the character envisaged by Professor Einstein could function unless it possessed the power to exercise complete control over the armaments of each constituent state, and unless every nation was willing to open up every inch of its territory and every one of its laboratories and factories to a continuing international inspection. Nor could it function unless the government of each participating country was equally willing to submit to the scrutiny of the authorities of the world government every one of its governmental processes, including its conduct of foreign and internal affairs and of finance. It surely requires no demonstration that any such requisite as that would wholly destroy the present Soviet system."

If history proves this argument to be correct, the cause of peace is in a bad way. But I do not believe that the possibilities of working with Russia are as hopeless as that, for these reasons: —

1. The governments of the United States and Great Britain think the contrary. The Moscow Declaration commits them to the policy of trying to work with the government of Russia for an effective control of war and the manufacture of weapons of mass destruction. One of the first matters on the agenda of the UNO commission on the subject, to which Russia has agreed, is to recommend methods "for effective safeguards by way of inspection and other means to protect complying States against the hazards of violations and evasions."

2. If the world government were to be a world state in the full sense, with authority over all foreign and internal affairs and of finance, as Mr. Welles has postulated, it can be assumed that Russia, the United States, the United Kingdom, and probably all the other nation-states as well, would refuse to join it. But that is not what is proposed. What is proposed is a government narrowly limited to the essential powers now demonstrable as necessary to stop war.

True, the inspection system and the enforcement of national disarmament would involve outside interference with domestic matters, and I am not trying to minimize the seriousness of such an external authority. But would the interference be so bad if the inspected nation truly did not want war and was living

up wholeheartedly to its promise not to make the prohibited weapons? Would not a peacefully inclined state want to make the inspection and enforcement system as effective as possible in all countries, in order that it might feel secure in its national disarmament?

Does not the conclusion that Russia would not put up with an inspection system assume (a) that the Russian wartime policy of secrecy (we ourselves did fairly well on secrecy about the atom bomb, among other things) will necessarily continue indefinitely in the peace, and (b) that Russia is not a peaceful state? Is it not presumptuous and unfriendly to make these assumptions? Does not this conclusion prove too much? Does it not also prove that collaboration between the Western democracies and Russia, under any system, is impossible?

3. How can we properly assume that Russia will refuse to accept something we have not offered her? We have not made up our minds that we want world government. How can we expect Russia to accept in advance a policy which the executive branch of the United States government, dependent as it is on approval by Congress and the people, is not in a position to offer her? I realize that Mr. Gromyko told the first General Assembly of the UNO that suggestions that the UNO Charter be changed in any way were dangerous and might lead to serious consequences. But this speech, and the similar previous statements in *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, must be read in the light of conditions when they were made.

These statements can mean that Russia does not intend to yield to the pressure of Australia, New Zealand, and other Powers to eliminate immediately the veto in the Security Council. In this respect the Russian attitude is identical with our own. To eliminate the veto in the Security Council, and do nothing more, would satisfy neither wing of opinion in this country. It would not please those who want to preserve intact the sovereignty of the United States, for it would put us in a position where we could be outvoted by the other Powers in the Security Council. It would not satisfy those who want to set up the rule of law, for it is only one of the changes which are necessary for that purpose. It would be welcomed only by the middle and lesser Powers, who would thereby get the appearance, but not the reality, of a greater share in those decisions which in a nation-state world inevitably must be made by the Great Powers. The notion of eliminating the veto, without doing any more, is another example of ill-considered gradualism, and its most likely effect would be to weaken the UNO as an instrument for the collaboration of the Great Powers.

Mr. Gromyko's speech also might have meant that Russia is opposed to Mr. Bevin's talk about world law as one more example of idealistic statements by the Western democracies which they will not follow up in practice. Russia has reason to be suspicious of the reality of the idealism of the democracies. The United States refused in 1919 to join the

experiment in collective security which its President sponsored. The British did not support the Russian attempt to make the League work during the Litvinoff days.

The United States was quite as firm about having the veto in the Security Council of the UNO as Mr. Molotov. Although we have said in the Atlantic Charter that we seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other, we have made no move at this writing to subject the conquered Japanese islands to international trusteeship. And, although we made a great issue about broadening the base of the peace in countries adjacent to Russia, we have not shown the same enthusiasm for broad democratic participation in the ruling of Japan. There is justification for a "wait and see" attitude by Russia — for her carrying on the traditional nation-state maneuvering until the democracies show that they really want to do what is necessary to make a peaceful world.

Mr. Gromyko's speech, concerned as it was with the immediate situation before the January Assembly of the UNO, cannot be regarded as a rejection for all time of any change in the UNO. If we want to know whether Russia will agree to a limited world government to control war, we must first make her an unconditional offer to set up such a government. If she refuses, we shall then know, not guess, what the Russian position is, and can face up to the next step on the basis of facts and not assumptions.

It is therefore not necessary to decide now what we should do if we offered a limited world government to Russia and she refused to join. We can, however, begin thinking on the subject, and I suggest that, should Russia hesitate, we should form the supranational government with those nations who are willing to join it. Undesirable as it might be to line up the world in two or more groups, the alternative would be worse. The alternative would be to give up a policy which we believed gave us our only hope for peace. We should rather, I think, follow our convictions, relying on our idealism of purpose and peaceful intentions, and hope that by practical demonstration we can convince the dissenting nations to join us in the course of time.

7

I HAVE left for the last the most serious argument for the gradualist approach. It is that man himself is not ready for a peaceful world. That not until man rids himself of the greed and cruelty of which we have seen so much in recent years can we hope for peace. That no mechanistic solution can do more than provide the framework within which man can slowly work to bring his political institutions up to the level of his applied science for destruction. That our technologies have outrun not only our social organization but also our moral sense. Therefore, even if we do succeed in bringing our political institutions up to date, it will do no good because we shall not have the moral and psychological bases to make them work.

And there is no hope, it is argued by some, that the necessary spiritual growth can take place in time to avert the catastrophe which applied science has prepared for us. As Mr. Raymond Fosdick has said, "the atomic bomb requires an advance in ethical and moral standards far greater and more immediate than the human race seems at the moment capable of making." All we can do immediately is to see to it that the trends are right — that we are headed in the right direction as man goes through the slow process of his ethical and moral development.

What do we mean by the lack of ethical and moral qualities in man? How high must the spiritual standard be before we can establish a rule of law? In the United States we have a political order which covers millions of square miles; so our ethics and morals are advanced enough for that. Russia's rule of law covers even more territory and more people. The British Commonwealth and many other nations have established legal orders over large parts of the earth's surface and population.

Is it accurate to say that the failure to grow politically beyond the nation-state is caused by the failure of the ethics and morals of the ordinary man and woman? Are not men and women all over the world ready, politically, morally, and ethically, to give up killing each other in organized fashion? Is not the lack rather in the failure of the leaders of opinion and of government to offer man a political structure under which he would not be conscripted every decade or so to go about fighting his fellow men? Is not the problem essentially a political one, and can we not assume that, just as applied science is far ahead of political institutions, so the decency of the ordinary man and his desire to live in peace are far ahead of the forms of political organization which the groups in power in the various nation-states have so far provided?

If, however, by this supposed lack in the quality of man we mean his failure to cast up leaders who could do for the world what Madison, Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Gerry, Wilson, Mason, and the rest did for the states of 1787, the accusation may be justified. In the final analysis, man must be held accountable for the conduct of those to whom he has entrusted or allowed the right to govern him. The peoples of the world, and particularly of the United States, therefore must demand the leadership which is needed. Perhaps this civilization is not capable of producing the men who can make the revolution in political organization which the sudden and violent advance in applied science has made necessary. If so, a time worse than the Dark Ages lies ahead.

But this leadership may be forthcoming, and then many things which before the fact had seemed impossible will be accomplished. Perhaps, even, an atomic war will be averted. If man succeeds in doing that, if he proves himself capable of controlling this new discovery of the scientists, even those who now doubt will be compelled to give him full honor for the ethical and moral qualities he has shown in surmounting the greatest of all his crises.

A HERO FOR HIS BED

Episodes from "The Scarlet Tree"

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

1

MY FATHER showed symptoms of being unwell, and he and my mother and a friend went to Germany for a holiday, hoping that a sojourn in the ancient sites of Nuremberg and Rothenburg, with their gothic character, their toys and torture chambers, would soon put him right. For a while after their return he seemed better, but the improvement did not last, and gradually a theme developed that became the central fact of our family life: *he was not himself*. He was ill. . . .

At the moment of which I am writing, my father had brought over to Renishaw from the office of the local Scarborough paper, which he owned, his chief printer, Stubble. Stubble printed books; therefore books were his territory, and my father accordingly set him to the uncongenial task of cataloguing the books in the library. I liked the man, for, since he did no work at all, he spent much time in talking to me, and he was, indeed, a lively companion. I remember when I said one day to my mother, "I like Stubble. He seems to enjoy himself so much," she laughed and replied, "Yes, that's just his trouble."

My father, however, observing Stubble's idleness, would grow very angry at finding himself obliged to pay him for doing nothing, and would decide to send him away. Accordingly he would give him his journey money and tell him to go home to Scarborough. But it was obvious that Stubble regarded his journey money, literally, as *pourboire*. He would catch the local train to Sheffield, where he was obliged to change, and in that black but riotous city would spend on drink every single shilling he possessed, and would then proceed to roar his way back to Renishaw on foot — eight miles at least — in the early hours. The look of him, back in the library again the next day, plainly suffering from what we have since learned to call a "hang-over," always enraged his patron. And so he would be there for another two

days, until once more my father dismissed him, and the whole jolly process would repeat itself. In short, it was apparently impossible to get rid of the man.

Last night had been the sixth time it had happened. There he was, in the library again! Better not to look at him, my father thought, it would only annoy one. Where were the carpenters? And where was the sub-agent? There was a lot to do, such a lot, things that *had* to be done. All the furniture from the ballroom at the far end of the house must be taken to the upper drawing room, and all the furniture from the upper drawing room moved down to the ballroom, and then, if it did not look right, — and he was by no means convinced that it *would* look right, — back again.

It was not only the intense activity of my father's mind, and the amount and variety of tasks that he set himself, which rendered him just at this time in a peculiarly exacerbated condition of irritability. These traits were his, as they are mine, by heredity and nature, but ordinarily his temperament could cope with them. Now, however, he was unhappy in his own life. The great political career for which, conscious of his own remarkable talents, he had hoped, did not materialize of itself, and he seemed unable to command it. He saw, instead, fools preferred.

In addition, he was crushed, he felt, by a mountain of debts for which there was nothing to show, neither reason nor result, since my mother bought objects because she liked them, or, at any rate, liked buying them; then she would give them away — or she would buy them in order to give them away. With her, spending money was an expression both of the enjoyment of life and of its opposite: if she felt well and happy, she would order every sort of thing — that neither she nor anyone else could want. If she felt miserable, then she chose things at random in order to cheer herself up.

I do not know how long my father and mother had been married before he realized the extravagance of her nature. Perhaps the episode of The Learned Pig may have put him wise to it. Certainly this had been one of her earliest and most ill-fated purchases. A few months after her marriage, when she was not yet eighteen, she had been asked to open a Conservative

In *The Scarlet Tree*, the American edition of which will be published in May, we have the leisurely, highly perceptive, and often ironic account of a Victorian boyhood, reminiscences centering in London, in Renishaw, family home of the Sitwells, and in the spacious country houses at the turn of the century. This is the second of four papers which the *Atlantic* will draw from Sir Osbert Sitwell's rich and skillful autobiography.

bazaar at Scarborough. There she had seen an animal known as The Learned Pig, which told fortunes, and had been greatly impressed by its uncanny knowledge of character and grasp of the future.

I am not sure by what method, whether by horoscope, tea leaves, palmistry, clairvoyance, or rapping on tables with its cloven hoof, the creature made its prognostications, nor how it published them to its clients or the world. At any rate my mother had been unable to resist bidding for the remarkable creature when it was offered for auction at the end of the bazaar. Sure enough, she obtained it, but for a very considerable amount of money. This was bad enough, but once the erudite porker was on her hands, its psychic gifts deserted it, and at the same time she realized she dare not tell my father what she had bought. Nor did she mention it to her father; but since she could not let the poor brute starve, she arranged for it to be boarded at one of his farms, and told the farmer on no account to divulge the animal's existence.

After a year or two, however, the farmer, finding that he was not paid, rendered to my grandfather an enormous account for feeding and grooming the beast. Though he was furious at having to pay, my mother succeeded in persuading him not to mention the matter to my father. My mother agreed that the pig must be killed, but the idea of killing such an unusual animal — or, as for that, killing any animal at all — upset her so much that secretly she contrived to have it sent, instead, by rail to Renishaw. Here she took steps for it to be farmed out again — on this occasion, of course, on one of my father's farms, and again it refused to tell fortunes.

This time, after a long period, the farmer wrote to the agent to demand payment, the agent, not understanding at all what had happened, forwarded the letter to my father, and the true story came out. My father paid the bill, not with the best of grace, and ordered the animal destroyed. But The Learned Pig could never be mentioned in front of him, for not only was he annoyed at having to find the money for it, but in addition he was angry because, hating superstition as he did, he found that he had become a vicarious victim of it.

I do not know whether this episode opened his eyes at all, but, in any case, in spite of his strength of character, he appeared incapable of preventing or putting a stop to such expenditure. He would never recognize any fact which he did not want to recognize, neither the tendencies of the time, nor even the more visible processes of nature, least of all the actions of human beings.

And here, too, I must stretch again for a moment to a period some twenty years later, for in a symbolic sense the fragment of conversation I wish to record sums up the respective attitudes of my mother and father. We were having luncheon one hot August day at Renishaw, and there had been a silence of some minutes, when my mother suddenly said, across the table: —

"George! The mountain-ash berries have turned already. It means an early autumn."

"Well, I haven't seen them."

"That doesn't prevent their being there, George."

To which my father replied finally, and with an air of triumphant virtue: —

"I don't *allow* myself to see things like that!"

This last remark was particularly true. He had learned to mask his sensitiveness and to barricade himself behind the multiplicity of his interests, so that he would only see the end of a process, when it naturally, by the appearance of violent change that it offered, since he had noticed none of the intermediate steps, forced itself upon his attention. Then, when he could no longer avoid seeing, he would still nevertheless avoid comprehending; and, further, what he now saw, suddenly, he perceived far too large — an exaggerated vista of ruin, of empty, desolate houses and penniless children. "If it were not for me," he would sometimes remark, with an air suitable to the pathos of the situation, "we should all be living in lodgings on three thousand a year!"

2

NOTWITHSTANDING, it was true that my father exhibited in his character streaks of intense foresight and was undoubtedly a clever businessman, though apt to want to strike too hard a bargain. Immensely extravagant after his own fashion, he knew the value of money, but he could never understand or excuse extravagance in others. You see, it was not necessary for *them* to spend money or buy things: he could do it for them *so* much better. He noticed that Miss King-Church, admirable in so many ways, had bought the wrong kind of sponge for Edith. If only people would come to him for his advice!

If only, *if only*, Ida would consult him about her clothes, instead of getting those expensive fashionable dresses! He could put her on to something interesting at a tenth of the price! Or he could order a dress himself, — she should make more use of his taste, — pay for it, and then deduct the money every other fortnight from her quarterly allowance (it was called an allowance, but was, in fact, the income from her own small capital). Or he might give it to her; let her pay for it, and then let her have the money back, so much every ten days. Or again he might set off part of the cost of it against what she had paid for his share in that bazaar — though he felt sure it could not come to so much as she made out. There were lots of ways of ringing the changes.

He had a passion for rather complicated transactions of this kind. Such a mistake to leave him out of it, he could so easily run her up one of those charming medieval things. It would be original and friends would want to copy it. He had lots of notes somewhere, for the reformation of clothes. It was only necessary to get back to the old lines (they understood these things so much better in the Middle

Ages!). There was, for example, that delightful old leper's gown at Naples, a thing anyone would be glad to wear! Probably if he asked him, the curator, Professor Roselli, would be only too pleased to lend one a piece of it, so as to have the pattern copied.

And he would give her a necklace or pendant to go with it; perhaps one of those beautiful old bits of lead jewelry. He could easily have it imitated, if he could find the right person to do it. It was just as beautiful in design as any piece decorated with emeralds or diamonds, and far less expensive; and it would look splendid with a sackcloth jerkin! If he decided on a pendant, he could have it copied from one of the examples in the Musée Cluny in Paris. He had made full notes on them when he was there, with little drawings, rough but serviceable enough. (He drew such things on the spot, with a stump of pencil on the back of an old envelope, and then, when he got home, entered a facsimile of them inscribed with one of the special pens he always used and constructed for himself out of three long holders and fine nibs, nib and holder being made in one piece, dovetailed together into the right — or, it might be, the wrong — notebook.)

By this time he had worked himself up and was growing really excited about the idea (though underneath, somewhere deep inside him, lay the haunting, bitter certainty that his advice was not wanted, would not be asked for, and, if it were, most certainly would not be taken; but he did not allow this knowledge to come to the surface). Where was that book? *The Beauty of Dress at the Time of the Black Death*: it bore its name on its back in large letters. . . . No, that was not it! Where could it be? (These housemaids *would* tidy everything up! Or it might be the butler, Henry, though he pretended never to move anything.) It was annoying that he could not find it at the moment, but the real beauty of the system he had evolved for keeping such things was that, though you might not find a particular note when you looked for it, you would be sure to find it some other time.

Of course it might be in one of the boxes upstairs in his study, together with the loose notes. He went up to search for it. The boxes of notes, all with their names pasted on the front, were arranged in a wooden case he had designed for them. He ran through the list of names: Schedules for Resettlement (no, it would scarcely be in that), Reresby and Normanville, The Young Pretender's Court in Rome, Sacheverell Miscellaneous, Design in Brocades, The Origin of Surnames, Rotherham in the Dark Ages, Lepers' Squints (could it have got in there by mistake?), The Romances, Sweet Preserves in the Fourteenth Century, Wool-Gathering in Medieval Times and Since, The Eckington Dump, Court Life in Byzantium, Estate Miscellaneous, Heraldry, Introduction of the Peacock into Western Gardens, John Brown & Co., The History of the Fork, Landscape Notes, On the Colors of Flowers, Sheffield in the Eighteenth Century, Nottingham Guilds (1328-1384), Trust Accounts, Heber-Hiccock-Hely-Hutchinson.

No, it could be in none of those. He would look for it again tomorrow. Disappointed, his mind reverted to what had originally started the trail of thought. *What a pity* Ida did not consult him! It was especially difficult to curb these outbreaks of extravagance in London, for, when there, he worked much at the British Museum, had business to do with lawyers and banks, and so he only saw her in the evenings. The source of all this trouble, he deduced, — and in this perhaps he was right, — was to be traced to having friends.

3

Now, however, all these various interests and worries and troubles came together and coalesced to overwhelm him, and by their timing appeared to quadruple their power. And the final touch was added, I was always given to understand, by the literary strain imposed upon him by the writing of an essay, entitled "The Origin of the Word Gentleman," for a quarterly of luxurious format called the *Ancestor*. His serious illness came on with great suddenness.

At the end of May, he felt he would like to return to Scarborough, though previously he had just decided to leave it. Accordingly, having given up his old house a few months before, he took from his brother-in-law a lease on Londesborough Lodge. There, in the following month, he fell alarmingly ill; presumably with a nervous breakdown, though people scarcely knew the term then, and certainly did not understand the misery that it connotes.

Whatever the nature of his affliction, it entirely prostrated him, so that he could attend to no business. He became convinced that he was a dying man, and the knowledge that his father had died at precisely the same age — a fact of which his mother kept reminding him by implication, saying to him, for example, "You look just like your poor father today" — persuaded him of it still more surely. And members of the medical profession could do — or at any rate did — little to help him.

As his illness grew more severe, doctors multiplied. Of a now extinct species, impressive and momentous men, who wore frock coats and who carried top hats as though in homage to the undertakers with whom they were in league, would drive around at all hours of the day and night in broughams that resembled abbreviated, one-horse hearses; family doctors, other people's family doctors, specialists from Leeds, Liverpool, and London, fashionable doctors, and doctors of whom no one had ever heard, all these different healers would be summoned and appear — but always at different houses, for my father could not sleep and would move from the Lodge to some other house he had taken in the town, and then back again.

Often he would sleep in a new house every night in the week. A letter from my grandmother Sitwell to my father's agent, Turnbull, dated the twenty-second of July, 1902, says: "Thank you also for your kind enquiries after our poor Patient. I think he is a

little better in spite of adverse circumstances. He went on Monday to the very pretty house which had been lent him in Fulford Road, and left it the same evening, as he could not sleep. The doctors then said that if I put in a hundred workmen, I must get Wood End ready the following night. We just got his, Lady Ida's, the nurses', and the valet's rooms ready. In spite of his not having had a good night, he seems calmer and more at rest."

Two days later, in a letter to Turnbull, Henry Moat, the butler, writes: "I am rather confused and have spoilt this page as we have moved twice in three days."

The nurses changed as often and as rapidly as the doctors and the houses: sometimes of their own accord, after my father had asked them not to stare at him for long together — a trick, out of a rather limited repertory, which many nurses like to test upon their patients — but, instead, to sit with their backs to him; sometimes, not of their own volition.

The doctors continued to arrive, and each of them recommended at least one new cure, and more probably returned, after its failure, to prescribe a further experiment. The invalid tried them all, one after the other, in good faith and in swift rotation: continual fresh air (he was sent lumbering round the woods in heavy old cabs), no fresh air, to lay his head on hop pillows, to take exercise, to give up exercise, to stop smoking, to smoke special cigarettes, to live on meat, to touch no meat, to give up alcohol, to drink champagne and port, to walk, to run, to sing, to lie down for long periods without moving, never to keep still, to take up golf, and to abandon it, "not to use his mind," and to "think of other things." For all these pieces of advice the doctors charged ample fees, and his payment of them aggravated the financial worry which had largely caused his illness, and so rendered his condition yet graver.

4

NOBODY seemed, even now, to know what was the matter with him or just how ill he was. Finally, as he showed no sign of mending, the general practitioner who had first attended him asserted himself, and got him away from the other doctors. He advised change. He must travel with a friend. But *where* was the friend to be found?

Thus it was that my father began to spend so much of his life abroad in France and Germany and Italy, but chiefly in Italy, and that we children came to hear so much of it, of Italian houses and gardens and ways of life. At first, my mother would only occasionally, or for part of the time, go abroad with him, and in her absence an acquaintance of his mother's, or "somebody suitable" of whom she or my mother had heard, was chartered to keep him company; but Henry Moat, of course, was always in attendance as well, and soon learned to talk Italian, though with a broad Yorkshire accent. He was much

struck, I recollect his confiding in me, by the palpable resemblance between the languages of Whitby and Italy, respectively: for example, in Whitby, the ordinary greeting in the streets, when you passed a friend, was "'Ow ist tha?" while in Italy the counterpart was "*Come sta?*"

In various stages of severity, my father's illness continued for several years, and left its mark upon him for life, making him realize how insubstantial a division existed between apparently good health and complete misery. From this period, too, started his custom of resting every day for many hours; a habit which amazed Sacheverell and me, to whom no torture was comparable with the drag of that single hour after luncheon in which we were compelled to lie down. Yet here was a man, master of his fate, who rested voluntarily, and at shorter and shorter intervals; a habit that continued and intensified.

In a typically robust but disrespectful letter, written to me, in answer to one that I had sent him from Hyères, and dated January, 1938, Henry Moat alludes to this idiosyncrasy of his master's, and also to his sojourns abroad with him: —

"Poor Sir George, he really is an hero for his bed. I have known him often being *tired* of laying in bed, get up to have a rest, and after he had rested get back again into bed like a martyr. . . .

"Curious the first time I went abroad with Sir George we stayed at the Costabelle Hotel Hyères, about 1900 I suppose. . . . Sir George would send me out to buy fresh butter and eggs for breakfast which I had to boil and cakes for tea I sometimes had to walk miles all to save him about 1 franc on the hotel bill a Mr. Peyron kept the hotel then. . . . I remain Your obedient servant Henry Moat.

"P.S. I once told Sir George when he complained he was seeing things before his eyes that he eat too many eggs per day and gave him the number 5. He fairly bit my head off. — H. M."

In spite of my mother's real concern for my father, I think that at the same time she rather appreciated the immunity from criticism that her expenditures enjoyed, now that his constant wish to economize had brought on a costly illness which necessitated complete rest from all business. Scarborough would be more full than ever of visitors this year. Lawyers could not — though they did — argue with her about household bills, so there were many parties at the Lodge, until she moved to the new house my grandmother was preparing for us. "No wonder," a correspondent states, in a letter to Turnbull, "that Sir George's expenses are heavy. I hear of Lady Ida providing luncheon for forty, unknown to him!"

But the worst domestic effects of his illness were to be experienced in the future; although his direct influence on my mother, headstrong and impulsive, had always been small, his indirect influence had been considerable. By his preoccupation with the gothic age and consequent aloofness from the day, by his formal, frosted manner, he always, hitherto, even perhaps without wishing it, exercised a chilling re-

straint upon those friends of hers who sought to live upon her. Her many genuine and devoted friends, it was to be noticed, liked my father; but the others were frightened of him, for, besides his alleged "cleverness," of which they were not in a position to judge, their sense of guilt, their inner knowledge that they were out for all they could get, made them mistake his remoteness for percipience, and his uncertainty of himself, caused by his ignorance of the times in which he lived, for a thoroughly justified mistrust of themselves.

Now that he was temporarily no longer to be reckoned with, now that there were even some doubts existing in their minds concerning the likelihood of his recovery, this control was removed. They behaved just as they liked. They encouraged my mother in every folly. They led her in any direction that could harm her, by flattering her in every way possible, by urging her on to lose her temper, telling her that she had been "splendid," and by trying to make her do it again, by persuading her to insult some of my father's relations who disapproved of them, by leading her on

to find fault with my sister in public and to mortify her, — because Edith's interests, even when she was a child, were in poetry, painting, and music, the enemies of the frivolous and dull-minded, — but, above all, by plundering my mother and sponging upon her. They would be gay — for they were not dull personally, only in their minds — and silly, and "such fun"; they would induce her to take them on shopping expeditions, single out a dress or a piece of jewelry, a hat or a fur coat, and then, remembering dramatically of a sudden that they could not afford it, owing to a husband's stinginess or a father's cruelty, they would begin to pout and look wistful.

My mother hated to see anyone in distress and would at once want to help them. She would give them the objects they had admired, and, in all probability, would add several other presents as well. A pound or a hundred pounds, it was all the same to her. At once they would recover their lost spirits and be wreathed in winning smiles. The world was bright again. But they must not tell George, she would remind them; it was better not to worry him.

SITTER AND PORTRAIT

by CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

1

OF ALL the vices to which poor human nature is prone, none surely is more disagreeable than self-consciousness or *mauvaise honte*. It is at once a folly and the punishment of folly, since it makes the victim hateful to himself and a spectacle to others. Whatever it be, nothing generates it so promptly as sitting for one's picture. A "sitter" has delivered himself over to the inquisitor; he is "on trial," and has no appeal to a higher court. If the painter's view of him is mortifying, there is nothing to be done about it. The sitter can never hope to answer the artist back, for the artist has always a ready retort — "Such is the way you look to me."

If the painter, with sly courtesy, asks your opinion, your comment, however diffidently expressed, your modest appeal for amelioration at one point or for merciful softening of a line or shadow at another, only sinks you deeper into the quicksand of your own

self-conceit and your ill-concealed desire to appear handsomer or cleverer than you are.

Nor does the painter's explanation that he is not so much recording a likeness as interpreting a character put a sitter at his ease. This only makes matters worse, for it announces the painter's right to manipulate the evidence before him. It may result very happily if the painter enjoys what he is doing; but what, oh what, will happen when he grows weary or disgusted with the work to which he has set his hand? What will the painter (as interpreter) do when the horrible realization steals over him that his sitter is a fool or worse, and certainly not worth all this study and fuss?

What wonder if, at such a crisis, a portraitist should succumb to the temptation to tell more than actually meets his eye, should hint at what the sitter is so anxiously attempting to hide, and satirize or even caricature the person before him. What fun to deflate the ridiculous creature! What subtle pleasure (and what deadly sin) to paint that hidden folly, and yet, at the same moment, somehow delight the victim, so that he shall share in the dirty work!

I recall a great satirist's portrait of a lady posed before a length of Flemish brocade into which had

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been woven the rose and the crown of the Blessed Virgin. The lady was so placed that in the finished picture the rose became a shadowy halo behind her head, and the crown a symbol of suppressed self-esteem. All this smiling comment, with its hint of malice, is addressed, as it were, by the artist to the amused spectator. The result is rather a picture of "moonèd Ashtoreth" (Heaven's queen and mother both) than a likeness of the great lady who had commissioned the picture and remunerated the artist for what he had made of her.

What a disastrous record of one's folly and commonplaceness a portrait can be! — like that awful series of portraits of the entire Wertheimer family (the tribe of Ashur) in which Mr. Sargent ministered to the vanity of the founder. And there is Mr. Augustus John (of the Academy), who can make a portrait as libelous as one of Mr. Lytton Strachey's brief biographies. But what is the miserable sitter to expect? He has delivered himself over. *Sitters must be content.* Their dissatisfaction, if they are fool enough to give it utterance, is a fitting punishment for their presumption in sitting at all.

The artist can of course be the very opposite of a satirist and adopt the way of mercy. A lucky sitter may find himself before the easel of an idealist, a painter who conceives it to be his duty to make the most of the terrified person staring at him. Such a man will have the gift of putting the sitter at his ease, after which he may pursue the pleasant task of recording him as he would like to be. In this way the artist comes into coöperation with the Creator himself and softens or corrects His handiwork. No one has expressed this function of the merciful portraitist more aptly than Tennyson: —

As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest; so the face before her lived,
Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full
Of noble things.

I never see one of Romney's portraits of a man without thinking of these lines; for the artist has, as it were, looked with the eye of God, "divinely thro' all hindrance," and painted the sitter as he was meant to be. None surpassed Romney as a painter of boys, for he set them down on canvas in all the glowing promise of early youth. Thus his portrait of Lord Henry Petty, painted in the boy's eighth year, is an old bachelor's dream (in a happy moment) of what a son of his might have been.

Romney shines among the authors of the portraits of Eton schoolboys such as were presented to the Provost on leaving the college for the university. The pictures, in kit-kat size, hang in the Provost's study to this day, and constitute such a glorified record of youth as is unrivaled elsewhere. Portraits such as these are the artist's compliment and gift to the happy sitter.

Ideally, of course, a painter may become deeply indebted to his sitter, who may stir his imagination and send it out upon the wing. The result of this flight will be something other than the mere likeness of a model. Call it a fancy picture if you will: it is at least a subject that has released him from the drudgery of reproduction — the dull, difficult, and ignoble task of "face-painting" — and has enabled him to *create*; that is, to give local habitation and a name to the figures that haunt his dreams, since

from these create he can
Forms more real than living man.

2

As a spur to the imagination the best sitters are children, actors, and courtesans — persons, that is, who are free from the restrictions and neutralizing conventions of society. Think what the painters through all time have owed to their mistresses! To George Romney, Emma Lyon (afterwards Lady Hamilton) was more than a mistress (if indeed she was ever that). To him she was alternately a Bacchante, a Cassandra, a nun in an ecstasy, Ariadne (or Contemplation), Medusa, a young girl reading the morning paper, and what not. David Garrick was a never failing inspiration to Reynolds and other painters, for he was no man, but Proteus, changing his expression and, let us add, his personality at will. He was that ideal sitter who coöperates with the artist in forwarding the work.

Children, actors, and courtesans, I say, for they are all compounded of pride and eager at any moment to exhibit themselves. They are without the *mauvaise honte* that makes a person hateful to himself and repellent to the painter. These happy beings delight in dressing up and pretending, for an intoxicating moment, to be something that they are not. Thus Reynolds surpassed himself when he painted Master Crewe (at the age of five?) as King Henry VIII, and Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse.

Strange to relate, Sam Johnson, who was neither child nor actor, had this stimulating effect upon Reynolds, who painted him again and again, and on one occasion even depicted him as the Infant Samuel. It must at some time have occurred to Sir Joshua to wonder how Johnson had looked at the age of two. The vision came, and he painted the Doctor as a baby seated on the ground, with his head sunk in profound meditation on the insoluble problem of existence. At another time he painted Johnson as he fancied he must have appeared in his young manhood (long before the artist had ever seen him) as an aspirant in the literary world. He holds a copy of *Irene* in his hands, and rests his chin upon it.

He appears yet again in a purely imaginary role in that huge canvas which the President of the Royal Academy painted for Catherine of Russia, where he serves as a model for the figure of Tiresias (with the addition of a beard) in the lower left-hand corner of

an allegorical scene. It is the "Infancy of Hercules," where the baby (Russia) is depicted as crushing the serpents in his cradle, and Tiresias is present as prophesying the future glory of the Empire.

Keen must be the pleasure in the life of a model. It must be fun to dress up — or undress — and play for a time at being heroic warrior or sportive nymph, and there is no doubt that this childish pleasure has left its important mark upon portraiture. Courtiers, like children and actors, once delighted in it, as the popularity of the court masque and the *ballo in maschera* may serve to show. In such courtly amusements ladies and gentlemen found an opportunity to make themselves up as gods and goddesses and other desirable incarnations. The popularity and success of such entertainments afforded a stimulus to the painter, and the works of the Venetian and Parisian artists may be laid under contribution for examples.

I recall a portrait by Nattier in the Louvre, in which the Duc de Chaulnes, with a wicked-looking club for a weapon and in the scanty attire of a lion-skin, is represented as Hercules. It is all very surprising, if not absurd, till one realizes the significance of the subject as varying the tiresome routine of court portraiture and affording the artist a respite.

A painter will interest himself in anything to escape from the weary inspection of the countenance before him, which he has been hired to perpetuate on canvas. The temptation becomes acute when he is painting a portrait *en plein air*, for the landscape may well interest him more than the person in it, as is so often the case in the great landscape portraits of Gainsborough. He will even find relief in painting fabrics, as do the Dutch painters Vermeer, Dou, Terborch, and the rest. In Romney's portrait of Lady de la Pole (in Governor Fuller's collection) the seven folds of satin in her startling dress were said by contemporary opinion to be "more precious than any other folds of satin in the world." Vermeer's delight in a Persian rug or a nail-studded chair testifies to the universal Dutch delight in still life, in flowers, and in fish and vegetables and even the half-carved blushing ham.

A portrait painter is, by his very subject, limited to the depiction of the lesser passions and to such emotions as may safely be exhibited to the public. Since he can seldom hope to have a sitter of heroic spiritual stature, he is cut off from the sublime. Not for him is the legendary or epic grandeur of battle and tragedy; he cannot show the triumphant ecstasy of the saint, the spiritual corruption of a once noble

character, the glory of the martyr or the fall of the tyrant. Death and transfiguration are beyond his sphere. At best, he may but seize and perpetuate the momentary as did Hogarth — once and once only — in his picture of the Shrimp-seller.

What interests us in portraits is the skill of the painter, not the charm or vigor of the ladies or gentlemen who have the ridiculous notion that they somehow *are* the picture. Sir Thomas Lawrence painted a glorious portrait of Pope Pius VII (at Windsor Castle), and Van Dyck a yet more glorious one of King Charles I (in the Louvre), but the spectator will find as he dwells upon the likeness that his interest passes from pope or king to the artist with his "seeing eye." It is for the sitter, who must for one reason or another get himself painted, to pose a problem or issue a challenge to the painter, who will be a great fool if he is betrayed into producing merely a "speaking likeness."

I remember having been told an anecdote about Rodin, who had accepted a commission to carve a statue of the President of a South American republic. Since the completed figure was by no means a good likeness, the marble did not give satisfaction to the committee, who protested, "*Mais ce n'est pas notre Président*," to which the sculptor is said to have retorted, "*Je l'ai vu comme ça*." I cannot vouch for the historicity of this incident; but, true or false, it embodies the principle that in all portraiture the important thing is that which the artist sees.

Of what *lasting* importance is the sitter's satisfaction or that of his friends and admirers (if he has any) with their insistent demand for a likeness? In fifty years, of what account will the most accurate likeness be? Who will care for the mere resemblance when the person shown is already dust and ashes? The only matter of importance then will be what the painter found, or detected as of more than passing significance in the sitter before him.

And so in those audacious creatures who sit for their picture a certain humility is becoming. The painter will be remembered and praised for his divine skill; the sitter will be forgotten or faded into a mere historical document. A merciful oblivion may reduce the proud beauty to nothing more than an anonymous entry in some future catalogue, "Portrait of a Lady," while what the artist was at pains to learn about us and took his precious time to tell — this will endure. The glowing eulogy, the stinging satire, will live on, and it is thus that the artist shall at last attain, and triumph over the employer who hired him.



RUSSIA AND HER NEIGHBORS IN EUROPE

by VERA MICHELES DEAN

I

THE military defeat and territorial losses of Germany in World War II have opened a new phase in the struggle that has raged for over a hundred years concerning the disposal of those nations in Eastern Europe and the Balkans which at one time or another formed part of four great empires whose interests conflicted in that area — the Ottoman, Russian, German, and Austro-Hungarian empires. Of the thirteen nations involved, all of which had achieved independence by 1919 — Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Albania, and Greece, — all but the last two have found themselves objects of direct interest on the part of Russia, the only one of the four empires that survived a series of disastrous wars more or less intact.

Throughout their history, the Russians, settling over a gradually widening territory, have pushed their way toward both west and east, stopping only when they were checked by genuine resistance. For the Western powers to try to check Russia in Eastern Europe and the Balkans by force would not only mean risking another war, but would be fundamentally unconstructive, since it is obvious that major adjustments of one kind or another are essential to stabilize that politically volcanic region.

Russia's concern with these borderlands from the Baltic to the Black Sea is due to a wide range of considerations. With a population of nearly 200 million, Russia comes closer than any other country except the United States to achieving economic self-sufficiency. It has within its boundaries most of the foodstuffs needed for a balanced diet and most of the raw materials needed for modern industry and warfare — with the notable exception of rubber, tin, and perhaps uranium, and what are known as "colonial" wares,

such as coffee and certain spices. It would be difficult to prove that Russia needs additional territory in order to obtain control of essential natural resources — although some concern has been expressed by Russian spokesmen about the dwindling of the country's resources of oil, and Moscow has shown a lively interest in obtaining oil from Rumania and Hungary as well as coal from Poland. It should also be borne in mind that Russia's coal mines and oil refineries were damaged during the war as the result first of its own "scorched earth" policy, and later of Germany's depredations.

More important than territories, populations, or natural resources, from Russia's point of view, are the strategic considerations affecting its security in this area, one of the great battlegrounds of history. The only easy way of attacking "the Heartland," of which Russia is a predominant part, is through the western borderlands, which offer few points of natural defense. These borderlands have to a peculiar extent served both to isolate Russia from the Western world (and this long before the concept of the "cordon sanitaire" was propounded at the Paris Peace Conference by a French official), and as a traditional highway for invasion of Russia from the West. The peoples of these lands, more imbued than the Russians with Western culture and hence more susceptible to Western influences, thus seemed doubly hostile to the Russians, who, feeling cut off from the rest of the world, took a sort of perverse pride in their isolation and, at the same time, suspected others of trying to isolate them.

Throughout its history Russia, a landlocked continent, has sought outlets to the open seas. Again and again since the days of Peter the Great, Russia has endeavored to obtain footholds on the Gulf of Finland (which it had when it ruled Finland, and has acquired once more by its peace treaty of 1940 and its armistice of 1944 with that country); on the Baltic Sea (which it obtained at the Potsdam Conference, when a section of East Prussia, including Königsberg, was assigned to Russia); on the Black Sea (where it has been reported to have asked for bases on the territory of Bulgaria, also pressing Turkey for bases close to the Straits of the Dardanelles); and on the Mediterranean (where it is de-

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manding a trusteeship under the UNO over the Italian colony of Tripolitania).

Russia, moreover, like France, is not yet satisfied that Germany has been rendered harmless; or that the United Nations Organization, which she has supported from its inception at the Moscow Conference of 1943, will prove sufficiently powerful to check renewed aggression by the Germans. These views have led Russia to insist on strict adherence to the idea of Big Three unanimity in the UNO on the ground that the Great Powers, which bore the brunt of World War II, must stand together in time of peace and have the authority to fulfill the responsibilities for maintaining world security with which they are charged by the San Francisco Charter. At the same time, to make assurance doubly sure, Russia has worked to establish binding relations with its neighbors in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, and has encouraged their leaders to reorient their policy toward coöperation with the U.S.S.R.

In its efforts to foster the creation, along its western border, of "friendly" governments, the Kremlin has used every weapon in the armory of a modern world power. Appeals on ideological grounds, economic inducements, military pressure, political suasion, have all been tried, in varying mixtures thought best adapted to local conditions and national temperaments. Most recently the influence of the restored Orthodox Church has been brought into play to counteract that of the Vatican, especially in Eastern Poland and Ruthenia; and Pan-Slavism, revived during the war as a powerful antidote to Pan-Germanism, has been invoked to rally the Slavs of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria to the support of Russia.

2

To understand the extent to which these various factors have affected Russia's policy toward its neighbors in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, it is essential to trace the roots of its policy not only through the thin topsoil of today's events, but through layer after layer of past history. Space does not permit an extended analysis of action and counteraction between Russia and the eleven nations with which it has been concerned both under the Tsars and under the Soviets. But a brief review of its relations with Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria, and of those points which have aroused particularly heated controversy in the United States, may serve to place Russia's role in the affairs of that area in somewhat more comprehensible perspective.

Relations between Russia and Poland have been dominated for centuries by a struggle for the borderlands of White Russia and the Ukraine. (Ukraine literally means "on the border.") Both countries claimed these areas at various times — Poland on historic grounds, Russia on grounds of ethnography and strategic security. The Polish state, formed in the middle of the tenth century, opposed from the

outset attempts at either Germanization or Russification. In the fourteenth century, during one of Poland's most brilliant periods, King Casimir the Great abandoned Polish claims to western territories formerly under Polish suzerainty, which were subsequently Germanized, and recognized Czech domination over Silesia and that of the Teutonic Knights over East Prussia, but sought to extend his rule eastward at the expense of Russia. Following protracted wars with Russia during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Poland underwent three partitions — in 1772, 1793, and 1795 — during which it was divided between Austria, Prussia, and Russia. Through these partitions Russia obtained for the most part lands which were ethnically non-Polish.

It was only after the Napoleonic wars, at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, that Russia received part of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw (formed by Napoleon), which Tsar Alexander I organized as the "Kingdom of Poland," granting it a constitution that was unusually liberal for that period. After the Polish uprising of 1830, precipitated by Russian violation of this constitution, the agreement was abrogated and a policy of vigorous Russification which deeply embittered the Poles was immediately undertaken.

Following the Bolshevik revolution of 1917, the Russian segment of Poland was reunited with the Polish state, which had been restored at the Paris Peace Conference of 1919. Poland's leader in the early post-war years, Marshal Pilsudski, sought to expand the country's boundaries as far eastward as possible, with the support of extreme Polish nationalists. In 1919, when Russia had been plunged into chaos by civil war, Polish forces overran Eastern Galicia; Vilna, just awarded by the Allies to newly independent Lithuania, was seized by the Poles; and in April, 1920, Pilsudski attacked Russia, with the avowed aim of including Lithuania, White Russia, and the Ukraine in a new Polish-Lithuanian Empire. The Russians succeeded in driving the Poles out of the Ukraine, but under the Treaty of Riga, concluded in 1921, Poland retained extensive Ukrainian and White Russian territories. Pilsudski's anti-Russian and anti-revolutionary policy — regarded by many Poles as patriotic — was viewed by the Soviet Union as a serious threat to its security.

Meanwhile agrarian reforms, which, in Poland as elsewhere in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, were pressed by peasant leaders after the war, brought opposition from large landowners and the army. These groups rallied in support of Pilsudski, who in 1923 had retired from public office. In 1926 Pilsudski defied the constitution of 1921, overthrew the government composed of moderate liberal and peasant representatives, and set up a military dictatorship.

After years of struggle against the Polish parliamentary parties, and of opposition to Ukrainian demands for independence, Pilsudski, on January 26, 1934, introduced an authoritarian constitution. On the same day Polish Foreign Minister Beck — who was regarded by Moscow as an archenemy of the

Soviet Union — signed with Germany a pact of non-aggression which even in the opinion of historians critical of the U.S.S.R. marked one of Hitler's first major steps toward domination of Europe. In the autumn of that year Poland declared that it would no longer accept control by the League of Nations over the fulfillment of its obligations to minorities within its borders, as defined in minorities treaties it had accepted in 1919, thus freeing its hands for measures of repression against Ukrainians, Jews, and other minority groups.

When Germany invaded Poland on September 1, 1939, — following conclusion of the Soviet-German non-aggression pact on August 23, — the Soviet Union lost no time in reinforcing its position with respect to the Reich. On September 17 Soviet forces invaded Eastern Poland, on the ground that the Polish state had become "a fertile field for any accidental and unexpected contingency that may create a menace to the Soviet Union," and that the Soviet government could not remain indifferent "to the fate of its blood brothers, the Ukrainians and White Russians, who . . . have been abandoned entirely to their fate."

On September 28 Ribbentrop and Molotov concluded a treaty of amity and an agreement tracing the "final" German-Soviet frontier in Poland. This delimitation placed under German rule Polish territory in which the Poles are in a majority, and gave the Soviet Union land in which the Poles are the largest minority in a population of nearly 13 million, estimated to include over 5 million Poles, over 4 million Ukrainians, and over a million White Russians. Polish White Russia was then incorporated into the White Russian S.S.R., while Polish Ukraine was incorporated into the Ukrainian S.S.R. These two republics became charter members of the United Nations Organization.

3

POLISH Premier Sikorski, who after the German invasion of Russia in June, 1941, adopted a policy of letting bygones be bygones, reached an agreement with Moscow on July 30, 1941, by which the U.S.S.R. recognized "the Soviet-German treaties of 1939 as to territorial changes in Poland as having lost their validity." The Soviet government, however, gave no indication that the incorporation of Polish White Russia into the White Russian S.S.R. and of Polish Ukraine into the Ukrainian S.S.R., would be invalidated. On the contrary, it consistently gave the impression that there could be no discussion about the disposal of Eastern Poland, and that its acceptance of the terms of the Atlantic Charter after the German invasion of 1941 in no way affected any measures it had taken before that date.

General Sikorski's policy of reconciliation with the Soviet Union was subjected to pressure from two sides: from nationalist Poles in London, who opposed Russia's control of Eastern Poland, and in turn, advanced claims to East Prussia; and from Moscow,

which showed an increasing disposition to doubt the intentions of the London Poles, and instead encouraged the formation on Russian soil of a Union of Polish Patriots, which eventually became the nucleus of the Lublin regime. The death of General Sikorski in an airplane crash at Gibraltar in July, 1943, dealt a serious blow to Russo-Polish relations.

On January 10, 1944, however, the Soviet government announced over the Moscow radio that it did not consider "unchangeable" the 1939 frontier fixed under the Ribbentrop-Molotov agreement, and offered Poland a new frontier corresponding to the Curzon Line of 1919, as well as an alliance of mutual assistance against Germany modeled on the Russo-Czech pact concluded a month previously. The Soviet announcement also suggested that Poland "must be reborn, not by the occupation of Ukrainian and White Russian territories, but by the return of territories seized from Poland by the Germans" — a reference to East Prussia and Silesia.

Russia's offer was unacceptable to Polish extremists, especially because it was accompanied by criticism of the Polish government in London and praise for the Union of Polish Patriots. Premier Mikolajczyk, a leader of the Peasant Party, who had succeeded General Sikorski, faced a cruel dilemma: if he acquiesced in Russia's seizure of Eastern Poland, he feared repudiation of his government by many Poles; if he rejected Russia's territorial claims, he had to face the possibility that the Russians would set up a rival government on Polish soil, which they had reached in their steam-roller pursuit of the retreating Germans.

In spite of repeated efforts, Mikolajczyk found it impossible either to reconcile the London Poles with Moscow, or to break with the London Poles in order to join the Polish Committee of Liberation, successor to the Union of Polish Patriots, as he had been invited to do. The Polish Committee, established in July, 1944, at Chelm, the first large town on Polish territory west of the Curzon Line to be liberated by Russia, issued a manifesto in which it urged collaboration with Russia and accepted the transfer to Russia of Eastern Poland. It also demanded the transfer to Poland of Pomerania, Silesia, and East Prussia, all part of Germany in 1939, with a population of ten million Germans and fewer than 300,000 Poles. In other respects, the Polish Committee, like Premier Mikolajczyk, favored termination of the dictatorial system established by Marshal Pilsudski in 1934, and a series of industrial and agrarian reforms.

The Polish Committee of Liberation, which with the advance of the Russian Army moved first to Lublin, then to Warsaw, was recognized by the Soviet government as the provisional government of Poland. The United States and Britain declined to accord recognition to the Lublin regime, but meanwhile grew noticeably cooler toward the Polish government in London, from which Mikolajczyk had resigned. At the Crimea Conference in February, 1945, the Big Three reached a compromise on Poland.

They agreed to establish a commission, consisting of Foreign Commissar Molotov and the British and American Ambassadors in Moscow, which was to consult Polish leaders concerning the formation of a new Provisional Government of National Unity, which some of the London Poles were to be invited to join.

Following months of arduous and fruitless negotiations, Mikolajczyk and some of his London associates decided in June to return to Poland and join the Lublin regime, which in July was recognized by the United States and Britain. At the Potsdam Conference the Poles, on Russia's insistence, were invited to present their views regarding the future of Germany; and the Potsdam Declaration assigned East Prussia and a section of Silesia to Poland "pending the final determination of Poland's western frontier."

While the Potsdam conferees agreed that the expulsion of Germans from the areas assigned to Poland and Russia, as well as from Hungary and Czechoslovakia, should be delayed to permit the Allies to consider this problem, the Poles and Russians proceeded to expel all German inhabitants from areas under their control. These new displaced persons, who had to leave suddenly with few or no possessions, and struggled to reach havens in the British and American zones of Germany, have created a tragic and baffling problem for Allied administrators. The Poles, however, have justified their action on the ground that the presence of a large German minority within what they consider their borders would prove a constant threat of irredentism, similar to the presence of three and a half million Sudeten Germans in pre-1939 Czechoslovakia.

4

THE life skein of Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria has been closely interwoven with that of Russia since the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Tsar Nicholas I, intervening in the Balkans to aid the liberation of Greece, involved Russia in the war of 1828-1829 with Turkey. In 1853, following a dispute over the rights of Orthodox Greeks in the Holy Land, Turkey declared war on Russia, and Britain and France invaded the Crimea and laid siege to Sevastopol. According to the Treaty of Paris of 1856, which brought the Crimean War to an end, Russia lost the right to maintain a fleet in the Black Sea and had to abandon the right of exclusive protection over Orthodox peoples in Turkey. The Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, moreover, were closed to military vessels of all nations.

Twenty years later, when Slavs revolted against Turkish tax collectors in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria, Russia intervened once more in the Balkans on behalf of its Slav brethren. Tsar Alexander II declared war on Turkey in 1877, and Russia was joined by Rumania. By the preliminary peace terms signed in 1878, Turkey agreed to form a new principality, Bulgaria, and to recognize the independence of Serbia, Montenegro, and Rumania, and Russia reac-

quired the mouth of the Danube, which it had been forced to surrender in 1856.

Britain and Austria, however, opposed Russia's advance into the Balkan and Black Sea area, and Russia accepted the mediation of Bismarck, the "honest broker," rather than face another war. The Congress of Berlin of 1878 turned into a rout for Russia. By the Treaty of Berlin the new principality of Bulgaria was greatly reduced in size and remained a vassal of Turkey; while Austria "temporarily" occupied Bosnia and Herzegovina.

A rough delimitation of the Ottoman Empire's former possessions in the Balkans was thus arrived at by Russia and Austria — Russia exercising predominant influence among the eastern Balkan Slavs, especially Bulgaria, and Austria among the western Slavs, especially in Serbia and Herzegovina. In 1908, however, when Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the latent antagonism between Serbia and Austria, and Russia and Austria, was fanned into bitter resentment, and Russia sought to emancipate the Slavs from the rule of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as it had once sought to liberate them from the Turks.

In 1912 Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece joined forces to defeat Turkey, which lost almost all its possessions in Europe inhabited by Slavs. The victors, however, fell out among themselves. Serbia and Greece, later joined by Rumania, fought against Bulgaria, which then turned for aid to Germany and Austria-Hungary, while its opponents turned to Russia, then allied with France. When the Archduke Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, was assassinated on June 28, 1914, in a Bosnian town, Sarajevo, Russia promptly came to the aid of Serbia, and Germany to the aid of Austria. The stage was thus set for World War I.

Out of that war Serbia (which joined with Croatia and Montenegro to form Yugoslavia, literally "South Slavia"), Rumania (enlarged by the acquisition of Transylvania from Hungary), and Greece (enlarged by the acquisition of Western Thrace from Bulgaria) emerged on the side of the victors, of those who wanted to maintain the status quo; Hungary and Bulgaria on the side of the vanquished, of those who strove to overthrow the peace treaties. The governments of all these countries — the dictator-king Alexander of Yugoslavia; the aristocratic regime of Hungary headed on the eve of World War II by Admiral Horthy; King Carol of Rumania; King Boris of Bulgaria; Premier Metaxas of Greece — shared fear of the political, economic, and social system developed in the U.S.S.R., and were alarmed by the influence it might have on unstable conditions within their borders. All of them were openly anti-Communist (and in the case of Hungary and Rumania also anti-Russian), and more or less openly pro-Fascist, although not necessarily pro-German. The Hungarians, especially, recalled with alarm the Communist coup staged in Budapest by Bela Kun in 1918.

The Soviet government, however, had no territorial grudges against any of these countries, with the

exception of Rumania, which, it will be recalled, had seized Bessarabia at the end of World War I. Bessarabia, a backward but rich agricultural area, had formed part of the Russian Empire since 1812, when Russia acquired it from Turkey. On June 26, 1940, a few days after the signing of the Franco-German armistice at Compiègne, which freed a part of the German Army for operations in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, the Soviet government presented an ultimatum to Rumania demanding the immediate return of Bessarabia and the cession of Northern Bukovina. This ultimatum the Rumanian government, already confronted with territorial demands on the part of Hungary and Bulgaria, accepted on June 28, and on July 1 the Red Army occupied Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina, which Moscow claimed on historic and ethnographic grounds.

Pending the conclusion of peace treaties with Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, Russia has maintained about 500,000 men on the territory of each of the three Axis satellites. On the ground that it had to safeguard communications across Poland to its zone in Germany, Russia has also kept troops on Polish soil; but according to the most recent reports it has withdrawn its soldiers from Yugoslavia, except for a small number of technical military experts.

The fact that Russian occupation forces live off the land, encroaching on the already depleted food resources of the occupied countries, and requisition goods on terms that force the local governments to resort to unrestrained inflation, has caused growing resentment among the native populations. This resentment has been reflected in a strong trend toward social democracy, away from the extremism of both Fascism and Communism. In Hungary, for example, the Small Landholders' Party, representing primarily peasant interests, won nearly 60 per cent of the votes in the national elections of November 4; and in Austria, where Russia shares in the quadripartite Allied control of the country, the moderate People's Party and the Social Democrats decisively defeated the Communists even in industrial centers in the national elections of November 25.

It is true that every newly formed government in Europe has Communists among its members, and that the Communists have, in each case, sought to obtain key ministries, notably Interior, Foreign Affairs, and Justice. The significant point, however, is that the moderate parties are now in the ascendant and realize that the best chance to check Communist demands is to undertake long-overdue reforms, whose absence had greatly facilitated Communist propaganda before and during the war.

There are two notable exceptions. In Bulgaria the November 18 elections gave an 80 per cent vote for the Fatherland Front composed of Communists, Agrarians, and Socialists, while in Yugoslavia the November 11 elections brought overwhelming victory for Marshal Tito. It is not possible to assess accurately the trend of public opinion in Poland and Rumania, where free elections have not yet been held.

While little unbiased information is available about political conditions in Poland, the impression is growing that the Polish government, as might have been expected, is becoming increasingly more pro-Polish in its views, and that the influence of former Premier Mikolajczyk is in the ascendant. Many of the Poles living abroad find it impossible to reconcile themselves to the new regime; but others are ready to return to Poland and work for the nation's welfare, provided they can receive trustworthy assurances of personal safety.

5

AT THE Yalta Conference, it will be recalled, the Big Three pledged themselves to assist the people in any liberated state or former Axis satellite in Europe where, in their judgment, conditions require outside aid, "to form interim governmental authorities broadly representative of all democratic elements in the population and pledged to the earliest possible establishment through free elections of governments responsive to the will of the people," and to facilitate where necessary the holding of such elections.

The principal obstacle to realization of these aims has been the difficulty of finding a formula defining the term "democratic" which would be acceptable to both the Western powers and Russia. The United States and Britain agreed to recognize the Polish government on July 5, after it had been enlarged, as provided at Yalta, by the inclusion of several Polish leaders from London, notably former Premier Mikolajczyk. They also extended recognition in November to the government formed in Hungary by Zoltan Tildy, leader of the Small Landholders' Party, who has since become President of the Hungarian Republic.

On December 22 the Western powers recognized the government of Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia, but on this occasion the United States criticized the methods used in the elections, and declared that recognition should not be interpreted as approval of the policies of the Yugoslav government. Hitherto, however, the Western powers have been reluctant to extend recognition to the regime of Premier Groza in Rumania, and have indicated that, in their opinion, the elections in Bulgaria were not representative of the popular will because opposition parties had not been given an opportunity to present their program to the voters on equal terms with the Fatherland Front.

From the point of view of the United States and Britain, democracy means unrestricted participation by all parties, except avowed Fascists, in universal and secret balloting for various party candidates. From the point of view of Russia, democracy means acceptance by all groups of the population of economic and social concepts and practices which the Russians regard as essential for the creation in these countries of governments that would be friendly to the U.S.S.R. Discussion of these divergent interpre-

tations of democracy has been complicated by the existence in Greece, which alone of the Balkan countries lies outside Russia's sphere of influence, of political controversies similar to those in Rumania and Bulgaria.

In an attempt to ascertain conditions in Rumania and Bulgaria, about which the Big Three disagreed at the London Council of Foreign Ministers, the United States in October sent Mark Ethridge, publisher of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, to observe the situation on the spot. His report formed the subject of discussion between Secretary of State Byrnes and Foreign Commissar Molotov at the Big Three Conference in Moscow last December.

At this conference the United States, Britain, and Russia decided to arrange for certain changes in the governments of Rumania and Bulgaria, already recognized by Russia. Recognition by the two Western powers clears the way for the conclusion of peace treaties with them. The Rumanian government of Premier Groza was to be enlarged by the inclusion of one member each of the National Peasant Party and the Liberal Party. This reorganized government was then to declare that "free and unfettered elections" would be held as soon as possible on the basis of universal and secret ballot. It was also to give assurances concerning the grant of freedom of the press, speech, religion, and association. The performance of these tasks was to be supervised by an Allied commission.

The situation in Bulgaria was more complicated because, as Secretary of State Byrnes frankly said in his radio address of December 30, the Soviet government regards the Bulgarian elections of November 18 as free, and "we do not." The compromise reached in this case was that the Soviet government took "upon itself the mission of giving friendly advice to the Bulgarian government with regard to the desirability" of including in the cabinet of the Fatherland Front (then in process of being formed) two additional representatives of "other democratic groups."

The decisions reached with respect to Rumania and Bulgaria, although falling short of what the United States and Britain would have liked to see done, marked an important step forward, for two reasons. The Soviet government, for the first time since the Yalta Conference, agreed to coöperate with the Western powers toward making these two governments more representative; and the Western powers apparently convinced Moscow that they recognized Russia's special interest in the peaceful character of its neighbors.

6

NO MATTER what pledges are made about democracy, or what institutions are established to meet the political standards of the Western powers, democracy in the Western sense cannot be expected to flourish in Eastern Europe and the Balkans unless economic and social conditions are fundamentally improved. It is significant that the only country in the area which

has succeeded in developing a strong democratic system is Czechoslovakia, which has also established efficient modern industries, has modernized agriculture, and has created a vast network of social services.

What must never be forgotten in discussing the situation of Russia's neighbors in Europe is that most of them are today at an economic and social level strikingly similar to that of Russia in 1917. Of the five countries considered in this article, Poland alone had made notable progress toward industrialization. Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and to a lesser extent Hungary, are primarily agricultural countries, which in the past have exported food and certain raw materials, with which they paid for the consumers' goods and machinery they were as yet unable to produce within their own borders. An excellent little book published in England last year, *Economic Development in Southeastern Europe* (London, Political and Economic Planning), succinctly shows that the standard of living in most of the countries of this region was dangerously low, as indicated by an inadequate level of nutrition and the resulting high incidence of deficiency diseases, such as pellagra, anemia, scurvy, and rickets, as well as a high rate of infant mortality. To raise their standard of living these countries need to increase materially their production of food.

The breaking up of large estates which, except for some areas of Hungary, had been carried out on an extensive scale during the inter-war years does not of itself offer solution of the agricultural output problem, as the Russians discovered after they had parceled big estates in 1917 — and the Poles are discovering now as they divide up Junker estates in East Prussia. What is needed is more efficient utilization of land through scientific crop rotation, use of fertilizers and of modern agricultural machinery, land reclamation and drainage, agronomic research, animal breeding, and improved methods of marketing agricultural products.

The Soviet government effected such reforms between 1933 — when peasant resistance to collectivization was ruthlessly suppressed — and the invasion of Russia by Germany in 1941 — when 99 per cent of the land was cultivated either as collective or as state farms. It is true that in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, where private ownership of land had been far more widespread than in Russia before the Bolshevik revolution, collectivization similar to that undertaken by the Soviet government may prove impracticable; and it is significant that the governments of these countries, even when directly inspired from Moscow, have been cautious about proposing collectivization, and have emphasized their respect for private property.

The industrial problems of these countries call for measures in which the experience of Russia may also prove helpful. Owing to the low standard of living throughout this area, the demand for consumption goods was limited to primitive needs for cheap textiles, paper, soap, sugar, salt, and matches. Poland is the only one of the five countries here considered

which has large resources of coal, now increased by the assignment to it of Germany's Silesian coal mines, and can therefore look to the development of large-scale industry. Rumania and Hungary, however, have oil; and Yugoslavia has brown coal, copper, lead, and chromite. The area has considerable resources of water power which have not been sufficiently utilized, and could support a wide variety of consumers' goods industries.

The creation of these industries, however, is hampered by an acute shortage of skilled labor and supervisory personnel (who for a time might have to be recruited abroad), and by shortage of capital. Conceivably these countries could develop their resources with little or no capital from abroad by forcing their exports, but this could be done only by decreasing their standard of living still further — as Russia discovered during the hard years of its successive Five-Year Plans. And it must be remembered that Russia had large resources of gold to pay for the services of foreign technicians and for imported machinery, and could draw on a huge reservoir of manpower not available to its small neighbors.

7

TO EMERGE from their backward condition and develop democratic institutions, the border countries need to obtain foreign capital. In the past, however, foreign capital has tended to go into extractive industries (American and British capital has been invested in the oil wells of Rumania, French capital in the copper mines of Yugoslavia), or else has been offered only on condition that the borrower purchase armaments in the lending country (this was particularly true of France's loans during the inter-war years to its allies east of Germany). What is needed most urgently is capital for the development of industries that could produce consumers' goods, raise living standards, and incidentally liberate these countries from their economic dependence on Germany.

To develop the productive capacities of Eastern Europe and the Balkans, the United States and Britain would be well advised to propose to the U.S.S.R. a long-term program of joint economic aid for the countries of this area. A precedent for such a program may be found in the plan presented by President Truman to China in his declaration of December 15. A similar offer to Russia for joint assistance by the Big Three in the reconstruction of Eastern Europe and the Balkans, on condition that existing regimes be broadened to include "other political elements," would help to convince the Soviet government that the United States and Britain are genuinely concerned with the future security and economic welfare of the small nations in that area, and are not urging democracy for Rumania or Bulgaria merely to checkmate Moscow's influence.

To such a joint economic program each of the Big Three would have a valuable contribution to make.

The United States could provide a line of credit in this country for the purchase here of machinery for new industries, as well as technicians. Britain could offer exports of tools and technical advice, as well as a market for the food and raw material exports of Eastern Europe and the Balkans. Russia could share with these countries its own experience in effecting the painful transition from backward agrarian economy to modern industry and agriculture.

Whenever we are inclined to be critical of Russia's methods in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, we must remember that we and the British, in the heyday of our power in that area, showed little or no interest in the welfare of the native peoples, and were concerned primarily with the short-term advantages to be gained from investments in oil or other raw materials. The day for foreign investments that disregard the interests of local inhabitants has passed. From now on, the first test of investments must be: will they, in the long run, benefit the borrowing countries and, by benefiting them, also increase the well-being, and hence the security, of the rest of the world?

In spite of the disillusionment that Russia's neighbors have experienced on coming into direct — and somewhat too intimate — contact with its armies of occupation, they have distinctly something to gain from closer relations with the U.S.S.R., which has far outdistanced them on the road to industrialization. Not only do they stand to learn a great deal from Russia's solutions of its industrial and agricultural problems, which are similar to their own, but they are bound to be impressed with the success of the Soviet government in assuring wide cultural autonomy to the 160 national groups of the U.S.S.R. welded together in a strong political and economic union.

For centuries the nations buffeted between the four great empires that once dominated this area have vainly sought to discover some way in which they could preserve their precious heritage of culture and at the same time attain a measure of political and economic security. The League of Nations proved a vain hope because of the refusal of the Great Powers to safeguard the interests of the small. The United Nations Organization now has an opportunity to succeed where the League failed. But if again the small nations should find themselves at the mercy of the ambitions and conflicts of the great, the possibility must not be excluded that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics will make a strong bid for the inclusion, within its elastic framework, of some of its small neighbors, especially those countries which are inhabited by Slavs.

If the Western powers want to have a voice in the future destiny of Russia's neighbors, they must revise their own previous approach to these peoples, whom too often in the past they treated with contempt for their backwardness, and match Russia's bid with socially desirable measures for rehabilitation of the area, in coöperation with, and not in hostility against, Russia.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

MY HOTELS

by HUGO JOHANSON

DURING the middle twenties, I used to spend my interims between jobs in Hotel Hecla, one of the many unpretentious hotels which lined the waterfront of one of California's largest cities. It was owned by an Icelander, a silent old man who sat in a rocking-chair in an alcove behind the office where the seized baggage, the telephone, and the mops were. His name was Grim Hellskin, but because he was forever taking patent medicines the guests referred to him as the Pilgrim. His wife, a rather youngish Korean woman, did the rooms. She answered to Pilgrimy.

Hotel Hecla was on the second floor. The ground floor was a beehive, swarming with Wing's Day & Night Laundry; The Federal Tattoo College — Study on Yourself; Ben's Outfittery; Eats; and OmniGoCo, a wildcat travel service with a weathered sedan outside, ready to leave for Tia Juana as soon as "one more" showed up.

Between Eats and OmniGoCo was a narrow door, its lower part sheathed with brass, kicked bubbly, its upper part windowed, curtained, and lettered "Hotel Hecla. 50¢ and Down." Onto the curtain was pinned a mottled square of wedding stock which warned in ornate penmanship, "No women here to whom it may concern."

I took to the place the first time I saw it. I didn't quite have half a dollar to my name and was interested in the deepness of the "Down." It was thirty-five cents, the manager-and-clerk informed me. He was a middle-aged live wire (past sixty-five, California reckoning) and he spoke with a thoughtful neatness that irked one, especially when heard in a hotel lobby

that included sawdust-filled spit boxes in its furnishings. "Feel free to address me 'Edwards' at any time," he introduced himself. As I registered with the house pencil, he inquired, "Are you by any chance encumbered?" I didn't follow him. He leaned over the counter, saw my blanket bundle, and said, "Thank you, sir. We prefer it so."

Tossing in my room key the next day after a fair night's rest, I felt free to say, "See you some other time, Edwards."

"Won't you extend your stay with us?" asked Edwards.

"Haven't got it," I said.

"Let us worry about that — we specialize in dire straits," said Edwards. "And now for a chat," he added, coming out from behind the counter. With great kindness and strength he pushed me into a chair, and said, "Be seated, friend. Hotel Hecla has grown fond of you."

In an easy, pleasant fashion Edwards told me that I was the personification of the class of guests Hotel Hecla catered to. He defined me as "a fairly recent newcomer from our European mother countries, honest and strong, endowed with great staying-powers and a groping knowledge of English, anxious to carve out a future in the new, fertile setting but unfamiliar with the procedure."

But I needn't despair, Edwards assured me; Hotel Hecla would put me right. It had the Right Connections; it was in a position to feel the Pulse of Trade; it was the Link Pin between Capital and Labor, between the Striver and the Arrived. Hotel Hecla channeled sidetracked men into the profitable right-of-ways of Oregonian lumber camps, Alaskan fisheries, Californian —

"I have slit salmon bellies and peeled bark. It didn't take me no place," I interrupted him.

"I'm afraid it didn't. And how could it?" Edwards

Born in Sweden and educated at sea, HUGO JOHANSON eventually came ashore to our West Coast, where he now makes his home. An American writer of force and originality, he has tasted experience as a jack-of-all-trades, and his stories are the richer for the knowledge they are based on.

said. "You didn't have the backing of Hotel Hecla, you wasn't Hellskin-approved. When *we* ship out a man, we enclose a tap for advancement. He forges ahead as a matter of course and, when spent, comes back to us for replenishment. While he is vacationing here between successes, we tend to his slightest needs, jolly him, entertain him, and equip him anew."

"What do *you* get out of it?" I said.

"A deep inner satisfaction and a great many letters of thanks," Edwards said.

I must have winced or something, because he quickly moved his chair so that he faced me squarely and, if needs be, could pin me down while stilling my unrest.

"Friend, let us face stark reality together," he prefaced a confession to the point that Hotel Hecla wasn't Carnegie-endowed and was therefore forced to tax mankind lightly in order to serve it wholly. In other words, there was a slight "accommodation disbursement," but as it was deducted piecemeal from the employee's wages — the heavy burden of collecting it from the employer falling upon Hotel Hecla — it was a painless, invisible little piece of accountancy, delightful to watch from the side lines. Edwards concluded by pointing out that true proficiency could be reached only by slashing all red tape. Hotel Hecla did just that. It didn't muddle a plain issue by asking for your signature on a contract full of pinny clauses and hide-and-seek exemptions, nor did it ransack your past or exact any promises for the future. It went straight after you, caught you by the hand, and —

Here Edwards arose, gravely and purposefully. He put his left hand on my shoulder, grasped my right hand with his, and shook everything that could be set in motion. My head nodded, unruly, back and forth, before I could steady myself.

"Thank you. I knew you would see the light," Edwards said. While still warmly shaking my hand, he released his left hand from my shoulder and used it to ease my blanket bundle away from me. "The strongest bond between two parties is mutual trustfulness. Mr. Hellskin in his goodness will care for this trivia of yours," he explained his action.

Dumbfounded, I let go of the bulk of my possessions. Stepping back a couple of paces, viewing me from a fresh perspective, Edwards exclaimed, "Why, you have poise! I think we shall be able to place you favorably!"

I perceived that I was thrown. In a way it was a relief. Carving a future wasn't really what I was cut out to do. If Hotel Hecla wanted to go to it, I guessed I could put up with whatever chips might fly in my face. "When do I eat?" I said.

"Already?" cried Edwards. For a moment I thought that he would renege on our mutual agreement. But he snapped his fingers and said, "Oh, well — if you must! Come along, I'll introduce you to our affiliated interests on the ground floor."

On our way down he stressed Hotel Hecla's attitude to the facts of life. Opening the door to the

street, he tapped sharply on the inscribed square of wedding stock, and said, "Let this be your text. We also frown on liquor as a career wrecker."

2

THE next few days were full and carefree. By order of Hotel Hecla, full meals costing more than twenty-five cents were beyond my reach at Eats, but mush and beans are filling, and hot cakes with molasses and margarine, and coffee with last week's snail, are downright tasty. Whenever I felt like it I was welcomed, even urged, to loll in the OmniGoCo sedan as a wealthy decoy.

Once I had satisfied Professor Conway of the Federal Tattoo College that I was a marked man, he desisted from trying to educate me all over. Ben's Outfittery was cordial in an unhurried manner; I was in its web, a naked fact to be stung when Hotel Hecla gave the nod. And, talking about nakedness, Wing's Day & Night Laundry called one afternoon for my entire wardrobe (what I stood in), necessitating on my part an early going to bed and a stay there in the altogether until the next noon.

On the other evenings, I went to some neighborhood theater. I wanted badly to go uptown and see Miss Eagles in *The Letter*, but when I asked Edwards for the price, fifty cents, he said that tragedy was all right back East, where people went around feeling sorry for themselves. "We Westerners can afford to laugh," he said, and gave me fifteen cents to go and see Ben Turpin.

On the fourth day, Edwards had serious news for me. Before breaking it, he said that he was going to submit me to a screen test, so to speak, on the outcome of which the shape of my future depended. I was to go into the lavatory, close the door after me, fling it open, turn slightly towards the toilet and intone, "Mezzanine, please."

I balked, pointing out that I didn't need to just then and, besides, I wasn't much good at French. Edwards said that I must.

I did, with the result that Edwards said that I wasn't much good at English either. "It isn't 'pliss,' it's 'p-l-e-a-s-e.' Here, in America, we don't expectorate our language, we drag it around with us. And don't pout. You have corners in your mouth, haven't you? Very well. Use one of them, whichever is the farthest for the moment. Now, once again," he coached.

Being somewhat of an aper I did tolerably. "You are very clever with the door," Edwards complimented me. "I'm glad of it," he continued, "because we are starting you out on a momentous undertaking."

"Yah?" I said.

"Yes. We have decided to set you up in the hotel world," Edwards said.

"Lavatory porter?" I asked.

"More elevated than that. Thanks to us, you are

destined to rise high in the transportation sphere of the Coast's leading hostelry, the Maravilla," Edwards said.

"What goes up got to come down," I predicted.

Edwards said that in such a case I would have Hotel Hecla to fall back upon. But that was on the morrow's agenda. Today, the Maravilla was desperately in need of an experienced elevator boy. I was he, and I had forthwith to learn how to run an elevator. Edwards handed me a silver dollar and a piece of paper with an address on it, my alma mater. "Study carefully and hurry up so that I can run you through Ben's Outfittery and dispatch you tonight," he admonished me.

My tutor, a small, skinny man in a janitor's cap, sat on a vegetable crate in the combined freight and passenger elevator of a loft building in the warehouse district. I told him my name and why I had come. "Don't argue, where's the dollar?" he said. I gave it to him. Pointing at the starting handle, he taught, "Up is where it says, and so is down. Half between is no go. I'm off for a root beer." From 'way down the hallway, he shouted an extension course, "It's a crawler; it won't run away from you."

Almost immediately the third floor sounded off. "It's do or remain a know-nothing," I told myself and slammed the handle on UP. The upheaval astonished me — two floors came from nowhere and left again before I knew I was traveling. Feeling that the third must be within striking distance, I centered the handle and — the car hung on its tortured cables, shaking like an aspen.

I had withstood the journey: except for being in a praying position, I was safe and sound. Looking down through the iron openwork of the door, I saw the crown of my customer's hat. "I'll be right with you, Mister!" I cried, jerking the handle from the center position to DOWN and back again. After things had quieted down, I was eye-level with a pair of brown trouser cuffs.

"Don't exert yourself; I think I'll walk down," said a voice, and the trouser cuffs disappeared.

Not to exert oneself was what I should have been told in the first place. Running an elevator is an ethereal art. The prerequisites are the touch of an angel and the brains of a ghost. Once I realized this, I did extremely well.

"A unnyfoam? Up in my head I had dis fellow down for a pair Boss of de Road!" Ben cried when Edwards led me into the Outfittery and ordered a uniform. Ben had what we needed, though, dozens of them. Discarded World War I naval officers' uniforms — they were all sway-backed period pieces — trimmed with insignia and facings in the most unlikely places. The one we chose was a flag officer's. I was a bit shy of my new rank. Ben reassured me, even upped the ante. "By rights elevator should have more," he said, sewing on fifty cents' worth of additional braid.

I wanted a pair of firemen's and policemen's shoes to match my finery. Edwards vetoed me — low-cuts

were the thing. Then, he and Ben had words whether I should need garters or not. Edwards said that the Maravilla's clientele was partly drawn from the faculty of a near-by educational plant, the biggest in the world, and that it behooved me, for the sake of business, to enter into the spirit of learning by rolling my socks.

Ben shouted that that sounded like superstition to him. Turning to me, he said, "Because you got a job in Rome you don't have to turn Romanian. Garters are healthy."

Edwards forgot his neat mode of speech. "Healthy for whom? Your till?" he snarled in Ben's direction.

I averted a tussle by reminding them that I didn't have any socks. In his eagerness to sell me a dozen pairs of socks (the certified silk kind) Ben forgot the garters. I initialed the sales slip in a hurry because the OmniGoCo sedan was honking the horn.

3

NIGHT was impending and the car had been poised for an immediate departure since early noon. I was irrevocably the final "one more," and though nobody moved over to give me a throne, I must have appeared in the light of a savior. It was one of my greater moments. The affiliated interests stood in their doorways or turned their heads towards the street to see me off. They had invested upwards from many cents to several dollars in my future, and I had intended to wave them a ray of hope. But the car started abruptly and I fell backwards with my bundles and became helplessly wedged between a lady loader in a shooting gallery and a Mexican Protestant bishop of the Yaqui tribe.

An hour out, the driver swerved into a dark lane. Another sudden turn, and the lights of a tall kitchen façade shone on a steam-sodden cement court. I saw and smelled row upon row of garbage cans, I heard the clatter and din of a Cantonese dishwashing crew in frenzied action and disputation, and I hoped fervently that the OmniGoCo sedan would spurt again, wedging me deeper and forever in the by now homey cleavage of the lady loader and the Yaqui bishop.

The driver turned in his seat and called out to me, "Hey, Luckless, here is where you get off!"

As an elevator boy at the Maravilla I saw more of it than the service entrance. It looked its best on the free picture postcards in the lobby. On them, it nestled here and towered there in an Iberian *paraíso*, cooled by brimming *arroyuelos* in green *cañadas*, commanding limitless vistas of sunny *mesetas* and cloudy *montañas*. Otherwise, it was located at the mouth of Smitty's gulch, on a five-acre gum tree tract, scenically landscaped with flagged paths which, bordered with meek palms and angry cacti, took one to Mexican orños, Irish wishing wells, Nipponese torii, Koluschan totem poles, and huge American water tanks on stilts. In this setting, plain seven-storied

wings of oil-treated redwood radiated east, south, and west from an elevator campanile, painted a half-timbered effect. From the flagpole hatch in the roof of the campanile, limber sight-seers might gaze upon an alfalfa ranching district, cross-furrowed with irrigation ditches bringing water from the hazy foothills.

Begotten by an oil man, who had wooed and been deserted by the Panama-Pacific Exposition tourist traffic, the Maravilla no longer cottoned to transient guests. Its weekly and monthly rates were steep, 'way above the level of the cuisine, but the permanent guests didn't mind. Mostly women, forsworn to honest housekeeping and addicted to illicit snack cooking on contraband electric heaters in their apartments, they lived not on bread alone. They had come there to bask, a little in the sun, a lot in culture, totally in the prestige that went with "of the Maravilla."

While the prestige was included in the Maravilla's American plan, the culture was à la carte. When ladies in quest of uplift entered the elevator on their first days in the hotel and timidly asked for the Thought Center, I inclined my low brow with the sage understanding of a fellow seeker (she might be good for a dime) and hurtled the car downwards to "themezzaninefloorthetheconcessionsplease."

As an integrate whole, the concessions strove for an Oriental atmosphere. Incense burners and smoldering joss sticks perfumed the narrow bazaar aisles, where in Momento Marts, Kimono Caches, and Confectionariums, native daughters of the Golden West, as likely as not gotten up as bayaderes, geishas, or even nautch girls, rang up sales on cash registers fitted with temple gongs. In the cultural division, turbans and robes, sandals and saris, abas and snoods, were often worn by members of the linked rings, seceded groups, amalgamated cells, accredited movements, and disowned sects which rented vacant shops and made them over into dens, studios, centers, nooks, galleries, corners, and clubs, where they converted, exhibited, and taught — for a fee — anything from Duncan dancing and finger painting to spectral insight and monetary outlook.

Cats, tots, dogs, and canaries were prohibited at the Maravilla. Husbands were thought of as fifth wheels. When taken down and put in motion to and from the hotel, they arrived laggardly and departed fast.

The service at the Maravilla was middling, particularly in my department. Few guests complained to my face, perhaps because the kind of service they received relieved them from any obligation to reward it.

Those who grumbled seemed to be glad of the opportunity to weigh yesteryear's tribulations against today's and prove that they could still take it on the chin. They endeared themselves to me by tipping as they snubbed, none more than Lady Daphne, the wife of a retired general of the Anglo-Indian military and a grenadier herself. Once a month, always choosing a time when the elevator was crowded to

capacity, she would whip out an ivory fan and flail it, establishing herself as a center of discomfort.

"Horrid air, Percy. And no punkah. As beastly as in Kamarpukur, don't you think?" she said to her husband.

"Distinctly muggy," said Sir Percy, who had few barbs on his linguistic arrows. By this time, I would have stopped at various floors to let people on and off, a breach of etiquette whenever it didn't happen at Lady Daphne's floor.

"Rather a bit of tonga gait this, Percy, eh? I fancy we shall be late for tiffin," she said.

"Depressing clip," said Sir Percy.

Making certain of the Judas pence due me, I cried, "Sixth floor! Make way for Lady Daphne, please!"

It never failed. Lady Daphne debarked, stunning the lesser unannounced orders — Iowans, New Yorkers, and such — by commanding, "A rupee for the lift wallah, Percy." Then Sir Percy would hold up a fifty-cent piece within my reach, and say, "Here, boy."

4

ANOTHER dependable patroness of mine, Mrs. Brecker, just wouldn't stand for good service. A pioneer woman, never quite weaned from hardships, she paid for modern transportation only if it were laced with peril and rudeness. Sometimes, when everybody had entered the elevator and I was about to close the door, she used to come running from around some corner, a spry old cocklebur of a woman, crying, "Whoa! Whoa!" I could collect in two different ways, the easiest of which was to shade my eyes and stare at her like a flusterated backwoodsman.

"Go buy yourself blinkers, son," Mrs. Brecker said and put a quarter in my clumsily expectant paw. "Not that I mind being stared at," she said, addressing herself to the passengers. "Always been in the public eye. I was born in the middle of a goat barbecue in '49, got married at a vigilante shoot in '68, mourned my late husband while he lay in state in the capitol rotunda in '97, and for the last twenty-five years the newspaper picture men have been giving me no living peace unless I put on a poke bonnet and churn in the back of a Conestoga wagon for their Admission Day edition."

Or I might disregard Mrs. Brecker altogether until she told me where she wished to get off. Somehow, I would not only miss her floor but also have great difficulty in stopping at the one above. Finally, a couple of inches shy of the landing, I would ask Mrs. Brecker, "This be yourn, Mam?" Mrs. Brecker would hop out pleased, crying, "Shucks, no, but never mind!" It was then up to me to hold the elevator so that she could tell a frontier anecdote, usually the one about the Swede teamster who, the night they spotted the Continental Divide, had called out, "Donner Pass, Californy! Donner Pass, Californy!"

"Dad laughed no end and gave poor Chris a little

something for tobacco," she recollected, giving me the same.

Tobacco money was indeed all that such machinations brought me — nothing to sneer at, however, because my legitimate wages at the Maravilla were the following problem: fifteen dollars a month plus board and room minus fifteen dollars. The management readily solved it for me. It said that for the rights of earning much one obviously must pay something, in my particular case four dollars a month each to the Chinese waiter in the help's dining hall, the Hungarian porter in the help's quarters, and the Irish bell captain, besides three dollars to my elevatory agent, Hotel Hecla. I asked what I gained on such a deal.

"Prod yourself, fellow! Prod yourself!" cried the management. I prodded myself and said that I could locate no net earnings. "Have you or have you not a clear monthly income of not less than a nurtured body and an eager mind, looking forward to Christmas, the welfare season, when permanent guests are honor bound to go the whole hog and remember elevator boys? Answer yes or no, please," said the management.

A stickler for truth, I said, "Yes, sir."

My wages thus satisfactorily disposed of, I had the temerity to inquire whether or not I was entitled to have a day off now and then. The management said that to the best of its knowledge I had seven free days out of twenty-eight. How come, I wanted to know. The management said that wasn't it a fact that one day I worked twelve hours, the following day six hours, and so on ad infinitum. I said it was true, I worked sixty-three hours a week, as good a proof as any that I worked every day and never had one off. "Sixty-three hours a week! Don't be a clock watcher, take the long view," said the management, and continued, "Every second day you work half a day only. That gives you three half holidays in one week and four half holidays in the next. Add them up and see for yourself what they amount to in four weeks, a year, a lifetime!"

The management's trip-hammer logic forced me to acknowledge that perhaps I had been vacationing right along without knowing it. "That's too bad," said the management. "We sincerely wish that from now on you'll enjoy every leisure moment of your many holidays. The air is invigorating hereabouts."

I arrived at the Maravilla in the month of January. So did other elevator boys, men of vision who left after a couple of days, bitterly denounced by the management as fly-by-nights and boomers. By February, it was common knowledge that I was a victim of unrequited love to whom place and future mattered not; by late March, I was pointed out as an obstinate plodder, working against heavy odds towards a small pension; probably not until midsummer was I correctly identified, then as a worn fixture.

I reaped abundantly at Christmas. As I remember it (I may be a handkerchief or two off) the harvest added up to \$280.67 in cash, a jar of striped candy,

a fire-new Old Testament, eleven handkerchiefs, a pair of crocheted suspenders with little stretch in them, and two good doughnuts.

The average remembrance was a wintry Christmas card, a pinned-on one-dollar bill taking out the chill. Several spenders squeezed a five-dollar bill into my hand and mercifully let things go at that, but the gift I prized most came from the liberal soul who anonymously mailed me an *étui* containing a twenty-dollar gold piece dangling from a blue hair ribbon on which was inked, "To my pet bat in the Maravilla belfry."

The sixty-seven cents were heaven-sent in so far that about three o'clock of Christmas morning a sportive party of two nightgowned ladies and a pajama-clad gentleman, strangers to me, rang the bell on the top floor and, when I responded, made me an offering of a partly filled Little-Church-Around-the-Corner bank that had a slot in the sacristy. Full of gladness and hot punch, they caroled in my honor until the house detective came hastening.

I had never thought it possible that so much planning and reinforcement could be expended on the putting up of bakery goods as on the two doughnuts Mrs. Millberton Trembers gave me for Christmas. Joined to a greeting card by an acorn-tasseled silver cord, they lay bedded on celluloid sequins in a miniature pirate's chest of cedar. The treasure stood in a highly convoluted slip cover of red oiled silk, and the whole affair was bathed and strewn with hoarfrost, cobwebs, star dust, crescents, and High Sierra pine needles, all made on machines in Japan.

Enough of a stockholder in the Maravilla to meddle with the running of the place, Mrs. Millberton Trembers was feared. She employed a lady companion who read the financial page to her after dinner, enunciating very clearly when some distracting chatterbox had to be convinced that the Palm Court was first Millberton Trembers premises and thereafter a public lounge. The vanquished clubbed in the Rose Room, where they deplored that Miss Tetty Glint — the only one who came out on top when colliding with Mrs. Millberton Trembers — was too heavy for the wicker furniture in the Palm Court.

5

LIGHTWEIGHT furniture wouldn't have kept Miss Glint out of the Palm Court had she cared to go there. She stirred when and where she pleased, usually late at night and then in search for something to eat in bed. "I love to munch myself to sleep," she told me once, returning from a midnight foraging trip with two big blobs of spun sugar which she had bought at a popcorn stand.

I don't know how old Miss Glint could have been, but she looked and dressed like a shelved cancan dancer, bent upon avenging stays and buttoned boots with peignoir and mules. Mushrooming on my elevator stool, she liked to exchange confidences while riding up and down. "It isn't that I'm extraordi-

narily developed," she explained her charms to me; "it's just that I'm inclined to let my bodily odds and ends brim over where they may."

She was fearless and honest to the point of somebody else's destruction. Feeling me out with a short, lardy forefinger, she told me before a carload of interested passengers that I was "too closely trimmed in the spareribs to be thrilling." Although she occupied the most expensive suite of rooms at the Maravilla, she disdained any entertaining more formal than having the chambermaids in for gin and tap water. What bedroom tidings she heard then she passed on to me, asking as a decent return the elevator and lobby goings-on.

Miss Glint never tipped the help, Christmas or no Christmas, nor did she contribute to temperance movements or foreign missions. Her detractors had it that she made a hobby of converting fine, clean-cut mendicants into leering sots by lashing out, "Come back when you are plastered, misfit!"

Yet she did much for the harassed. Confident of being bailed out by Miss Glint, the Maravilla bell-boys put up with the semiannual inconvenience of being arrested for bootlegging. She let them linger in the jail-house tank for thirty-six hours so that they would be steeped in crime when reporting to her. "Good detective novels come so high nowadays that I find it cheaper so," she said.

Late in the evening the day after Christmas, Miss Glint came into the elevator and sat down on my stool. She had been shopping and carried a stained paper sack, bulging with some fatty delicacy. "I'll go where you go, and how did you come out yesterday?" she said, a pretty broad hint that she didn't intend to budge until she had reviewed my Yule edition of "Who and How Much?"

About an hour later, I had a call from the lobby.

It was Mrs. Millberton Trembers and entourage. She looked into the elevator, saw the corpulent Miss Glint, and said, "Will there be room for us all? We are four and frightfully weighted down." I said that the car could take twenty, and motioned them in — Mrs. Millberton Trembers and the lorgnette, the lady companion and the financial section, the Parisian maid and the papillon, the Kanaka chauffeur and the lap robes.

Miss Glint looked on thoughtfully. As we ascended, she opened the greasy paper sack, took out two doughnuts, threaded them on her ring finger and swirled them. The sight of the doughnuts reminded me that I hadn't thanked Mrs. Millberton Trembers. "Thanks for the Christmas sinkers, Mrs. Millberton Trembers. They went down fine," I said.

"Next floor!" said Mrs. Millberton Trembers.

The following day, when I was due to go to work, my time card had been removed from its slot. I went to the office to see about it. The management was icy. It said that I couldn't work for the Maravilla unless I squared myself with Mrs. Millberton Trembers. As I am apt to look blank when indicted, the management analyzed the case against me. Mrs. Millberton Trembers had been the victim of a base smear attack in the elevator the previous night. Miss Tetty Glint and I were the perpetrators. The management had telephoned Miss Glint, but she had whistled in the receiver. It was up to me to redress the afflicted.

I told the management that I didn't know how to square a couple of doughnuts, and what time could I have my check? The management said right now and pulled out a desk drawer.

It was more of a statement, however. The porter in the help's quarters had worked overtime, and I owed the Maravilla thirty cents.



A LETTER TO GENERAL LEE

by BRANCH CABELL

I

WITH all proper deference, Sir, I introduce myself to your attention as being a grandson of that Dr. Cabell who, in Richmond, lived next door to you, at 709 East Franklin Street, and with whom you were medicinally familiar. My father likewise you would remember, as that Robert Cabell who at the age of sixteen, as a cadet of the Virginia Military Institute, took part in the Battle of New Market, where his elder brother, William, another cadet, then eighteen years old, was killed.

I present these credentials not in vainglory but to attest that I, born of your people and of your caste and of your adherents, was reared among them who remembered and who spoke of you, in affectionate rather than in religious terms, as a friend whom one had treated for rheumatism, or as a neighbor with whom one conversed, daily and casually, as to household affairs and the current weather. I have heard even of some personal foibles not at all to my present purpose beyond the fact that their attested existence has kept you always, in my thoughts, human.

It has been since infancy my privilege, in brief, to comprehend that you were not the marmoreal effigy which, along with Jehovah, the South at large yet worships as a matter of good form and as a prerequisite for political preferment. That fervently I applaud Virginia's loyal, outrageous romanticizing of Virginia's history and of Virginia's former leaders has been explained in another place. Even so, I incline to distinguish: for about you alone of historic Virginians I have need to think, perforce, in the unglamorous aspect of a not young next-door neighbor, who was troubled with rheumatism; and because of one or two yet other reasons you appear to me best left untouched by the well-meant titivations of our historians and by the blatant adulations of oratory.

I pause here to reflect with gratitude upon the circumstance that I was not honored with your ac-

quaintance. For I can imagine no more harrowing experience than to be seated facing you, for the first time, tête-à-tête. You would be courteous, and impressive-looking, and very conscientiously jocular, in dealing with young Bob Cabell's son. You would inquire if I was writing anything nowadays. When I confessed to a book in progress, then you would ask me what I was going to call it. You would not pretend, or at least not with precision, that immediately after the concerned book had been published, "its perusal" would become for you an "evening's recreation" — as did Philip Stanhope Worsley's translation of the complete *Iliad*, which he dedicated to you. I have sometimes wondered what Mr. Worsley thought about that special form of acknowledgment, when connected with an epic poem in twenty-four books.

To me at any rate you would convey merely a vague but genial impression that you meant to read several of my novels, some time next summer, at Rockbridge Baths, when one would have leisure for novels. You would then speak (I very much fear) as to the importance of good literature. You would regret that in Virginia we have perhaps tended somewhat to neglect the production of literature, in favor of statesmanship and oratory. You would feel it your duty to admit that, as a rule, you preferred to read historical books, as being works of truth, rather than novels and romances. For history, you would add, enables one to get correct views of life and to see the world in its true light. That will help one to live pleasantly, to do good, and when summoned away, to leave this world without regret. You would, I think, refer to Shakespeare and Milton as being desirable models for a writer of fiction to keep in mind.

And I, because of my very great reverence for you, I would fidget; and I would try my utmost to get you to talk about some of the hundreds of matters which you understood better than you did literary affairs; and you would still go on and on, like a highly courteous steam-roller, until I was able to effect my escape.

A Virginian whose family lived next door to General Lee and whose grandfather cared for the veteran in his last years, BRANCH CABELL, essayist and novelist of Richmond, pays his affectionate regards to one of the greatest Americans who never wrote a book.

But after that, if only I too lived next door to you, and were thus able to speak with you informally from time to time, without being petrified by the dictates of your amiability and of your conscience, why, we would get on, I believe, fairly well together. For I once knew a great many of your well-bearded contemporaries among the well-born Virginians to whom it was permitted to survive you. And to say that I found almost every one of these my dignified elders to be dull-minded would be wrong, because the statement, far too flagrantly, would be an understatement. And the true point, after all, is that I found these stately and sedate and large-hearted gentlemen, even in their dull-mindedness, to be wholly admirable.

2

IT MAY please you, Sir, to hear, in the event of this letter's ever reaching you, that nowadays you rank so very highly among the military geniuses of historic record that several Englishmen have been moved to commend your campaigns as being, for an American, remarkably well executed. The Germans likewise have studied your tactics with profit. All we Virginians, therefore, expatiate concerning your martial exploits, and do not dwell sufficiently, I submit, upon the circumstance that, through defeat, you passed from relative greatness to a unique greatness.

There have been many other talented generals (and among them a fair sprinkling of scoundrels), and with all the more admirable of these you may be compared, variously, so far as went your activities until and including the afternoon of the ninth of April, 1865, when at Appomattox Court House you surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia. For your conduct afterward, throughout the five and a half years of living which as yet remained for you, after Appomattox, there is no parallel; and for this reason we incline, nowadays, to regard your behavior during this same period with a perplexed incredulity, and to say little about it.

Our main difficulty is that although you did not ever utter, in blunt point of fact, your one notable apothegm, to the effect that "duty" is the most sublime word in the English language, yet at every moment, throughout some sixty-three years, you would seem to have been guided by this apothegm. And most upsettingly did this become noticeable after Appomattox.

So are we condemned to read with a stunned amazement about your unbusinesslike conduct when you were then tendered any number of substantial tributes, ranging from a manor house in England (with an annuity thrown in) to the control of large corporations in New York City, and including the governorship of Virginia as well as command of the Rumanian Army and the presidency of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. The highly remunerative and purely ornamental offices which were urged upon you by the directors of life insurance com-

panies, from all quarters of the country, would appear to defy computation; and at this period so unrelentingly were you pressed for money in hand that the final acre of your once considerable landholdings had been confiscated for taxes, when the bland charms of so many sinecures implored your acceptance.

Yet every one of these offers, when they thus came to you in shoals, you declined, saying courteously: —

"I am grateful; but I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle. I have seen many of them die on the field. I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

And with that, you took over the presidency of poverty-stricken and obscure and dilapidated Washington College, in the gaunt hill-town of Lexington, Virginia, at the gaunt salary of \$1500 a year.

In this manner did you dismiss the homage and the amenities which were yours for the taking. You chose instead to become the headmaster of a country boarding school in a mountain village, with four teachers to aid you in the instructing of about fifty pupils. For this, as you remarked equably, was the one task in civilian life for which your four years' experience as an instructor at West Point had fitted you; and the age-stricken fallen champion was still resolute, as in a letter to your wife you explained your set purpose, "to accomplish something for the benefit of mankind and the honor of God."

Here is a saying which surprises and which stirs the blood with its naïve nobility and what I can but term its arrogant meekness. It is a phrase, one feels, which Valiant-for-Truth would have uttered, if only John Bunyan had been so happily inspired as to think of it. And indeed I do not know but that, with a glow of justifiable auctorial pride, Miguel de Cervantes might have ascribed this same phrase to the Knight of La Mancha.

So then, of your own free will and against the protests of common sense, did you obey those old-world considerations which in Virginia our leaders as yet honor between election days, and lay aside the command of an army in order to take up the petty duties of a country schoolmaster.

Now, as a married man, I confess to some wonderment that Mrs. Lee did not, as it were, put her foot down and take a firm stand in this matter. But I dismiss the ignoble thought. I blush to have harbored it, howsoever transiently; and I believe that in a life overbrimming with magnanimities this was your most heroic action. I take this quiet, stubborn putting aside of all self-interest to be admirable beyond wording. And indeed it is an event which, occurring as it does in the so constantly overcolored history of Virginia, quite frankly staggers me, because one does not at all know what to say about it with a proper flamboyance.

For it did happen, attestedly; it seems to me a most noteworthy happening; and yet by no stretch of the imagination, or through any athletics in the way of rhetoric, can it be made a romantic happening. "On

October 2, 1865, in the presence of the trustees, professors and students, after a prayer by the Rev. W. S. White, Robert E. Lee took the oath of office as required by the laws of the College, and was thus legally inaugurated as its president." Not even a Virginian can very well romanticize any proceedings so humdrum.

Nor did you romanticize them. You quite simply and in a wholly matter-of-fact manner did that which seemed right to you, "for the benefit of mankind and the honor of God."

3

IT IS through this unbending and invincible and even somewhat stolid integrity that you have become divided from the other leaders in the War Between the States, upon both sides; for to no one of them, upon either side, was a judicious amount of compromise and of self-advancement wholly unknown — after, at any rate, the war had ended. Each one of them then did, in one way or another, make use of his famousness as an asset which, to phrase the affair bluntly, he cashed in at the best market value obtainable.

There was no blame involved. Such was, and such remains, the customary practice of all leaders after all wars. But you, with a heroic obtuseness, did not know how to compromise; and you went to what we, your successors and your inferiors in the present-day State of Virginia, cannot but regard as somewhat fantastic lengths, in order to prevent your celebrity from becoming a source of income.

You thus seem to move among your contemporaries, if not quite as a perceptibly un-Puckish changeling, at least like a foreigner; and I imagine that, just somehow, an elderly Roman of the Republic may have wandered into the middle of the nineteenth century. I then check these irresponsible fancies. I resolve to be the one Southerner who does not babble about you balderdash. You were so far human, I remind myself that you developed during the latter years of your life an embarrassing habit about which rumor yet whispers; one hears that your last words required to be edited; my own grandfather used to solace your undignified groanings when you had rheumatism; and if only Mary Custis Lee had combined a quiet, quite firm stand with a few frozen observations as to what already she had put up with, over and yet over again, why, then you would have surrendered, I imagine, like most other husbands.

Even so, Sir, I cannot avoid remarking the un-Christian and beneficent manner in which you denied to your final years that customary solace of the retired warrior, alike in victory and defeat, of producing his memoirs, in which to expose unflinchingly their writer's grandeur of soul and to acknowledge, with a manly regret, the stupidity and the viciousness of his competitors and adversaries. That you did come rather perilously close to writing a book about

the War Between the States, there is no denying. Even upon the sheer brink of bespotting in this way your unique glory with printers' ink did you pause during the latter half of 1865, when temporarily you had been divorced from discretion by a desire "that the bravery and devotion of the Army of Northern Virginia [may] be correctly transmitted to posterity." And one flinches to conjecture what would have been the result if you had addressed toward posterity at large that amicably heavy-handed instructiveness which was far better reserved for the tiny classrooms of Washington College.

But accident, or your infirm health, or the lack of authentic data, or else (as one very much prefers to think) those unlimited funds of common sense such as you displayed always in dealing with any matter which did not threaten to beget your self-advancement, adverted you from blundering into the barren, and dreary, and the necessarily forever dubious, verbose quagmires of self-justification and of special pleading into which, a while later, floundered Jefferson Davis and most of the other surviving overlords of the Lost Cause and — how far more calamitously! — the shrill widows of them who had not survived.

Here I am tempted. I am moved to speak about that loud locust-plague of deplorable volumes emanating from the households of your former generals and army chaplains which, during the late 1860's and throughout the next twenty-five years or thereabouts, in attempting to belaud the Confederacy, so very nearly succeeded, through their writers' naïve egotism and their mutual jealousy, in convincing mankind in general that the Confederacy must have been organized and controlled by the mentally handicapped.

But instead of being thus foolhardy, I prefer to borrow, very cautiously, from my adroit sage friend, Douglas Freeman, the reserved statement, "Perhaps it is well that General Lee did not write his memorial of his Army."

I, to the other side, — as being not quite an historian who regards the income earned by his books with an indifference wholly glacial, — I cannot but marvel over the opportunities which, hereabouts also, you ignored, in the approved manner of Virginia, politely, without any comment. If you had written your memoirs, or had you connived in a stratagem not unknown among military circles, of merely signing your memoirs, you overnight would have become affluent. As Stephen Benét has remarked, "Every Southern family would have bought that book, if it had to starve to do so." And very nearly every Northern family would have purchased it likewise, because of somewhat different motives, during those late 1860's, when you remained — as with an immortal mildness you acknowledged the ever recurrent demand for your imprisonment and execution — "an object of censure to a portion of the country."

Nor would your book's foreign sales have been less than unprecedented. Like Mrs. Calvin Ellis Stowe,

your contemporary, who under the regrettable influence of intuition wrote, in Brunswick, Maine, a book devoted for the most part to life in an unvisited Louisiana, — that very famous treatise which she called *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and to which you beyond doubt must have accorded a "perusal," — you also might have flourished in every known language which ranks, alphabetically, between the Armenian and the Wallachian. And you refused, you refused with an equable and courteous finality, thus to flourish.

You had reached late middle life. Your health had failed. You were, like all other Virginians then living in Virginia, as poor as that perhaps fabulous fowl to which Virginians refer without any specified Biblical warrant as "Job's blue turkey hen." The world awaited your memoirs. Many publishers pleaded for your memoirs. You had merely to authorize the appearance of your memoirs in order to ensure your life's future material welfare. You did not even have to be at pains to write your memoirs; for hundreds upon hundreds of your loyal adorers would have performed for you this taskwork with a delighted gratitude. Your name would sell the results; but you were not willing to sell your name.

Daily, during those bitter years when carpetbaggers reigned in Virginia, you thus faced with a polite stubbornness all temptings to advance your own private welfare. In order to win affluence and applause and every other agreeability of life, you had merely to do nothing. You had only not to thrust away that which your circumstances now proffered to you with a devoted and incessant profusion. Yet you declined to be pampered by fortune. You hard-headedly preferred to sacrifice, to your own ideas about honor, your private welfare.

So then did it fall about that, always with a courteous but unshaken finality, you refused to accept any benefits whatever which were offered to you because of your part in the War Between the States, a war in which always your part had been, quite simply and quite explicitly, and indeed with a sort of prosaic humbleness, to defend the rights of your mother state

against violation. A gentleman, so you quietly contended, does not either expect or take a reward for having attempted to save his mother from being raped.

A creed so improvident was not universal in your own day, and it has become so much more incomprehensible, to our later times, that even your most sympathetic biographers still cast about for some further motives to prompt you. But I do not think that any common-sense motives were needed, so far as went your decision in a matter which touched your sense of honor; and to purvey them through guesswork seems rather like suggesting that a son in defending his mother may have been actuated, yet furthermore, by his belief that the assailant had a venereal disease.

That I begin to speak with magniloquence, and become a prey to the illogic of lofty emotions, I observe with discomfort. Very vainly, through a desire to be the one Southerner who does not babble about you balderdash, had I resolved to address you with your own equanimity. It cannot be done — or at least not by any Virginian. And so, when I attempt to think about you as you appeared in the body, and to appraise you as being a conscientious and somewhat ponderous, quiet-spoken and gray-bearded and stoop-shouldered Confederate veteran, such as in my youth I knew by scores, the affair does not come off. For my blood warms to you, betrayingly; and reason, defeated by atavism, quits the field.

You were General Lee; you might have done this, that, or the other, it may be, with more wisdom or with a larger profit; but there is no living Virginian who can convince himself of the possibility. We prefer instead to revere you; should your career reveal any mistakes or shortcomings, why, then we stand ready to revere them also; for in remembering you, we believe, with a loyalty which we of Virginia do not accord to any other person, "that the man who had done the best of which he had knowledge could leave the rest to God." Nor, in the event of an unfavorable decision, is it with Jehovah, Sir, that your people would be siding.



SIEGFRIED AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES

by SIEGFRIED SASSOON

1

TOWARDS the end of September, 1918, I received a letter from Eddie Marsh in which he asked me to come to London as soon as I was well enough. I stayed four nights with Eddie in Gray's Inn, diverting myself with a series of lunches and dinners at which I met several distinguished people for the first time, among them being Lytton Strachey, Maurice Baring, Edith Sitwell, and Desmond MacCarthy.

On the second evening I went to the Waldorf Hotel, where I was to have lunch with a young officer of my regiment. We had been together in the spring offensive of 1917, and I had good reason to know how imperturbable he could be under the most unpleasant conditions. He had lost an arm, but was the same smooth-haired, whimsical philosopher as ever. Bad though those days had been, he remarked — when we were halfway through a bottle of “bubbly” — it had been an improvement on a lot of the aimless things one did in peacetime. Some of the best men had gone west, but he was thankful to have known them. Fixing his monocle, he observed that he'd rather be out in France than with most of the civilian birds at the tables around us. Falling in with his humor, I agreed that there was a lot to be said for the ups and downs of active service.

We then adjourned to the Coliseum and saw the ballet *Carnival*. At that time the Russian Ballet was giving single performances in the variety program. On this occasion we remained till the end, and by then I was conscious of having done about enough for one day. By my present standard of controlled and discreetly assimilative experiencing, I certainly had! But I'd come to London for liveliness, and had been assiduously overentertaining myself all the week. To be dining with Maynard Keynes at his club was,

of course, an agreeable occasion, and need not have tired me if I'd talked less and given myself an hour's rest beforehand. I had got to know him through Philip Morrell and his wife, Lady Ottoline Morrell. As he was a highly important figure in the Treasury, I felt that I was in contact with national affairs, though he made no parade of his eminence and was charmingly friendly.

It was after dinner that the exertions of the day began to tell on me. We went to the Russian Ballet. This time it was *Cleopatra*, which had such a stimulating effect on my emotions that I afterwards wrote a poem about it. By itself, the Ballet would have been a respite from fatigue. But further social efforts were demanded of me, for Lady Ottoline was there with Lytton Strachey, Roger Fry, Mark Gertler, and several others. We all went behind to see the leading dancers, and by the time that was over I had a splitting headache and seemed to have been living in a disordered dream where Lady Ottoline, in one of her hugest headgears, towered above Massine and Idzikovsky, who were much smaller in real life than on the stage.

Such was my rather overwrought condition when I went on to Half Moon Street for the very special purpose of saying good-bye to Robbie Ross, who was about to leave England for several months in order to give the Melbourne Art Gallery the benefit of his expert advice. He had told me that he would be spending the evening alone, as his preparations for departure had worried and overtired him. I found him sitting at his table reading a little red-bound Bible. He explained that he wasn't getting ready to meet his Maker; he had a fondness for the Old Testament because it had such a lot of good stories in it. I lit my pipe and began to feel more like relaxing. It was therefore most unfortunate that Charles Scott-Moncrieff should have chosen this moment to come in, bringing with him a tall, thin youth whose name meant nothing to us.

I had met Moncrieff a few times before and had tried to get on with him as he was an intimate friend of Robbie's. But he had never liked me, and had shown it by reviewing *The Old Huntsman* with unconcealed acrimony. Knowing that he was in the hospital badly wounded (he was lame for the rest

English poet and novelist, SIEGFRIED SASSOON served for four and one-half years in the First World War as an infantry officer. He was twice wounded and was decorated with the Military Cross. In 1917, when he was invalided back to England, he publicly denounced the horror and wantonness of warfare, and in 1920 he made a very real impact upon this country with his poems of protestation. His first prose work, *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, was published in 1928; it was followed in 1930 by *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*. He has just completed a new volume of his reminiscences, *Siegfried's Journey, 1916-1920*, from which the *Atlantic* is privileged to draw two illuminating portions.

of his life), I artfully responded by writing to congratulate him on the Military Cross he had been awarded. He had sent me a graciously apologetic reply; but in spite of this he now seemed as surly as ever. I knew that before long we should be at loggerheads about something, with poor Robbie trying in vain to mend matters. Moncrieff had a scholarly and rather pedantic mind, and my impetuous and often ill-considered opinions about poetry never failed to aggravate him. I must add that in after years I became fully grateful to him for his masterly translations of Proust; but friendship cannot be sustained by Proust alone. Meanwhile disagreement was avoided. He sat by the fire conversing glumly with Robbie.

The "boy actor" with him — for such he had announced himself to be — was being almost excessively appreciative to me about my war poems, telling me that he had quite lately read them aloud to a lady novelist while lying on the rocks in Cornwall. This only annoyed me. I was feeling too much "on the rocks" myself, and his behavior struck me as too gushing. It became evident, also, that his effusiveness made an unfavorable impression on Robbie, who, for once, lacked his usual liveliness as host.

I had now reached a condition of nervous irritability in which I was capable of contradicting everything I believed in, and some of my remarks to Moncrieff were, no doubt, unpardonably petulant. But the youthful stranger rattled brightly on, making smart remarks, which I considered cheap. There were several copies of *Counter-attack* on Robbie's table, one of which I sourly inscribed for him at his request. His name — I can no longer conceal it — was Noel Coward. I must hasten to qualify this account of him by saying that our episodic and too infrequent meetings during his brilliantly successful career have been entirely delightful and stimulating. When I subsequently reminded him of that first encounter, he went so far as to exclaim that he "must have been pretty shattering." But even then he was the only sprightly element in an otherwise shattering hour which ended in my confessing that my head was splitting.

2

ON November 5 I went again to London to stay a night with Eddie Marsh, who had asked me to dine at the Savoy to meet a somewhat distinguished Colonel. My career as an officer was at an end; for, although not officially "placed on the retired list" until the following March, I received no further order to report myself for duty. In his letter, Eddie had merely told me that this Colonel had done wonderful things in the Hejaz campaign (about which I was quite hazy, though I had often focused my field glasses on the distant mountains of Moab while in Palestine during the previous March and April).

When arriving at the Savoy I expected to find a conventional military character with whom I should have little in common; so the small, fair-haired,

youthful-looking person to whom I was presented came as a surprise. His demeanor was reticent and precise. Evidently unwilling to be drawn out about his military exploits, he inscrutably dissolved my shyness and led me on to tell him about my own interests. Eddie, however, directed the conversation towards Arabia, and before long we were talking about C. M. Doughty. It was his poetry rather than his prose that we discussed, and the first time the Colonel laughed was when I described how I had once written to inform the author of *The Dawn in Britain* that I had read his epic "all through." He expressed a strong preference for Doughty's dramatic poem *Adam Cast Forth*, a strange, contorted work of genius which had impressed me deeply when it appeared, almost unheeded, ten years before.

It turned out that the Colonel had also corresponded with Doughty, and had actually been to see him. It was apparent that he wanted to talk only about men of letters. Henry James was another one who cropped up in our talk, allowing Eddie to delight us with anecdotal reminiscences, including his ever-green imitation of the great man enunciating — with immense effort — one of his convoluted sentences.

Much perplexed by the personality of the Hejaz celebrity, I reached a point when, emboldened by good wine, I looked across the table and exclaimed, "What I can't understand is how you come to be a Colonel!" In after years I realized that I could hardly have said anything more likely to please and divert T. E. Lawrence — for he, of course, it was. Subsequently there was some talk about politics and peace settlements. Eddie spoke with a strong bias against President Wilson, whom I still regarded as the heaven-sent leader of the Allied nations. Lawrence reserved his opinion, demurely remarking that Wilson wanted to give Mesopotamia to Portugal.

The impression left on me by Lawrence was of a pleasant, unassuming person who preferred to let other people do most of the talking. As he often did, he was subduing that power of stimulation which could lift others above and beyond their habitual plane of thought and action by communicating his mysterious and superlative vital energy. Had I been told that I was meeting one of the most extraordinary beings I should ever know and idolize, I should have refused to believe it. He was, I briefly informed my diary, "the Hejaz general, a little Oxford archaeologist, who admires Doughty and called him 'a Viking.'"

A few weeks later, however, Society was agog about him and his romantic military adventures. An intrepidly enterprising hostess buttonholed me at a party with a wildly hopeful eye, exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. Sassoon, I hear you know Colonel Lawrence. Can't you bring him to lunch? I'm longing to talk to him about *Arabia Deserta* and all that!" But she might as well have asked me to produce the King of the Cannibal Islands, even if I'd felt like contributing to her menagerie!

It now seems odd and almost incredible that while

in Lawrence's company I should have said nothing about Thomas Hardy. How, I wonder, did I get through the evening without it somehow transpiring that I was on the eve of an inaugural visit to Hardy at Max Gate? How, on the other hand, could I have guessed that Lawrence honored him — as I did — beyond any other living writer (although it was not until 1923 that he became, probably, the most admired and valued friend of Hardy's last years)?

My own association with Hardy had begun early in 1917, when I wrote to ask him to accept the dedication of *The Old Huntsman*. In doing this I had been encouraged by my uncle Hamo Thornycroft's having known him for many years, and by the fact that Edmund Gosse had assured me that the request would give pleasure to "True Thomas," as he called him. Since then I had received half a dozen letters from him, in which he had shown considerable interest in me and liking for my work. When I was about to return to the front, at the beginning of 1918, I had sent him a photograph of Glyn Philpot's portrait of me, feeling that to be there in effigy was better than nothing, especially as I might be dead before I had an opportunity of visiting him in person.

The photograph had reached him in advance of my explanation. In acknowledging it he had written, "We divined it to be you, but I was not quite certain, till a friend told us positively only a day before your letter came. It has been standing in my writing-room calmly overlooking a hopeless chaos of scribbler's litter. I shall be so glad to see you walk in some day."

3

My spirits were in fine fettle while I traveled towards Dorchester in bright, frosty weather. Naturally, my mind was full of speculations as to how far the Mr. Hardy of Max Gate would harmonize with the writer whose works I had absorbed so fruitfully. But — as in one of his most beautiful lyrics —

What could bechance at Lyonesse
While I should sojourn there
No prophet durst declare.

For in spite of his letters to me I still looked on him as such an eminent and almost legendary figure that it was puzzling to imagine oneself with him in any ordinary human relationship. He was seventy-eight, too, and I could only approach him agape with veneration. I had a notion that he was a modest sort of man; and Mr. Gosse had told me that, of all the famous writers he had known, Hardy was the least likely to say anything which one remembered afterwards.

The nearest I had got to picturing him "in real life" was through an anecdote of Robbie Ross's. He had described how, more than twenty years before, he had spent a rather dull evening with the Hardys at a flat they had taken in Kensington. He had been discussing with Mr. Hardy the methods by which authors overcame the laborious process of writing

their books. Mr. Hardy having remarked that he had written one of his early novels on his knees, Robbie wittily replied, "We read it on our knees." Whereupon the late Mrs. Hardy had exclaimed in reproving tones, "Don't flatter Mr. Hardy in that foolish way!"

This wasn't much to go on, and I felt that the first Mrs. Hardy would have taken a similar view of my own mental attitude to her husband. I had left London soon after midday, but my bemused condition caused me to remain in the wrong part of the train, which was left behind at Bournemouth. So I had to go on by a slow one, preceded by an apologetic telegram. Next day I wrote as follows in my notebook:—

November 7th. Arrived 6.45 in darkness. Horse cab rumbled up to porch of small house among trees. Found little old gentleman in front of fire in candle-lit room; small wife with back turned doing something to a bookcase. Both seemed shy, and I felt large and hearty. First impression of T.H. was that his voice is worn and slightly discordant, but that was only while he was nervous. Afterwards it was unstrained, gently vivacious, and when he spoke with feeling — finely resonant. Frail and rather wizard-like in the candle-shine and dim room, with his large round head, immense brow, and beaky nose, he was not unlike the "Max" [Beerbohm] caricature, but more bird-like. He knelt by the log fire for a bit, still rather shy. They both gained confidence, and then there was a charming little scene of "which room is he in, dear?" "The west room, my dear," though of course he must have known. He lit me up the narrow staircase with a silver candlestick, quite nimble and not at all like a man of almost eighty. Already I felt at ease with him. (I think he had feared that I should be a huge swell and come down to dinner in a white waistcoat. That Philpot portrait is so misleadingly Byronic!)

I had arrived on a Wednesday, and stayed until midday on Friday. "Both days were bright and frosty. T.H. became more lovable all the time. A great and simple man." That was all I found time to say in my diary (though I might well have added a few words in praise of Florence Hardy, who was always the best of friends to me). In one of his letters he had told me that he didn't know how he should have endured the suspense of this evil time if it were not for the sustaining power of poetry. And it was mainly of poets and poetry that we talked.

It was the beginning of a genuine friendship, and of my experience of his vitality and mental resilience. The door of his mind always remained open to the ideas and speculations of the young. Those of my generation were his new hope for that war-weary world in whose sane reconstruction he did his best to believe. Thus I soon found myself forgetting the disparity of years and achievement that divided us. He was enlivened by my exuberant youngness, and enjoyed being with me because we could always drop into a comfortable chat about quite ordinary matters. It may be said that I gained his confidence by not trying to seem clever and through my interest in

everyday humanity. He liked good talk, of course, but preferred people not to be vividly intellectual at the tea table. What I was offered at Max Gate was homeliness. On that basis we discussed Shakespeare and Shelley, Keats and Browning, with uncritical gratitude for their glories. When I asked him why "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?" is such a memorable poem, he replied, "Because Browning wrote from his heart."

Meanwhile I was learning a lesson which has leavened my imperfections ever since. He was giving me a demonstration of the simplicity of true greatness. By this I do not mean that he was simple, when viewed apart from his writings, though his modesty sometimes misled superficial observers into thinking so. This modesty was instinctive and quite unaffected. For example, he once remarked to me, with one of his wistful little sighs, that he didn't suppose he'd have bothered to write *The Dynasts* if he could have foreseen the Great War. The comment may have been only half serious; yet no one but he could have made it. It was impossible to imagine him talking for effect, and he was adroit at declining to be drawn out by visitors angling for oracular utterances.

J. M. Barrie had a story of him at the Savile Club, where the secret of style was being discussed by a group of writers. When all the others had set forth their views, Hardy was unable to produce any explanation except some quite trivial remark. He was interested in cleverness but not attracted by it. The homely strength and ripe integrity of his nature were somehow apparent in his avoidance of the brilliant and unusual. When he did say something profound, he contrived to make it seem quite ordinary. He was, in fact, a wise and unworldly man who had discarded intellectual and personal vanity. He has described himself as "a private man," which merely meant that he liked to live quietly, shunning active competition with his contemporaries. He regarded authorship as an unobtrusive occupation rather than a struggle to attract attention. He had written his novels to earn a livelihood. He wrote poetry to please himself, and even in 1918 was not fully aware of the admiration for his verse prevalent among other poets, both old and young.

Anyhow, what I carried away from Max Gate, both then and thereafter, was an impressive awareness that Hardy — who was, as I remarked to myself, "the nearest thing to Shakespeare I should ever go for a walk with" — had no vestige of vanity and wore his illustrious laurels with no more concern about them than if they had been his hat. The pessimism which has often been imputed to him was, in his own words, merely "the sad science of renunciation." In spite of what Meredith called his "twilight view of life," he was not a melancholy man. He had a normal sense of humor and could be charmingly gay. The bitterness in his writings was meditative and impersonal. He was disappointed rather than disillusioned in his attitude to life. Instinctively

compassionate, he had suffered deeply through the apparently fortuitous victimization and injustice in many human happenings.

I was often astonished by an octogenarian agility and quickness which matched his alertness of mind, and can remember how, at eighty-four, when discussing some variant reading in Shakespeare, he went up to his study to fetch his facsimile edition of the First Folio. As he re-entered the room with it under his arm, I realized that he must have run both ways — had at any rate performed his errand at a lively trot! His movements were brisk, purposeful, and compact. He always chose a straight-backed chair to sit in, and carried himself with an almost military erectness. Seen in a strong light, he looked all his age — a bird-like ancient whose monumental head might well have belonged to some worthy Mayor of Dorchester.

Hobnobbing with him of an evening, I could almost forget that he was anything more than a dear and delightful old country gentleman. But I have watched him when he was in shadow and repose and have held my breath in contemplation of what seemed the wisdom of the ages in human form. For that time-trenched face in the flicker of firelight was genius made visible, superhuman in its mystery and magnificence. This was the face of the life-seer who had transmuted the Wessex country into a cosmogony of his imagination, who had humanized it and revealed its unrecorded meanings and showings with patient power and mastery of half-tones and subdued colors, who had learned the secret of underemphasized radiance and the rich significance of shadows, overhearing the semitones of sounds in nature, and observing the qualities and characteristics of his native country until he had made them all one with the English heritage of recreated life.

Here was the real Hardy, unmeasurable by intellectual standards, who will haunt the civilized consciousness of our race when the age he lived in has become remote as the Roman occupation of Britain. He was sitting with one arm around his old friend "Wessex" — that unruly and vociferous sheepdog whom he has enshrined in a poem. But when he gazed down at "Wessie" he ceased to be Merlin. The face of the wizard became suffused with gentle compassion for all living creatures, whom he longed to defend against the chance of injustice and calamity of earthly existence.

4

FROM Max Gate I journeyed to Garsington, the Morrells' home, where I had been invited to stay as long as I liked. Reading the papers in the train, I must have found plentiful historic reportings to distract me from observing "the Hardy country" through which I was traveling. But for some reason I am unable to bring to mind how it felt to be living through that final week of the war, which was made

memorable for me in other ways. This process continued next day, for Lady Ottoline had arranged that I should go to lunch with the Masefields.

There had been no previous communication between Masefield and me. I was, of course, eager to know him; and there was the added excitement of hearing that he would be taking me to call on the Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges. Everything seemed to be happening at once, I thought, while making my way towards Abingdon in cold, sunny weather on a borrowed bicycle. The distance, however, proved greater than I'd calculated, and it took me so long to get up Boar's Hill that I arrived, perturbed and perspiring, some time after they had finished lunch. Masefield brought me a steaming plate of roast mutton and potatoes, and my equanimity was soon restored by his serene and unassuming manners.

While swallowing my meal, I told him how I had been to stay with Hardy. His courteous and deliberative replies must have been an amusing contrast to my impetuous utterances, which in those days had a habit of falling over one another almost before I had decided what I intended to say. Anyhow, while he listened and concurred, with downward glances and gentle deference, I felt conscious of giving him pleasure by my presence and was much exhilarated by the cordiality of the occasion.

In other words, we got on famously, and I felt quite sorry when our talk was interrupted by his reminding me that it was time to make a move in the direction of the Laureate. During the short walk to Chilswell he told me that since the house burned down Bridges had been living in the gardener's cottage. Having heard that he was likely to be abrupt and even arrogant towards newcomers, I was rather nervous. But I had loved his poetry ever since I was twenty, and nothing could have been more decorously deferential than my state of mind when we entered the cottage.

My first view of his magnificent bard-like head and fine patrician features was a pleasantly impressive recognition of the portrait frontispiece to his *Collected Poems*. Masefield having pronounced my name with dulcet distinctness, I meekly awaited the response. There was, however, no welcome in the way he looked at me, nor did he stir from his chair. After an awkward pause he told us to sit down. Then, having inquired of Masefield whether there was any credibility in the report that the German Emperor had abdicated, he glowered in my direction and gruffly made one of the most surprising remarks I have experienced. "What did you say his name was — Siegfried Digweed?"

Masefield met this embarrassing situation by repeating my name with submissive politeness. Personally I was so taken aback that I wasn't even capable of realizing that we had been so unlucky as to find the Laureate in one of his grumpiest moods. There was, however, an element of absurdity in the episode, which saved me from feeling completely crushed, especially when I caught Masefield's eye.

(The name Digweed, by the way, is to be found in the letters of Jane Austen. The Digweeds were neighbors of her family at Steventon and Chawton. There was a certain Mrs. Digweed of whom she often makes gentle fun.)

I had innocently expected to hear the Poet Laureate discourse about literature. But he had other matters in mind and was resolved to ventilate them. His main theme was "those Socialists," in whom he found nothing to applaud and much to admonish. He was particularly severe on German Socialists. "Look at them!" he exclaimed, showing us a row of photographs in some newspaper which had predicted possible ingredients for a democratic government in Germany. "Did you ever see such a parcel of pudding-faced dullards?" he added, with the slight retardation of his consonants which wasn't exactly a stammer.

We were obliged to agree that, as human types, they showed little promise of refinement or intelligence. Meanwhile I wondered why I should be hectored like this; for it seemed that his remarks were aimed at me as a reprehensible supporter of Socialist opinions and that he had awaited my arrival with the intention of taking me down a few pegs! And although he mellowed towards me afterwards, I departed with a disappointingly unfavorable first impression, for which I could hardly be blamed.

Seen in the light of subsequent experience of him, it was all quite characteristic. He was proud, self-conscious, and often aggressively intolerant. There was something of the self-contradictory schoolboy about him. (When presenting himself at the Palace to receive the Laureateship, he remarked to the lord in waiting that he "didn't want any of their Stars and Garters," an assertion which was afterwards rewarded — most deservedly — with the Order of Merit.) It was, I think, his unrestrained naturalness which caused these somewhat petulant exhibitions of rudeness. He hated pomposity and consistently refused to stand on his dignity. And this same naturalness was the mainspring of his geniality, which could be glorious. One who knew him well has described him as "delightfully grumpy." "He mentions thing after thing which is commonly believed and says that of course it's not so. He's always right. His intellect has been so completely self-indulged that it now can't understand rubbish."

He wasn't "always right." I have heard him dismiss the works of Landor — with whom he had affinities — as "rather bosh." But, once one understood him, there was no need to declare that his nobility of mind atoned for his inurbanities of behavior. In his writings he showed splendid control of self and spirit, undeviating devotion to his art, and the gracious purity of one who "uttered nothing base." In the man there was an unreserved and abundant humanity, and no one but a fool could fail to love him for it. The "Digweed" episode was the only time I saw Robert Bridges in a bad humor.

During the next ten years I was not with him of-

ten, but I can claim that he liked me, and my admiration for him ripened to affection. He will always be among the living dead whom I have known and honored. Remembering him as he appeared on that November afternoon, I mildly rebuke my young self for not understanding that this was a man of high courage and sensibility, remarkably vigorous at seventy-four, who had endured several years of brooding inactive melancholy, and had also had his comfortable house burned down. It should have occurred to me that he had suffered in spirit. As it was, I resented his war talk and thought him a bigoted reactionary. Not long afterwards he made a magnanimous public gesture of reconciliation towards German men of

learning and letters. And while staying with him some years later, I discovered in his library an anti-German book and was touched by finding that he had erased the word *Hun* throughout, substituting *German*.

Meanwhile I left Masefield playing a twilight game of hide-and-seek in his garden with his two children and one of the Bridges girls. Bicycling easily back to Garsington I drew comparisons between Max Gate and Chilswell, which ended in a decision that no two illustrious septuagenarians could be more different. But I'd had such a long day that in contrasting them I got no deeper than the fact that T.H. was a non-smoker, while Bridges puffed a full-flavored pipe.



DR. JOHNSON'S WATERFALL

by HELEN BEVINGTON

"I have been only once at the waterfall which I
found doing as it used to do, and came away."

— LETTER TO MRS. THRALL

It WAS, I think, a quiet waterfall,
No tumbling, showy spectacle at all —
An orderly attraction, whose small rush
Was modestly devoid of zeal, or gush.
It drew, by popular repute or not,
A small excursion party to the spot,
Who, in the fashion of that classic time,
Asked not of Nature that it be sublime
But that, unlike the deluge at Lodore,
There be a waterfall — and nothing more.

While in their midst a Poet came and went,
Yet the stream kept its moderate descent,
In truth a course so regular, we learn
It was descending thus on his return.
For poets will revisit, and did he,
Less to explore the wonder properly
Than to recapture the occasion past,
The friends, the London gossip, and at last
The seemly pause, when whose polite "Oh, rare"
Apprised them that the waterfall was there.

Then faithfully the Poet sent the tale
Of his nostalgic quest to Mrs. Thrall,
Of the lone vigil, closing as he wrote
To his dear lady on a Nature note,
A cautious witness at the Sight they knew
"Which I found doing as it used to do,
And," added Dr. Johnson, "came away."
It was a tranquil waterfall, I say —
One never rippled by the fevered roar
Of those capricious waters at Lodore!

MONTAIGNE IN AMERICA

by THEODORE SPENCER

1

A committee room in an American university. Eight p.m. The University Committee on Humanism and Society is seated around a table. The committee consists of Dean A (Chairman) and Professors B, C, D, and E. There is an empty chair opposite Dean A.

DEAN A: Before we begin this evening's business, gentlemen, I should like to explain to our new member, Professor E, our method of procedure, which is not, I believe, generally known to the faculty as a whole. Our purpose, however, you do know: it is to discuss the significance of the great thinkers of the past for contemporary American education in general and for the undergraduates of this university in particular. To help us accomplish our purpose the President has given us extraordinary powers. When any one of us is doubtful as to the value and wisdom of the ideas presented by a given author of the past, we are enabled, by a method which I will not waste your time in explaining, to summon before us the actual author whose work we are considering.

PROFESSOR E: The actual author! In person?

DEAN A: Yes; in person. It saves us a great deal of trouble. This evening we have planned to discuss the work of Montaigne. Most of us agree about Montaigne's wisdom and common sense, but Professor C — who, as you know, is a member of both the Department of Sociology and the School of Education — feels very strongly that Montaigne's work should be removed from our list of selected books. We have therefore decided to exercise the powers the President has given us, and in a moment I will invite Montaigne to join us. Unfortunately, however, the President's powers are not unlimited, and our visitor will be allowed to stay only fifty minutes; I must therefore ask you to make your discussion as brief and as pertinent as possible. Are you ready, gentlemen? (*They are all ready.*) Good. Then I will put out the lights for the usual period.

He puts out the lights. The room is dark for forty-five seconds. When the lights are turned on, Montaigne, aged fifty-eight, is seated in the empty chair.

DEAN A: Good evening, sir. I believe you have

already been informed as to why we have asked you to join us?

MONTAIGNE: Yes, thank you, I have. I congratulate you on the excellence of your arrangements. What would you like to ask me?

DEAN A: Perhaps I had better begin at the beginning. I can put it very simply: we are looking for wisdom. We are, in this university, and I think it is true of our country as a whole, somewhat in the position of the man in the Gospel: we say, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." We are convinced that our way of life is basically sound, that democracy, freedom of speech, freedom of thought, all the other freedoms that are necessary to the good life, must be maintained.

But at the same time we are frightened. We are afraid that those freedoms, if and when they are secured, won't be rightly or justly used. We want a foundation on which to build them. We want to give the people in this country, and eventually all the people who live on this planet, a common basis of knowledge, a common sense of values, a common will for right action, so that they can live happily together, communicate generously with one another, act intelligently for the common interest, and be tolerant and productive. We feel that economic security, world organizations, mutual expressions of good will, though essential, are not enough.

We believe that we must rely, not only on the wisdom of our own generation, but on the wisdom of the past, without which our own wisdom may be thin and superficial. Our problem has recently been well stated by Mr. T. S. Eliot: "In our age, when men seem more than ever prone to confuse wisdom with knowledge, and knowledge with information, and try to solve problems of life in terms of engineering, there is coming into existence a new kind of provincialism which perhaps deserves a new name. It is a provincialism, not of space, but of time; one for which history is merely the chronicle of human devices which have served their turn and been scrapped, one for which the world is the property solely of the living, a property in which the dead hold no shares."

That is the provincialism which we are anxious to overcome, and it is for this reason that we are considering with as much care as possible the writers of

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the past who, like yourself, have helped to form our view of what makes a wise human being. Naturally there has been some disagreement among us as to which writers and thinkers can be most useful to us, and when such disagreement has occurred, we have invited the writers concerned to appear before us and to expound their views.

PROFESSOR C: You have stated our problem, A, with your usual clarity, but I think it's only fair to M. de Montaigne to say at once that, in my opinion, the reading of his essays can do much more harm than good to any youthful mind.

MONTAIGNE: I appreciate your frankness, Professor C, but you surprise me. I should have thought myself the most harmless person on earth.

PROFESSOR C: That's just the trouble. You give the impression of urbanity, of ease, of harmlessness, and yet your attitude to life, and the influence it has exerted, have been — I don't think I use too strong a word — mainly destructive.

MONTAIGNE: Destructive of what? Of vanity, pretension, lying, violence? If so, I plead guilty to the charge with pleasure.

PROFESSOR C: No, sir, that's not what I mean. It goes much deeper than that. You are a skeptic —

MONTAIGNE: I have been called so by others; I never applied that word to myself. At one stage in my career, to be sure —

PROFESSOR C: You are a skeptic. Now there are certain periods in the history of civilization in which skepticism is important, even necessary; I will grant you that your own period was perhaps one of them. You preached the gospel of doubt to a conceited generation; you broke down human pretensions and attacked human pride. It was a worthy gesture —

MONTAIGNE: More than a gesture, my friend.

PROFESSOR C: And it was extremely effective. But what good can you do now? What help can you give to a generation that is already so skeptical as a result of its own experience that it doesn't need your insidiously convincing arguments to be converted — a generation that suffers not from pride but from fear? We do not need to have our noses rubbed in the dirt, to be compared, unfavorably, with foxes, horses, and dogs; we find it only too easy to make those comparisons ourselves.

The youth of your generation was brought up to believe that man was the sole aim of creation, and that the laws he lived under were laws made by God for his peculiar benefit. That was, of course, a very arrogant view, and at the time you did right to attack it. When you said that only the individual was worth thinking about, and that no generalizations were true, you said something that needed saying — in the sixteenth century. But it does not need saying now; we are at the opposite end of the swing of the pendulum. And that's why I say that you and your ideas should have no place in our education or our society.

MONTAIGNE: What you tell me is nothing new; my essays were put on the Index in 1676. But forgive my

interruption; you have doubtless more to say, and I should like to hear your full indictment before I try to reply to it.

2

PROFESSOR C: You are quite right, sir, in assuming that I think there is more than your skepticism that can be considered irrelevant or even harmful to our present generation. In the first place, you were an aristocrat; you inherited plenty of money, and you married more. That gave you an opportunity to indulge your intellectual whims without considering whether or not other human beings were in a position to do the same thing. Even though you were, for four years, Mayor of Bordeaux, and at times throughout your life were involved in politics, nevertheless your own comfortable library was what mattered to you most, and you were protected from disturbance and responsibility whenever you wanted to escape them.

In that ivory tower of yours you wrote your essays, always focused more and more on your own ideas, your own personality, even on your fondness for melons. Your existence was entirely selfish, and its complacent egoism is not mitigated by the charm and humor with which you have described it. A young man or woman who should read your essays at the present day and be sufficiently impressed with them to take your self-indulgence as a model would be cut off from that fructifying intercourse with ordinary human beings without which active wisdom cannot exist.

Furthermore, your essays, particularly the later ones, not only encourage egoism: they discourage ambition. "Others," you say, "study how to elevate their minds and raise them on stilts; I to humble mine and bring it low." You do your best to debase human nature, you discount the possibilities of greatness in the average human being, you admire — or at least you say you do — the ignorance of the peasant more than the wisdom of the philosopher. The virtues you recommend — order, moderation, and constancy — are the tamest virtues that you can think of, and the best advice you can give a man is to tell him to relax. I do not believe in censorship, but I frankly confess I have a great deal of sympathy with the people who put your essays on the Index. I certainly do not think that the slack egoism, the self-satisfied self-contemplation, the lazy and indulgent withdrawal from energy and action, which the essays so temptingly prescribe, should be set as an example before young people whose business is to reconstruct, rather than to undermine, a civilization.

MONTAIGNE: I gather, Professor C, that there are three main reasons for your disapproval of my essays: you dislike my skepticism, my rank in society, and my lack of ambition. The first of these I deny, the second I could not help, and the third I stoutly defend. Perhaps I can best explain myself if I indulge in a little autobiography. A number of recent schol-

ars — including yourself, Professor B — who have flattered me by the devoted attention they have paid to my essays have divided my intellectual career into a period of Stoicism, a period of Skepticism, and a period of something like Epicureanism.

Although it has sometimes been impossible for me not to smile at the rigid earnestness with which they have tried to categorize me, there is, I suppose, a grain of truth in this description of my thinking. My earliest essays, especially before I revised them, contained a certain emphasis on Stoic discipline which I later grew to feel was out of character. And it is true that when, in 1576 (just a century before the precursors of Professor C decided that my essays were spiritually unhealthy), I took for my motto “Que scay-je?” and read with considerable admiration the life of the skeptic Pyrrho and the exposition of the skeptical point of view by Sextus Empiricus, I was fresh from translating, at my father’s request, a singularly bloated and presumptuous work, the *Natural Theology* of Ramón Sabunde. It amused me to destroy the pretensions of Sabunde with the arguments of the skeptics.

It was, in fact, more than an amusement — much more; to destroy human vanity and arrogance by bringing man down to the level of animals and by showing that there was no agreement in the world about any kind of human knowledge was an essential act for me to perform if I was later to establish any true picture of the human situation in terms of the only evidence I could be sure of — namely, my own character. That picture has been called Epicurean; but I did not call it so when I was alive, nor would I call it so now. I was not, like the true Epicurean, an ascetic, and there was more energy in my belief than in that of Epicurus — more energy, certainly, than Professor C would attribute to it.

3

BUT perhaps my intellectual autobiography is not the thing that really concerns us this evening. Perhaps I should go back to Professor C’s emphasis on my rank in society, which seems to invalidate for him so much of what I had to say. I gather that Professor C believes that people like myself, with an inherited income and with a leisure they have not earned by their own efforts, are people who should not exist in your present society, and that in consequence what we have had to say in the past can have no meaning now. That seems to me, if I may say so, a very shallow point of view.

You, Professor C, are no doubt a believer in both progress and democracy. As you know, the concept of progress was to me meaningless, and democracy, in my century, was not an issue; if it had been, I should have pointed out that it has as many dangers as advantages. But let me put myself, for a moment, not in my own century but in yours, and let me try to defend myself as if I were not the Sieur de Montaigne

but a member of your own society. Or let me be even more presumptuous; let me try to see what your century and mine have in common, apart from any material accidents or differences in social structure; let us try to discover whether my reflections about human nature are the result only of my particular privileged leisure, or whether they are the conclusions that any man might come to if my privileges were granted to everyone.

I cannot help thinking that every society needs a few people who will withdraw from the scramble and fuss of daily activity to reflect on what the fuss and scramble mean, and to consider as carefully as possible just what it is in the world and in himself that man has control of. I said just now that neither the concept of progress nor the ideal of democracy has ever meant very much to my thinking; it seemed very improbable to me that man could ever change himself by lifting himself by his own bootstraps, and if it had been suggested to me that this variable creature could, in the mass, ever be trusted to create his own government, I should have turned away with a smile. But if I should take the opposite view, if I should put myself in the position of *defending* progress and democracy, I think I could make a fairly strong case if I said that an attitude to human nature like mine was the attitude toward which progress should lead and which democracy should maintain.

I should say that the leisure which I — one out of a thousand — was able in my own time to enjoy should, according to the theory of progress, be enjoyed eventually by all men. I should say (and I hope you will not think me boastful; you must remember that I am not speaking at the moment for myself) that the kind of tolerance which my rank and my income enabled me to cultivate was an example of the kind of tolerance which in the future could be achieved by everyone; and I should say that if you believe in democracy my kind of tolerance must be the aim of all your education, if your democracy is to have any meaning.

PROFESSOR C: But your kind of tolerance is essentially passive; it’s static; it doesn’t lead anywhere. You accept things as they are, and if you see evil, injustice, or cruelty, all you do is to shrug your shoulders and say, “Things have always been like this; nothing we can do can ever make them better.” What sort of view is that to present to active young men and women?

I grant you that one of the goals of a progressive society is to give to everyone the kind of leisure that you, by an accident of birth, were able to enjoy, when so many of your contemporaries — peasants, workers, and soldiers — had no time for anything but sweating, eating, and sleeping. But if we followed your advice and sat back on our tails, to use your own expression, and contemplated our own personal idiosyncrasies, surely we should be a race of idle egoists, without ambition, without fructifying anger, without sympathy, generosity, or vitality. There would be no leadership, no daring, none of that brave

originality which breaks the molds of convention and creates new life — in art, in science, and in statecraft. No, M. de Montaigne, nothing you have said so far has made me change my original opinion. What you had to say may have been very useful for your own generation; I do not see what use it can be to ours.

PROFESSOR B: And yet, C, M. de Montaigne lived in a time which was less different from our own than you seem to think. Civil war was tearing his country apart, and twice in our generation war has torn our world apart. In both his time and our own, passion has blinded reason, and the fear which is always propagated by violence has threatened to destroy self-respect and individual integrity. It would seem to me, if the essays of M. de Montaigne were studied in their historical context and in the light of our own situation as well, that they would give to our young men and women an example of those unifying conceptions which have been found effective by mankind and which we are seeking to define in our educational program.

MONTAIGNE: Thank you, Professor B, for your high opinion. I do not deserve, I fear, so eloquent a description of my usefulness. Yet, since you mention education, I cannot deny that when I wrote my essays I had some notion of "education" in the back of my mind; "the most difficult and important branch of human knowledge," I once observed, "appears to be that which treats of the rearing and education of children," and in what I had to say on the subject I had the rearing of adults in mind as well. As Professor B has said, mine was a violent age, and I did my best to prove, by example and precept, that the way of violence is not the way of wisdom.

But that my teaching, if teaching it can be called, had mere passivity for its aim, I refuse to admit. My aim was entirely different. When, after the death of Étienne de la Boétie, I looked round at the society in which I lived, I saw no man in possession of himself. Many were violent partisans, accepting without thought the beliefs of their leaders; many were wildly ambitious, hoping to achieve by violent action a satisfaction that always eluded them. I saw little men puffed up by pride, and men with potentialities for greatness too ignorant of themselves to use those potentialities in wise action.

Men lived, as I saw it, outside of themselves; they were always struggling to be something they were not. It seemed to me necessary to bring people back to their senses, to show them their limits, to teach them to know themselves. A number of simple peasants, a few wise men of the past, had achieved that knowledge, but nearly all others seemed to be trying to escape from the men they were.

I thought that foolish; instead of transforming themselves into angels, they transformed themselves into beasts; instead of raising, they degraded themselves. I observed that supercelestial ideas and subterrestrial conduct were singularly suited to each other. Greatness of soul, I concluded, consists, not so much in soaring high and pressing forward, as in

knowing how to adapt and limit oneself. The most beautiful lives, in my opinion, were those which conformed to the model of common humanity, with order, but with nothing wonderful or extravagant.

The body and soul are parts of the same being, and one should not be exalted at the expense of the other. Nature has given us reason and desire, and has so ordered things that the actions she has laid upon us for our need give us pleasure. It is, I decided, our duty to compose our character, not to compose books, and to win, not battles and provinces, but order and tranquillity for our conduct of life.

4

PROFESSOR C: But this goal of yours, as I have tried to say before, is arrived at only through a skepticism which is entirely destructive. You remind me of E. M. Forster's version of Landor: —

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
Reason I loved and, next to Reason, Doubt:
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
And put it out.

That's why, at this stage of the world's history, your essays can do only harm. Experience is itself already destructive enough. We need everything we can lay our hands on that will give us encouragement and hope, and I still insist that your essays do just the reverse: they make all action seem futile.

MONTAIGNE: I am sorry, Professor C, that the impression of futility which they give you is so ineradicable, for in spite of everything I said about the arrogance and ignorance of man, I never considered him futile. In fact, I was a sufficiently good Catholic to have thought such an opinion blasphemous.

I think of my skepticism, as I have already told you, as merely a stage in what Professor B and his fellow scholars would call my "development." Skepticism helped me to find and know myself, and I am not the only man who has believed that self-knowledge is the beginning, and perhaps the end, of wisdom. My skepticism taught me to distrust generalities, to laugh — I hope without bitterness — at idealism untested by experience; it made me look inward to discover what sort of man I really was.

PROFESSOR C: But we don't *need* your questioning and the insecurity that goes with it; we need people who take a *position*, people with a positive sense of values, not people like yourself, who look around at a world they cannot understand and dismiss it, saying, "What can I know?"

PROFESSOR B: It seems to me, C, that you are somewhat perverse in your interpretation of M. de Montaigne. His famous question, "Que sçay-je?" implies something more than a shrug of the shoulders, and "Nothing" is not the only answer to it. It is a question that implies a serious search for knowledge. I have always imagined that when M. de Montaigne adopted "Que sçay-je?" for his motto, he was asking

himself just how much knowledge is possible — what are the content and the value of human knowledge? I say this is what I have always thought; if I am wrong, M. de Montaigne can correct me himself.

MONTAIGNE: I should hardly venture, Professor B, to correct anyone who has devoted so many years to the study of my work as you have, and I will let your answer to Professor C stand as if it were my own. But there is one further observation which I should like to make, and I make it, I must confess, not without anxiety. When I hear Professor C asking me to take a “position,” I hear not only his own charming Texas accent, but the accent of many people in my own time who said the same thing. They were the dogmatists, the Aristotelians, the reactionaries; they were the people whose violent opinions fostered the civil war which tore my generation in two. It was against such people that I preached — though “preach” is not a word I like to use — the twin objectives of self-knowledge and tolerance. These objectives do not easily go out of date, Professor C, whereas, if I may say so, “positions” and dogmas do.

And in this respect, to digress a little, it seems to me that my point of view, or what there is in it which can be called skepticism, is more in harmony with the best thinking of your time than any dogmatic conviction. Your scientists, with their laws of relativity and indeterminateness, look at the world, if I read them correctly, through spectacles similar to my own; and were the implications of their views applied to men’s daily lives, the resulting philosophy would be very similar to that which I tried to express in my essays. In this respect it is Professor C who is out of date, not I.

But my skepticism was only a prelude, a house-cleaning preparatory to the installation of my tenant: Myself. It increased my tolerance, it satisfied my humor, but it was a means, not an end. My end was quite different. What, I asked myself, was the *maitresse forme* which governed my thoughts and my actions? How could I best keep it clean of irrelevant opinions that stained it, and of unnatural ideals which blurred its outline?

I realized that I should twist my being out of shape if I tried to be too rigid with myself; and since the customs of my time and country had helped to make me what I was, I realized that it would be foolish not to accept those customs as rules for the conduct of my outer life. For to the man who would really know himself, custom is nothing more than a suit of clothes, and such a man does not need to waste his energy in presumptuous rebellion against something that, after all, can do him little harm.

PROFESSOR C: Excuse me a moment. Did I understand you to say that custom is something that can do a man “little harm”? I should have thought it could do as much harm as anything in existence. Custom can make a man kill, cheat, lie, rob, and torture. How can you say it does “little harm”?

MONTAIGNE: It depends on how you define the

word. Custom is law in embryo; law is matured and organized custom. To live in society we must have law, and we must obey that law if we are to be happy with other people. The wisest man who ever lived — Socrates — knew that, and he recognized that he must obey both religious custom and social law if he was to follow the wisdom which he was always seeking. Consequently he sacrificed a cock to Aesculapius and accepted the death to which the state condemned him. But he himself was not touched; they could not touch his soul. You look at life rather superficially, Professor C; to you it would seem that the inner man does not exist.

5

PROFESSOR C: Socrates, M. de Montaigne, lost his life for his beliefs; you, I notice, were very careful not to lose your life for yours.

MONTAIGNE: I was never afraid of doing so. But I confess I was no Socrates; in fact there was something in Socrates — I refer to his daemon — which, in spite of all my admiration for him, I found it difficult to swallow. No; my methods were different from his, though I hope our goals were not so very far apart. He labored to change men’s views of themselves, and so did I, and we both realized that it is the inner man who must be sought for, awakened, educated, and brought to maturity.

The inner man is what matters, and we human beings are not strong enough, or only very rarely so, to change ourselves and the world of custom at the same time. I concentrated on myself, on finding in myself what was essential, and by following the external customs of my time I had fewer distractions to worry about and more leisure to be clear.

It has been said of me that once a man has read my essays he can never be quite the same man he was before; and if that means what I should like it to, it means that my revelation of myself has given my reader greater self-knowledge than he had before he met me. I tried to conceal nothing, and if in the mind of anyone else I have helped a little to draw the curtain of self-concealment, I consider that I have done him greater service than if I flashed before his eyes the banner of some ideal he might find it impossible to realize.

It was not my purpose to urge everyone to be like myself; though I had been very fortunate in my parentage, my inheritance, and my disposition, I found little in my nature which struck me as appropriate for a model of virtue; though I admired Socrates above all other men, and tried as well as I could to be like him, I had no intention that anyone should look upon me as I looked upon Socrates. I described myself as an example only in the sense of a specimen — the only specimen I could really know.

I do not want to force myself or my essays (the two are of course the same) on the young men and women of your generation; I do not believe in forcing anything, and perhaps your young men and women,

if they read me, will find me old-fashioned and out of date. Your psychologists explain human nature in ways very different from mine, and the sense of progress, which, as Professor C has shown, seems still to be so strong in your culture, may have made you feel so removed or so advanced from my opinions that anything I said will seem meaningless.

Yet I cannot help thinking that if this happens, you will lose something important. It is one of the paradoxes of your highly developed sense of history that the past seems much less relevant to you than it did to me; the paradox is confirmed by the sentence which Dean A quoted from Mr. Eliot half an hour ago. Your historians have taught you that to understand the past you must emphasize its differences from the present — something which I never thought of doing myself. To me, the men of Greece and Rome whom I read about in Plutarch were my contemporaries because they were my fellow men, and though I never went so far as Petrarch did when he actually wrote letters to Cicero as if he were a personal friend, I might easily have done so if it had occurred to me.

But such an act would be impossible for you; the historians have raised too many barriers between the past and yourselves, and the more you learn about the past, the more you tend to disregard it. When you study the past, you exclaim, "How different, how queer! This can have nothing to do with me!" And so you think only of your own problems and your own times; you are, if I may say so, unhealthily contemporaneous.

This seems to me a great pity. I should like to have you feel about me as I felt about the ancients; I should like to have you know me as I felt I knew them. As I have already said, it took me a long time to discover myself, to "isolate," as you would say, the *maîtresse forme* which was my essential self. It takes anyone — perhaps even a Socrates — a long time.

But, with all deference to Professor C, I doubt if anyone can properly call himself a human being unless he goes through some such process of self-knowledge as I did. Not that I expect, for a moment, that all human beings will reach the same conclusions about life and the best way to live it as mine. The *maîtresse forme* of an Alexander, of a Saint Francis of Assisi, of a young man or woman in your university, will not be that of Michel de Montaigne. But it will be there just the same, and unless there is self-analysis, self-observation, a contemplation in tranquillity of the inner movements of the soul, it will not be found; and until it is found there will be distraction, perturbation, and anxiety — not content.

You will say, Professor C, that I am both selfish and impractical, and you will point out — in fact you have already done so — that it is idle to talk of inner content without first establishing economic security. Of course you are right; but in my opinion economic security, if you are to have a good life, is meaningless unless you demand inner content as its goal and its

flower. A few people who really know themselves are the leaven of society; and if the reading of my essays can help to produce more such people than would exist otherwise — as, with all modesty, I hope they can — then I trust, gentlemen, you will not follow the advice of Professor C and exclude my work, and myself, from your curriculum.

Professor C has called me an egoist. To that charge I do not willingly submit. Self-knowledge is not the same thing as selfishness; in fact the best way not to be selfish is to know oneself as well as possible. If you will turn to my essays, you will find that I have said that our free will exercises herself best in affection and friendship. To me that is not a very egoistic sentiment, nor would I call it egoistic to say, as I said, that I consider all men my compatriots, and that I embrace a Pole as I do a Frenchman, seeking in each only our common humanity.

I do not call it egoism to "hate that overbearing and quarrelsome arrogance that causes a man to believe and trust entirely to himself." People who trust entirely to themselves, I said, are deadly enemies of learning and truth. And when I studied myself more than any other subject, I did so with humility, aware of the fact that every man who is so cocksure and self-satisfied as to think he knows enough about himself shows that he does not know himself in the least, as Socrates, in Xenophon, impresses upon Euthydemus. No, gentlemen, I am not a mere egoist, and those people who have dismissed me as one have not, I suspect, been much blessed with humor.

6

I WOULD say to men and women this: "Have you been able to meditate and manage your own lives? Then you have performed the greatest work of all." My age was a more leisurely one than yours, but even then there was little meditation and little good management; your age moves very quickly, and I should be surprised if meditation and good management had increased with your increased ability to move your bodies from one place to another.

My essays offer you and your young men and women one example — I think a moderate and rational example — of a man who tried to live a wise life through self-knowledge, and to reveal his self-knowledge (painfully little of it, I am afraid) to other men. The essays were my offering to my own generation, but I flatter myself that I am no more a provincial in time than I was in space, and the affection with which I once would have embraced a Pole as well as a Frenchman I now extend to you over the gap of three hundred and sixty years.

But what I offer you, and your generation of young men and women, is not something merely passive — make no mistake about that. The men of the past who have read me, in France, in England, in America, and elsewhere, were not made passive by what they learned of me, nor by what they learned, through me,

of themselves. I did not make passive my great countryman, Pascal, nor did I make passive your great countryman, Emerson. Neither of them was a reproduction of myself — if he had been I should despise him.

In fact Pascal turned definitely against me, and the fish that Emerson had to fry were more transcendental than any that swam in the pond of my particular temperament. But Emerson would not have been what he was if I had not been what I was. Nor would Pascal. Nor many other men with less verbally articulate lives than theirs.

Do not misunderstand me, gentlemen; I am not a destroyer but a maker — a maker and a preserver. And of what? Of yourselves, the selves which your world, like all worlds of violence, would have you disastrously forget. I release you from bondage to empty slogans and party catchwords; I give you what you most highly prize, independence. What you do with that independence when you have got it is your own affair, but you cannot use it until you find it. And that you can find it through me, I modestly, but most firmly, believe.

DEAN A (*looking at his watch*): Our time, gentlemen, is almost up, and in one minute more M. de Montaigne's chair will be empty. Is there any further question you would like to ask him before he leaves us?

PROFESSOR E: M. de Montaigne has spoken wisely, and with more passion than I had expected of

him, but he has left out something very important: he has left out Christianity. What he says will do well enough for a pagan, but the morality of Jesus and the doctrine of redemption brought something new into the world, and once it was given to man, he can no more neglect it than he can neglect the weather. In this sense our guest is a moral and spiritual reactionary. Would you not say, Monsieur, that man needs something more than merely your kind of wisdom if he is really to achieve full being?

MONTAIGNE: That is a matter which I — (*He disappears.*)

DEAN A: I am sorry, E, you asked that question so late; as you see, our guest is gone and we cannot call him back. Perhaps B would like to answer in his place.

PROFESSOR B: If M. de Montaigne cannot answer that question himself, I am not presumptuous enough to answer it for him.

PROFESSOR C: It's an irrelevant question anyway.

DEAN A: Well, gentlemen, you have heard what our guest has had to say for himself. Is there any further discussion, or shall we vote at once as to whether or not the essays of Montaigne shall be read in our compulsory course in the humanities?

PROFESSOR C: Question!

DEAN A: Very well, then. All those in favor please raise their right hands. Thank you. Those opposed? Thank you. The result is just as I expected. Good night, gentlemen. We will meet again next week.

PROPHECY

by ROBERT NATHAN

THE last Queen of England
Sits on her throne,
And doom moves
In the cold stone.

She holds her scepter,
She wears her crown,
But evil gathers
In village and town.

The last brave admiral
Plows the brine;
But night has taken
The Argentine.

And where the nations
Speak together
Is cold regard
And bitter weather.

The bells ring
In the empty steeple.
They bring no hope
To frightened people.

With our last breath
Let us try to pray
For those we love
To whom we may.



THE UNSPOILED REACTION

by MARY MCCARTHY

IN THE theater lobby everyone at first mistook her for another patron (a grandmother, perhaps), though the fact that she wore an unstylish close-fitting hat, antique earrings, and no coat and had a generally anxious, false, and flustered air should have announced her status: she was a hostess, or, rather, one of those *entrepreneuses* masquerading as hostesses who are inevitably associated with benefits, club luncheons, lectures, alumnae teas, with all gatherings whose intention is not primarily pleasure.

Here, in the theater, on a rainy Monday morning, she was an anomaly, for in New York, in the Times Square neighborhood, relations between management and customer are, by common consent, austere professional. Consequently her intervention at the door came as a perceptible shock to each parent and child; it demanded a slight adjustment of focus. "Haven't we seen you before?" She addressed the child, and the face that turned up to her in each case showed bewilderment and pleasure. Only a moment before, the child had been an anonymous consumer bent on mass gratification; this magic question turned him back into his human self, and the child, unless he were totally hardened, blushed.

"What is your name?" the lady continued, and now even the parent was drawn in and smiled tenderly, sharing for an instant with this unknown but plainly intuitive person the holy miracle of his child's identity. Sometimes the children answered, speaking their own names softly, with reverence; more often, shyness and delight held them tongue-tied, and the parent supplied the information. "It's for Sunny," the lady added, in a sort of whispered nudge at the

parent, who came to himself with a start. The explanation, if it told him nothing else (who or what was Sunny, anyway?), told him unmistakably that he had been a fool just now — he ought to have suspected the utilitarian motive. Angry and disillusioned, he passed into the poorly lit auditorium, the remnants of the smile, the fond, fatuous smile, still tugging at the corners of his mouth.

But at once the sight of so many empty places (hardly twenty persons were seated in a cluster down in front) brought a sentiment of pity for the woman outside. Clearly, these puppeteers were in a bad way; not even the rain, not even Monday, not even the too high price of admission, could explain or palliate the smallness of the house. An air of failure hung over the whole undertaking, infecting the audience itself with the poison of financial sickness, so that even the most healthy, the most fortunate parents and children, sitting there in little groups in the bad light, with the dismal smell of damp wool and dead cigarettes all about them, had the look of derelicts huddled together.

So strong indeed was the sense of misery that the more sensitive parents felt an impulse to remove their children from this house of death and were only prevented by the practical difficulties (how to explain?) and by the habit of chivalry toward the poor and ill-favored. If the rat does *not* leave the sinking ship, his only recourse is to identify himself with its fortunes; so the parents, having committed themselves to this unhappy enterprise, immediately experienced the symptoms of solidarity. They began to tell themselves that the attendance could have been worse (after all, it *was* Monday and it *was* raining), to clock off each new arrival with a feeling of personal triumph, and finally to lean forward in their seats and will people into the theater as passengers in a decrepit car lean forward to will the car up a long grade.

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These exercises in kinesthetic magic, in which, from their clenched fists and closed eyes, one would say nearly the whole audience was engaging, were cut short by another woman, younger and more openly managerial than the first, a progressive school teacher in genus if not in actuality, one accustomed to giving orders in the form of requests. "Will you please take an outside seat?" she said, leaning over and tapping surprised parents on the shoulder.

Some mothers and fathers did as they were bid at once, almost apologetically. Others were slow and showed even a certain disposition to stand on their rights. Still others (the most well-fed and polished) pretended not to hear. "This does not apply to me," their deaf backs declared.

When it became plain that she was not going to be obeyed without further explanation (for her little air of authority had stirred up latent antagonism in an audience which had disposed itself to pity but not to be ruled by her), she walked down an empty row and took hold of the back of a seat, in the manner of an informal lecturer. "We like to have the children together in the middle," she announced with that excess of patience that suggests that patience is really out of place. "These puppet plays are intended for *children*. We want to reach the children as a group. We want them to be free of adult influences. We want an unspoiled reaction."

This fetched even the most stubborn, for it hinted to every adult in the audience that he was the snake in this paradise of innocence, that there was something intrinsically disgusting in the condition of being grown-up. There was a great shuffling of coats, hats, and handbags. Mothers dropped packages on the floor, a little girl cried, but at length the resettlement was accomplished, and the sheep were separated from the goats.

Whenever a new party came in, the earlier arrivals would, out of a kind of concerted malice, allow the parent to get herself well lodged in the center block of seats before breaking it to her that she was out of place. Indeed, the greater part of the audience was disinclined to make the revelation at all; its original feelings of mistrust had returned; it saw something ugly in this arbitrary manipulation of the natural order of seating, this planned spontaneity. Though it looked forward to the confounding of the newcomer, it would not take the side of the management; in an attitude of passive hooliganism it waited for the dark.

But disaffected as it was, the audience contained the inevitable minority of enthusiastic coöperators who rejoice in obeying with ostentatious promptness any command whatsoever, who worship all signs, prohibitions, warnings, and who constitute themselves volunteer deputies of any official person they can find in their neighborhood. These coöperators nudged, tapped, poked, signaled, relayed admonitory whispers along rows of children, until every misplaced adult became conscious of the impropriety of his position and retreated, in confusion, to the perimeter of the house. By the time the curtain went up, the

adults formed three sides of a box which contained the children but left the cover open to receive the influences of the stage.

2

ALMOST at once the object of the first lady's question became apparent. Laboriously, the curtains of the miniature stage parted and an unusually small puppet, dressed as a boy, was revealed, bowing and dancing in a veritable tantrum of welcome. This was Sunny. "Hello, boys and girls," he began in the shrieky voice that is considered *de rigueur* for puppets and marionettes. "Welcome to our theater." "Hello, Sunny," replied a self-assured child, patently the son of one of the coöperators. He had been here before, and he did what was expected of him. "Hello, John, how are you today?" the puppet screamed in answer, and now he passed from child to child, speaking to each by name.

The children, for the most part, looked at each other in wonder and astonishment. They were at a loss to account for the puppet's knowing them; they did not relate cause and effect and doubtless had already forgotten the question and answer in the lobby. After the first consternation, the voices that answered the gesticulating creature grew louder and firmer. The children were participating. Each one was anxious to show himself more at home than his neighbor, and soon they were treating the puppet with positive familiarity, which he encouraged, greeting every bold remark from the audience with peals of shrill artificial laughter. Before the actual play began he had drawn all but the very youngest and shyest into an atmosphere of audacity.

Along the sides of the human box, the parents were breathing easier. Gladly they divested themselves of their original doubts. It was enough that the children were entering into the spirit of the thing. That reciprocity between player and audience, lost to us since the medieval mysteries, and mourned by every theoretician of the drama, was here recovered, and what did it matter if the production was a mockery, a cartoon of the art of drama? What did it matter that the children's innocence had been taken advantage of, that the puppet who seemed to know them knew only their names? And as for the seating arrangements, perhaps in the modern world all spontaneity had to be planned; as with crop control and sex, the "unspoiled reaction" did not come of itself; it was the end-product of a series of maneuvers.

The curtains closed on Sunny, with the children yelling, "Good-bye." The main attraction, "Little Red Riding Hood," was about to begin, when a party of late-comers made its way down the aisle. There were eight or ten children and a dispirited-looking young teacher. They took places in the very first row and were a little slow getting seated. The children kept changing places, and the teacher was either ineffectual or a principled anti-disciplinarian, for she made no real effort to interpose her authority.

The curtains on the stage above them moved, as if with impatience, and a human hand and then a face, grotesquely enlarged to eyes adjusted to the scale of puppets, appeared and then quickly withdrew. This apparition was terrifying to everyone but those for whom it was intended, the school children in front, who had as yet no standard of comparison and continued their bickering unperturbed. The face had come and gone so abruptly that nobody could be sure whether it belonged to a man or a woman; it left the audience with a mere sense of some disembodied anger — a deity was displeased. Could this be Sunny? the parents wondered.

At length, the party in the front row composed itself. Little Red Riding Hood and her basket were revealed as the curtains lurched back. To the left of the puppet stage, a little box opened, and there was Sunny, ready with a prologue, adjuring the children to watch out for Little Red Riding Hood as if she were their own little sister. The box closed, the action began, and the children took Sunny at his word. From the house a series of warnings and prophecies of disaster followed the little red puppet out its door. "Look out," the children called. "Don't obey your Mummy." "Eat the basket yourself."

In all these admonitions none were louder than the party in the front row. These children, indeed, appeared to be the ideal audience for Sunny and his troupe; they were the unspoiled reaction in test-tube purity. While other boys and girls hung back, murmured their comments, or simply parroted the cries of the bolder children, the ones down in front were inventive and various in their advice — so much so that it seemed hardly possible that the play could go on without the actors' taking cognizance of what these untrammelled children were saying, and one almost expected Little Red Riding Hood to sail off from her lines into pure improvisation, and a kind of *commedia dell' arte* to ensue. But the puppets kept rigidly to the text, oblivious of interruptions and suggestions, and the usual situation was reversed — it was not the audience which was unresponsive but the players.

By the middle of the second scene, when the wolf had made his appearance, the whole theater was in a condition of wild excitement. Some children were taking the side of the wolf, urging him to make a good dinner, and some, traditionalists even in unrestraint, remained loyal to the grandmother. The contest on the stage was transported into the pit.

3

AT THE end of the second scene, Sunny came out once more, and now the boldness of the children perfectly matched the provocations of the puppet. Saucy answer met impudent question. Sunny was beside himself; from time to time, a witticism from the house would capsize him altogether and he would lie panting on the stage, gasping out the last exhausted

notes of the hee-hee-hee. Liberty and equality reached such a pitch of frenzy that it seemed the most natural thing in the world that a boy from the front row should climb up onto the stage to speak directly to Sunny.

The audience watched him go without the slightest sense of a breach of decorum. The puppet, however, drew back into his box at the approach of the child. Slowly, his cloth body began to wriggle and twist in an uncanny pantomime of distaste and fear. The child put out his hand to touch the puppet, and now the doll was indubitably alive. A shudder ran through it; it shrank back against the curtains and doubled itself up, as though to leave no intimate surface exposed to the violator's touch.

As the hand still pursued and it seemed as if no power on earth could prevent the approaching indignity, the puppet cried out. But its voice had changed; the falsetto shriek had become a human scream. "Sunny doesn't like that," called an agonized woman's voice from behind the curtain. The note of hysteria struck home to the boy, separating him from his intention. He leaped back, stumbled toward the stairs, slipped on them, and fell into the orchestra pit. Two of the fathers rushed forward. The teacher joined them, peering anxiously over the brink. The child was retrieved, unhurt, and firmly put back into his seat. In the commotion, Sunny had disappeared.

Fortunately, the children hardly missed him. For the moment, they were more interested in the mechanics of the little boy's fall than in its cause. "What is an orchestra pit?" they called out to the mothers who had tried to explain, and some got out of their seats, proposing to investigate. "Afterwards, afterwards," the mothers' voices ordered. "The show is going to begin again."

But was it? The parents, glancing at each other, wondered. Had they not witnessed, just now, one of those ruptures which are instantly and irrevocably permanent, since they reveal an aversion so profound that no beginning, i.e., no cause can be assigned to it, and hence no end, no solution can be predicted? Like guests sitting around a dinner table which the hostess has just quitted to pack her trunk in a fury, the parents fidgeted, waiting for a sign which would tell them that it was not really necessary to go home to meet again the emptiness of their own devices, yet knowing perfectly well that the only thing to do was to go and go at once, before anything else happened. But inertia, the great minimizer, provided them with the usual excuses. They told themselves that they were letting their imaginations run away with them, that nothing of any consequence had happened — an incompetent teacher had let her charge misbehave.

And as the minutes passed and the curtains did not move, the sentiment of the audience turned sharply against the teacher. "Damn fool of a woman," murmured the father of a boy to the pretty mother of a girl. "I certainly wouldn't send a child to *her*

school," replied the mother, brightening up. As if aware of the whispers of criticism, the teacher stiffened in her seat and stared blindly forward, feigning unconsciousness.

In the middle of the house, the children were also turning the experience over, clumsily trying to fix the blame, but they were not so adroit, so practiced as their parents, and small frowns of dissatisfaction wrinkled their brows. "Was that little boy naughty?" called a little girl's voice, at last. "Yes," answered her mother, without a moment's hesitation. "Oh," said the little girl, but her look remained troubled.

"And now, boys and girls—" It was Sunny, cordial as ever, and the third scene was about to start. There was no doubt that the puppet was himself again; he bowed, he clapped his hands, he danced, he screeched, in his old dionysiac style. Bygones were bygones, all was forgiven, childhood was off on another spree.

Yet the children at first were wary and glanced toward their parents, seeking instruction, for they no longer knew what was expected of them. The parents nodded encouragement, and as the children still hesitated, the adults screwed their own faces into grimaces of pleasure, till everywhere the children looked, on the sides of the audience or, above them, on the stage, there was a large, energetic smile bidding them enjoy themselves. The more docile children began to laugh, rather mechanically; others joined in, and in a few moments the crisis was past and the mood of abandon tentatively re-established. The play proceeded, and before long the children were barking and howling like wolves, the timid little girl was whimpering with terror, and the parents were quietly rejoicing in the fact that another morning had been got through without serious damage to the children or emotional cost to themselves.

The last scruple died as Little Red Riding Hood was rescued and the play came safely to an end. The curtains closed, but the children were not quite disposed to go. They remained clapping and shouting in their seats, while their parents gathered up hats and coats.

At this moment, when all danger seemed past and former fears groundless and even morbid, the same little boy in the front row jumped up and asked his teacher a question. "Yes," she said, in a voice that penetrated the whole auditorium, "I think it will be all right for you to go backstage now."

Something in the teacher's tone arrested everyone; even those parents who had succeeded in getting their children halfway up the aisle now paused to watch as the party in the front row made a little procession up the stairs. The drama was not quite over; a reconciliation must follow between the puppet and the child; the child must handle the puppet, but ceremoniously, backstage, and with the puppet's permission.

Indulgently, the audience waited. The little procession reached the stage. Other children, emboldened, were starting down the aisle after it, when the curtains parted. There, her white hair disheveled, her well-bred features working with rage, stood the woman everyone had met in the lobby and who was now instantly identifiable as the apparition of anger, the face between the curtains. "Get out, get out of here, get out." She barred the way of the approaching group. "You dreadful, horrible children."

The voice, screaming, was familiar too; it was, of course, Sunny's. "You horrible, horrible children," she repeated, her *r*'s trilling out in a kind of reflex of gentility. The children turned and ran, and she pursued them to the stairs, a trembling figure of terrible malevolence, in whom could be discerned, as in a triple exposure, traces of the gracious hostess and the frolicsome puppet.

From behind the curtains came someone to seize her. A man from the box office ran down the aisle to pacify the teacher, who, now seeing herself on firm ground, was repeating over and over again, "That is no way to talk to a child." The audience did not wait to see the outcome. In shame and silence, it fled out into the rain, pursued by the sound of weeping which intermingled with the word *child*, as pronounced by the teacher in a tone of peculiar piety and reverence, her voice genuflecting to it as though to the Host.



IN RETROSPECT

CAPE HORN

by LT. ERNEST KROLL, USNR

WHITE on the brows of headlands snowed the snow,
And there were huge and sooty birds that flew
As if there were not anywhere to go
But round, with the extinction of the blue,
Round and round about the screw.

How long we labored in that sullen sea
And beat, aft high, bow under, down the swells
I don't remember, nor did it comfort me
The Horn was doubled once by caravels,
Probably in wilder spells.

But there we were, where only a rare sun warms
The bitter air, where rarely if at all
A mast goes by the sleeping cape in storms
To put in safely at a port of call,
Intact and tree-trunk tall.

Time that wasted with the wake held out the choice
To wander deep in an uncertain strait,
To listen closely for the vessel's voice
Rebounding from the cliff, a sound like fate
That cries to us, "Too late."

We did no more than linger at the mouth,
Imagining what drew Magellan in,
Then drove ahead a steady course still south
To where great seas like falling walls begin
With a Pacific din.

Oh, we were glad to see the outpost pass,
The wind less hard, the lookout less than blind,
To clean the Horn corrosion from the brass,
To shed the Horn corrosion from the mind,
With death outrun behind.

WE ALSO SERVE

by SIMPSON SASSERATH, RT2/c

SOME of us there are who will come back
Without the Purple Heart, without the blood,
Without the memory of a beach attack

And broken gargoyles sprawling in the mud
That once were comrades; not for us the crutch,
The empty sleeve, the psychopathic ward.
Surely we gave enough, though not too much,
Yet neither lived nor perished by the sword.

Yes, we who watched a thousand tropic suns
In skies unshadowed by a suicide plane
Can well be labeled as the fortunate ones
Who will return to walk and love again;
For we have sacrificed, to tell the truth,
Nothing of any value save our youth.

PACIFIC LAMENT

by CHARLES OLSON

In memory of William Hickey, a member of the crew
of the U.S.S. *Crowler*, lost at sea in February, 1944.

BLACK at that depth
turn, golden boy no more
white bone to bone, turn
hear who bore you weep
hear him who made you
deep there on ocean's floor
turn
as waters stir:
turn, bone of man

Cold as a planet is
cold, beat of blood no more
the salt sea's course
along the bone jaw white
stir, boy, stir
motion without motion
stir, and hear
love come down.

Down as you fell
sidewise, stair to green stair
without breath, down
the tumble of ocean
to find you, bone
cold and new among the ships
and men and fish askew.

You alone o golden boy no more
turn now and sleep
washed white by water
sleep in your black deep
by water out of which man came
to find his legs, arms, love, pain.
Sleep, boy, sleep
in older arms than hers,
rocked by an older father;
toss no more,
love;
sleep.

EASTON DR. E
BURLINGHAM
PUBLIC
LIB.

WAFFLEBUTT

by T/SGT JOHN CIARDI

REVEILLE rung on telephones awakes
The opening movement of an opening day.
Alphabets in mosaics,
Reports and rosters weigh
Some who came through, some pending, some who died,
And some delayed while oceans wait outside.

One minute now, one paper clip to pin
On one regret to tabulate and file
A finished lifetime in.
(Not mine.) One fraction while
The silver bubbles rise, the corpses sink —
In one more minute I will stop and think

What boundary this surf makes at this shore,
What fallen statues soften in the sea,
And from a bomb-bay door
What crossed trajectory
Spatters in flak, or checks its breath to dare
The ripcord of a rent fantastic air.

(Our bombs like phallic comets scanned the air
Across the flowerfall of the tumbling chutes
That bloomed hydrangeas where
The dead in fancy suits,
All flowered in flame, heaved from the flaming ground,
And settled back like seed pods — black and round.)

The other side this surf, one leap above
The ground, a single day beyond this day,
Nostalgias not completely love,
Fear never put away,
Demanded and recalled and churned our sleep
With a lead-gutted terror, dreamed and deep.

To file by rank and name (no longer ours),
Insured in triplicate, indorsed, and signed
Six days a week in office hours.
But oh the telephone is mined,
And boredom booby-traps desk, file, and wall
Where day and day destroy us after all.



THE CULTS OF CALIFORNIA

by CAREY McWILLIAMS

I

THE first eccentric of Southern California was a Scotsman by the name of William Money, who arrived in Los Angeles around 1841. Married to a Mexican woman, Money was a quack doctor, an economic theorist, and the founder of the first cult in the region. Known to local residents as "Professor Money," "Doctor Money," and "Bishop Money," he had been born, so he contended, with four teeth and "the likeness of a rainbow in the eye."

The cult that he founded was called "The Reformed New Testament Church of the Faith of Jesus Christ" and was pretty largely made up of "native Californians." He once prepared a map of the world entitled "William Money's Discovery of the Ocean." On this map San Francisco — a community that he detested — was shown poised on a portion of the earth that he predicted would soon collapse, precipitating the city into the fiery regions.

Living in a weird oval structure in San Gabriel, the approaches to which were guarded by two octagonal edifices built of wood and adobe, Money was the leading Los Angeles eccentric from 1841 until his death in 1880. He died with "an image of the Holy Virgin above his head, an articulated skeleton at his feet, and a well-worn copy of some Greek classic within reach of his hand."

Bishop Money was a typical Southern California eccentric: he was born elsewhere; he came to the region in middle life; his aberrations were multiform; and he founded a cult. As an eccentric, however, he was in advance of his time, an exceptional figure. Southern California evidenced few manifestations of cultism between 1850 and 1900. The hordes of newcomers who arrived after 1880 were a God-fearing, highly respectable, conservative lot. In 1894 a visitor

reported that two thousand Easterners were spending their winters in Pasadena; that they were all regular church communicants; and that there was "not a grog shop in town."

As long as the tide of migration was made up of such people, there was no opportunity for the visionary or the faith-healer or the mystic. But as the region grew in wealth and fame, it began to attract some strange characters.

The first major prophetess of the region was unquestionably Katherine Tingley. Born in New England in 1847, three times married, Mrs. Tingley lived in almost total obscurity for the first forty years of her life. When she was forty, she moved to New York, where, through her interest in spiritualism, she came to know the theosophist William Quan Judge, over whom she soon acquired an extraordinary influence. Much talk began to be heard in theosophical circles about the emergence of a mysterious disciple, referred to by Judge as the "Promise," the "Veiled Mahatma," the "Light of the Lodge," and the "Purple Mother."

Shortly after Judge's death, Katherine Tingley was revealed as the Purple Mother. Although she had never been West, Mrs. Tingley had, since childhood, dreamed of "building a White City in a Land of Gold beside a Sunset Sea." Raising a considerable sum of money in the East, she established the Point Loma Theosophical Community near San Diego in 1900.

The community was an extraordinary phenomenon to appear in the complacent middle-class village of San Diego. It consisted of forty buildings, with "a harmonious blending of architectural lines, partly Moorish, partly Egyptian, with something belonging to neither." One of the main structures, called the Homestead, had ninety rooms and a great dome of opalescent green. Still another building, the Aryan Temple, had an amethyst Egyptian gateway.

When visitors approached the colony, a bugler hidden behind the Egyptian gates sounded the note of their arrival. It was not long before some three hundred bizarre devotees, representing twenty-five different nationalities, had taken up residence in the colony. When a person entered the colony it was customary to present Mrs. Tingley with a sizable

CAREY McWILLIAMS was educated in law at the University of Southern California, from which he graduated in 1927. Early in his career he took up cudgels in behalf of American labor and those racial minorities which were having hard going in the Far West. He organized the John Steinbeck Committee and in 1939 was appointed California Commissioner of Immigration and Housing, a post he held for four years. His observation and experience during these years came to a focus in these books: *Factories in the Field*, *Ill Fares the Land*, and *Brothers Under the Skin*. The source material for this present article was drawn from his new book, *Southern California, An Island on the Land* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce).

"love offering." The Purple Mother ruled the colony with the utmost despotism. "From changing the milk-bottles of the newest baby to laying the last shingle on a bungalow," wrote one observer, "her desire equals a Czar's edict."

On the lovely 500-acre Point Loma tract soon appeared a School of Antiquity, a Theosophical University, a Greek theater, Rāja Yoga College, and the Iris Temple of Art, Music, and Drama. Still later an opera house was acquired in San Diego, where the Point Loma yogis, appearing in Grecian costumes, lectured the natives on the subtle dialectics of theosophy. In its early years, Point Loma possessed an atmosphere described as "like ozone — like poppy-scented champagne." Wearing strange costumes, the residents of the colony raised chickens, vegetables, and fruits, and cultivated silkworms.

The appearance of this exotic colony in Southern California greatly disturbed the boosters of the period, who regarded it as "bad advertising." General Harrison Gray Otis was convinced that weird orgies were being enacted at Point Loma. He was particularly incensed by stories of a sacred dog, called "Spot," who was supposed to be the reincarnation of one of Mrs. Tingley's deceased husbands. Under such headlines as "Outrages at Point Loma Exposed by an 'Escape'" and "Startling Tales from Tingley," sensational stories began to appear in the *Los Angeles Times*.

General Otis contended that Point Loma was a "spookery"; that Mrs. Tingley exercised a hypnotic influence on the colonists and fed the children so skimpily that they became "ethereal"; that "the most incredible things happen in that lair"; that purple robes were worn by the women and khaki uniforms by the men; and that, at midnight, the pilgrims "in their nightrobes, each holding a torch," went to a sacred spot on the Point Loma peninsula where "gross immoralities were practiced by the disciples of spookism." For once, however, General Otis had met his weight in wildcats. Mrs. Tingley promptly sued the *Times* for libel and, after years of litigation, eventually collected a handsome judgment.

It was through Point Loma that the yogi influence reached Southern California. Attracting thousands of visitors to the region, some of whom purchased real estate, the colony soon ceased to be regarded as heretical. Unfortunately, Mrs. Tingley became involved in a serious scandal in 1923, as a result of which she abandoned Point Loma and went to Europe. One of the first couples to settle at Point Loma, Dr. and Mrs. George F. Mohn, lived for some years in the Homestead before Mrs. Mohn first suspected that the Purple Mother was exerting a powerful influence on her husband. Whatever the nature of the influence, it was unquestionably persuasive: Dr. Mohn contributed \$300,000 to the colony. Mrs. Mohn thereupon sued Mrs. Tingley for alienation of affections, and a jury returned a verdict in her favor for \$75,000.

2

AFTER Mrs. Tingley's appearance in Southern California, the region acquired a reputation as an occult land and theosophists began to converge upon it from the four corners of the earth. One of these early colonists was Albert Powell Warrington, a retired lawyer from Norfolk, Virginia, who arrived in Los Angeles in 1911. Purchasing a fifteen-acre tract in what is now the center of Hollywood, he established Krotona, "the place of promise."

At its heyday, Krotona boasted an Occult Temple, a psychic lotus pond, a vegetarian cafeteria, several small tabernacles, a large metaphysical library, and a Greek theater. Like Point Loma, the architecture was Moorish-Egyptian. At one time, Warrington rented a hall on Hollywood Boulevard where courses were given in Esperanto, the Esoteric Interpretation of Music and Drama, and the Human Aura. Krotona, in fact, "became a considerable factor in the commercial life of Hollywood."

The story of Krotona has been well told, in novel form, by Jane Levington Comfort (*From These Beginnings*, 1937). While most residents of Hollywood have never heard of the place, Krotona left a definite cultural imprint on Southern California. It was at Krotona in 1918 that Christine Wetherill Stevenson, a wealthy Philadelphian, sponsored an outdoor production of Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Light of Asia* — a production which led to the creation of the Theater Arts Alliance in 1919, out of which eventually came the Hollywood Bowl concerts of today. Mrs. Stevenson was also responsible for the production of the *Pilgrimage Play* in 1920 — long since institutionalized by the boosters as one of the major tourist attractions of Los Angeles.

By 1920 Hollywood had begun to encroach upon Krotona, and Dr. Warrington decided to lead the faithful to the Ojai Valley, a section of Southern California thoroughly impregnated with occult and psychic influences. It is the home of Edgar Holloway, the Man from Lemuria, who claims to have flown to Ojai some years ago in a great flying fish.

But the real genesis of Ojai as an occult center may be traced to the publication, in the early twenties, of a magazine article by Dr. Aleš Hrdlička predicting the rise of "a new sixth sub-race." It seems that psychological tests given in California schools had revealed the existence of a surprising number of child prodigies; ergo, California was the home of the new sub-race. Once this revelation was made, writes the biographer of Annie Besant, "theosophists all over the world turned their eyes toward California" as the Atlantis of the western sea. Among those who came to California was Mrs. Besant, who, "acting on orders of her Master," purchased 465 acres in the Ojai Valley as a home for the new sixth sub-race. And to Ojai she brought Krishnamurti, "the new messiah."

Throughout the twenties, the annual encampments in Ojai were widely reported in the Southern Cali-

fornian press, as thousands of people, mostly elderly neurotic women, trouped to Ojai to worship the messiah. Ojai is, today, the center of all esoteric influences in the region. The Ojai Valley theosophists, however, do not get along well with those of Point Loma. Bitter enmity existed between Annie Besant and Katherine Tingley: Mrs. Besant referred to Mrs. Tingley as "a professional psychic and medium" and "a clever opportunist."

3

ALONG with theosophy, other strange faiths have migrated to Southern California. Originally the New Thought movement was centered in New England; in fact, it was called the "Boston craze." But like all metaphysical and religious movements, New Thought traveled westward. From Boston it moved to Hartford, then to New York, and finally spread to Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Louis. First appearing on the West Coast in San Francisco, it did not reach Los Angeles until after the World's Fair in 1915. A day at the San Francisco fair was given over to New Thought, and George Wharton James, the omnipresent, delivered a lecture on "California — the Natural Home of New Thought."

Following the fair, the New Thought leaders began to arrive in Los Angeles: Annie Rix Militz, who established the University of Christ; Fenwick Holmes, who founded the Southern California Metaphysical Institute; and Eleanor M. Reesberg, who organized the Metaphysical Library. During these years, New Thought studio-lecture rooms sprang up throughout the city and the Metaphysicians' May Day Festival became an annual civic event.

Among the pioneers of the movement was the Reverend Benjamin Fay Mills. Under his leadership, the Los Angeles Fellowship was a flourishing institution from 1904 to 1911, with over a thousand members, a large organizational apparatus, and its own orchestra, schools, and magazine. In 1915, alas! the Reverend Mr. Mills abandoned New Thought, left California, and died the next year in Grand Rapids, a sound Presbyterian.

These two imported movements — theosophy and New Thought — constitute the stuff from which most of the later creeds and cults have been evolved. Since Southern California was the world center of both movements — theosophy from 1900; New Thought from 1915 — it not only attracted adherents of these creeds from all over the world, but it became a publishing center from which issued a steady flow of magazines, newspapers, and books devoted to mysticism, practical and esoteric. The mystical ingredients came from Point Loma; the practical money-mindedness from the New Thought leaders.

Of nearly a hundred books catalogued in the Los Angeles Public Library under the heading "New Thought," over half have been published in Southern

California. I once attempted to examine these items, but abandoned the effort after a try at the first volume, indexed: *Scientific Air Possibilities with the Human*, by Zabelle Abdalian, "Doctor of Airbodiedness."

On meeting in Southern California, strangers are supposed to inquire, first, "Where are you from?" and second, "How do you feel?" Invalidism and transiency have certainly been important factors stimulating cultism in the region. The number of food and body cults in Southern California has never been reckoned. In the early thirties, there were over a thousand practicing nudists in Los Angeles, and three large nudist camps: Fraternity Elysia; the Land of Moo, over the entrance to which appeared the saucy slogan, "In All the World, No Strip Like This"; and, in the hills of Calabasas, a mysterious retreat called Shangri-la. The existence of a large number of transients and visitors has always stimulated the cult-making tendency. It should be remembered that, for the last twenty-five years, Los Angeles has had, on an average, about 200,000 temporary residents.

4

IN SUCH an environment it was, of course, foreordained that a messiah would some day emerge. The first local messiah was a poor, uneducated, desperately ambitious widow by the name of Aimee Semple McPherson.

Aimee, who was "not so much a woman as a scintillant assault," first appeared in California at San Diego in 1918. There she began to attract attention by scattering religious tracts from an airplane and holding revival meetings in a boxing arena. That Mrs. McPherson's first appearance should have been in San Diego is, in itself, highly significant. In San Diego she unquestionably heard of Katherine Tingley, from whom she probably got the idea of founding a new religious movement on the coast and from whom she certainly got many of her ideas about uniforms, pageantry, and showmanship.

From San Diego Mrs. McPherson came to Los Angeles in 1922 with her Four Square Gospel: conversion, physical healing, the second coming, and redemption. She arrived in Los Angeles with two minor children, an old battered automobile, and \$100 in cash. By the end of 1925 she had collected more than \$1,000,000 and owned property worth \$250,000. In the early twenties, as Nancy Barr Mavity has pointed out (in an excellent biography of Mrs. McPherson), "Los Angeles was the happy hunting ground for the physically disabled and the mentally unexacting . . . no other large city contains so many transplanted villagers who retain the stamp of their indigenous soil. . . . Most cities absorb the disparate elements that gravitate to them, but Los Angeles remains a city of migrants," a mixture, not a compound.

Here she built Angelus Temple at a reputed cost of \$1,500,000. The Temple has an auditorium with 5000 seats; a \$75,000 broadcasting station; the classrooms of a university which once graduated 500 young evangelists a year; and, as Morrow Mayo pointed out, "a brass band bigger and louder than Sousa's, an organ worthy of any movie cathedral, a female choir bigger and more beautiful than the Metropolitan chorus, and a costume wardrobe comparable to Ziegfeld's."

Mrs. McPherson founded a magazine, *The Bridal Call*, and established 240 "lighthouses," or local churches, affiliated with Angelus Temple. By 1929 she had a following of 12,000 devoted members in Los Angeles and 30,000 in the outlying communities. From the platform of Angelus Temple, Sister Aimee gave the Angelenos the fanciest theological entertainment they have ever enjoyed. I have seen her drive an ugly Devil around the platform with a pitchfork, enact the drama of Valley Forge in George Washington's uniform, and take the lead in a dramatized sermon called "Sodom and Gomorrah."

Adjutants have been praying, night and day, for thirteen years in the Temple. One group has been praying for 118,260 hours. While Mrs. McPherson never contended that she could heal the sick, she was always willing to pray for them and she was widely known as a faith-healer. A magnificent sense of showmanship enabled her to give the Angelus Temple throngs a sense of drama and a feeling of release that probably did have some therapeutic value. On state occasions, she always appeared in the costume of an admiral of the fleet while the lay members of her entourage wore natty nautical uniforms.

On May 18, 1926, Sister Aimee disappeared. Last seen in a bathing suit on the beach near Ocean Park, she had apparently drowned in the Pacific. While Los Angeles went wild with excitement, thousands of her followers gathered on the beach to pray for her deliverance and return. A specially chartered airplane flew over the beach and dropped flowers on the waters. On May 23, an overenthusiastic disciple drowned in the Pacific while attempting to find her body. A few days later, a great memorial meeting was held for Sister at Angelus Temple, at which \$35,000 was collected. Three days later, the mysterious Aimee reappeared at Agua Prieta in Mexico, across the border from Douglas, Arizona.

Her entrance into Los Angeles was a major triumph. Flooded with requests from all over the world, the local newspapers and wire services filed 95,000 words of copy in a single day. Airplanes showered thousands of blossoms upon the coach that brought Sister back to Los Angeles. Stepping from the train, she walked out of the station on a carpet of roses. A hundred thousand people cheered while she paraded through the streets of the city, accompanied by a white-robed silver band, an escort of twenty cowboys, and squads of policemen.

The jubilation, however, did not last long. Work-

ing hard on the case, the newspapers soon proved that the kidnaping story, which she had told on her return, was highly fictitious. In sensational stories, they proceeded to trace her movements from the time she disappeared, through a "love cottage" interlude at Carmel with a former radio operator of the Temple, to her reappearance in Mexico. Following these disclosures, she was arrested, charged with having given false information designed to interfere with the orderly processes of the law, and placed on trial. Later the charges against her were dropped.

No one bothered to inquire what crime, if any, she had committed. It was the fabulous ability with which she carried off the kidnaping hoax that infuriated the respectable middle-class residents of Los Angeles. Although I heard her speak many times, I never heard her attack any individual or any group, and I am thoroughly convinced that her followers always felt that they had received full value in exchange for their liberal donations. She made migrants feel at home in Los Angeles; she gave them a chance to meet other people; and she exorcised the nameless fears which so many of them had acquired from the fire-and-brimstone theology of the Middle West.

Although she managed to maintain a fairly constant following until her death from an overdose of sleeping powder in 1944, she never recovered from the vicious campaign that had been directed against her in 1926. The old enthusiasm was gone; the old fervor had vanished. She was no longer "Sister McPherson" in Los Angeles, but merely "Aimee." In many respects, her career parallels that of Katherine Tingley: both were highly gifted women with a great talent for showmanship; both had lived in poverty and obscurity until middle age; both founded cults; and both were ruined by scandal.

5

THE outstanding cult movement in Southern California in the twenties, the Four Square Gospel was succeeded by still fancier cults in the thirties. By any standard the I AM cult is the weirdest mystical concoction that has ever issued from the region. It is a witch's caldron of the inconceivable, the incredible, and the fantastic. Stated in objective terms, the tenets of the cult constitute a hideous phantasm. Originating in Los Angeles, the cult spread across the nation, with centers in Chicago, New York, West Palm Beach, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Denver, Salt Lake City, Fort Worth, and Dallas; it enrolled 350,000 converts and deposited in the hands of its creators the tidy sum of \$3,000,000.

The creators of the cult, Guy W. Ballard and his wife Edna Ballard, came to Los Angeles from Chicago around 1932. Paper hanger, stock salesman, and promoter, Ballard had been obsessed, since his childhood in Newton, Kansas, with visions of gold and jewels. Indicted in Illinois in 1929 for a gold-mine promotion, he had fled westward. A professional

medium, his wife had edited a spiritualist magazine, *The Diamond*, in Chicago. After coming to Los Angeles, Ballard, under the nom de plume of Godfrey Ray King, published a treatise in 1934 entitled *Unveiled Mysteries*, which sets forth the doctrine of the Mighty I AM Presence.

The deity of the cult, it seems, is the Ascended Master Saint Germain. While he was on a hiking trip near Mount Shasta in Northern California, Ballard relates, Saint Germain, appearing out of the void, tapped him on the shoulder and offered him a cup filled with "pure electronic essence." After drinking the essence and eating a tiny wafer of "concentrated energy," Ballard felt himself surrounded by "a White Flame which formed a circle about fifty feet in diameter."

Enveloped in the flame, he and Saint Germain set forth on a trip around the world in the stratosphere, visiting "the buried cities of the Amazon," France, Egypt, Karnak, Luxor, the fabled Inca cities of antiquity, the Royal Tetons, and Yellowstone National Park. Wherever they journeyed, they found rich treasures: jewels of all kinds, Spanish pirate gold, rubies, pearls, diamonds, emeralds, amethysts, gold bullion, casks of silver, the plunder of antiquity. Fantastic as this revelation may sound, *Unveiled Mysteries* began to sell like hot cakes at \$2.50 a copy. Soon the Ballards were able to secure radio time. The "love gifts" poured in so rapidly that they took over a large, rambling tabernacle, from the top of which a blazing neon light flashed word to all Los Angeles, of the Mighty I AM Presence.

And then the Ballards began to sell things: a monthly magazine called *The Voice of the I AM*; various books, such as *The Magic Presence*, the I AM Discourses, the I AM Adorations, Affirmations, and Decrees; and the Ascended Master Discourses. Photographs of Ballard, "our beloved messenger," sold for \$2.50; phonograph records, which recorded "the music of the spheres" and lectures of Ballard, sold for \$3; a "Chart of the Magic Presence" brought \$12; a steel engraving of the "Cosmic Being, Orion, better known as the Old Man of the Hills," retailed for \$2; the "Special I AM Decree binder" was listed at \$1.25; I AM rings at \$12; a special electrical device, equipped with colored lights, called "Flame in Action," sold, in varying sizes, for \$50 and \$200; and, finally, a "New Age Cold Cream" preparation was available for the faithful. When Mrs. Ballard was later convicted of mail fraud in the Federal court in Los Angeles, an audit of the books revealed that over \$3,000,000 had been collected in sales, contributions, and "love offerings."

The meetings of this cult were unlike anything of the sort I have witnessed in Los Angeles. Buxom middle-aged usherettes, clad in flowing evening gowns, with handsome corsages of orchids and gardenias, bustled around at the morning services in a tabernacle that literally steamed with perfume. Although sex is taboo in the I AM creed — it tends to divert "divine energy" — it would be difficult to

imagine a ritual in which sexual symbolism figured as prominently as it does in Master Saint Germain's revelation.

Basically the cult has two symbols: wealth and energy. Great emphasis is placed on words such as "energy," "wealth," "jewels," "riches," and "power." The faithful are promised power by which they can acquire wealth, gold, radios, hotels, automobiles, jewels, and innumerable luxuries. A key word in the affirmations, chants, and adorations is "blasted" by the dynamic energy of Saint Germain's "purple light" and the "atomic accelerator." A talented appropriator, Ballard had lifted ideas at random from a dozen sources in putting this strange creed together. (The sources are documented in an interesting volume: *Psychic Dictatorship in America* by Gerald B. Bryan, published in Los Angeles in 1940.)

One of the sources that Ballard used was a series of articles which William Dudley Pelley had published in 1929, entitled "Seven Minutes in Eternity," written while Pelley was a resident of Sierra Madre, near Pasadena. It is not by chance, therefore, that the I AM cult has Hitlerian overtones, with such auxiliary organizations as the "Minute Men of Saint Germain" and the "Daughters of Light." By the time an I AM audience repeats a chant the fourth time, the members are shouting with all the frenzy of a mob of Nazis yelling, "*Sieg Heil!*"

6

IN 1875 a group of men, whose names must be forever unknown, succeeded in establishing contact with a superhuman race of little men with metallic heads who dwell in the center of the earth. With the aid of these supermen, The Sponsors propose to eradicate war and poverty from the earth. Such is the basic revelation of Mankind United, a cult movement launched by Arthur Bell in 1934. Once 200,000,000 people have joined the organization, Mankind United will be in a position to ensure that no mortal will have to work more than four hours a day, four days a week, eight months a year, in order to earn a salary of not less than \$3000 a year. Pensions of \$250 a month will be paid all who have worked 11,000 hours or have reached the age of sixty.

Bell promised each of his followers a \$25,000 home, equipped with radio, television, unlimited motion pictures, and an "automatic vocal-type correspondence machine." The homes were also to be equipped with automatic news and telephone recording apparatus; automatic air-conditioning; with fruit trees, vegetable gardens, hothouses, athletic courts, swimming pools, fountains, shrubbery, and miniature waterfalls. While traveling some years before the war in China and Japan, "and certain countries in Europe," Bell had discovered 100,000,000 gardeners who wished to spend the rest of their lives gardening in America for Mankind United.

In exchange for these promised luxuries, members were asked to surrender their worldly possessions on joining the secret order. Throughout a network of affiliated organizations — the Universal Service Corporation, the International Institute of Universal Research, and the International Legion of Vigilantes — the leaders of Mankind United received \$97,500 in 1939 from the sale of Arthur Bell's revelation. Between 1934 and 1941, more than 14,000 Californians joined the cult, most of whom were "either elderly persons or individuals who had suffered severe economic losses."

Arthur Bell claimed to have possession of a ray machine so powerful that its beams, once released, would knock out the eye sockets of people thousands of miles distant (a notion based upon an article which Dr. R. M. Langer, of the California Institute of Technology had contributed to *Collier's* in 1940). Using the principle of the ray machine, power plants would be created capable of exterminating a million people at a single blast. Claiming to be omnipotent, Bell told a California legislative committee that, if he wished, he could go into a trance and be whisked off to the far corners of the earth. Shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor, the leaders of the cult, most of whom were anti-war, were convicted of violating the sedition statutes.

Certain basic themes appear in the I AM and Mankind United cults. In both movements there is a marked emphasis upon energy and power, symbolized by the ray machine in Mankind United and by the "mystic purple light" of the I AM cult. Both cults reflect a psychoneurotic preoccupation with the symbols of material wealth, luxury, and ease of living. Splendor and release, power and wealth, are to come, in both cases, through the intervention of a messiah who possesses the magic formula. There are villains in both cults: hidden rulers, destructive forces, static elements that must be blasted into eternity. Sired by Buck Rogers and Superman, they are nevertheless profoundly symptomatic of the unrest, the suppressed fury, and the preoccupation with violence and power of certain classes in our society.

In Los Angeles, I have attended the services of the Agabeg Occult Church, where the woman pastor who presided had violet hair (to match her name) and green-painted eyelids (to emphasize their mystical insight); of the Great White Brotherhood, whose yellow-robed followers celebrate the full moon of May with a special ritual; of the Ancient Mystical Order of Melchizedek; of the Temple of the Jewelled Cross; of Sanford Church, "food scientist, psychologist, and health lecturer"; of the Bahai World Faith Center; of the Crusade of the New Civilization; of the Self-Realization Fellowship of America, which proposes to construct a Golden Lotus Yoga Dream Hermitage near Encinitas at a cost of \$400,000.

I have also heard the lectures of Dr. Horton Held, who believes that California is an unusually healthy place in which to live, since "so many flowers find it

possible to grow in this vicinity. The flowers, cultivated or wild, give out certain chemicals which beneficially affect the human body." In Los Angeles one finds the Maz-daz-lan cult of Otoman Bar-Azusht Ra'nish (real name Otto Ranisch).

Los Angeles is the home of the Philosophical Research Society, Incorporated, of Manly Palmer Hall, "America's Greatest Philosopher"; the center of Zoroastrianism in America; the headquarters of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism. In a single office building in the heart of Los Angeles, Thomas Sugrue found the following listed as tenants: "Spiritual Mystic Astrologer; Spiritual Psychic Science Church, number 450, Service Daily, Message Circles, Trumpets Thursday; Circle of Truth Church; Spiritual Psychic Science Church; First Church of Divine Love and Wisdom; Reverend Eva Coram, Giving Her Wonderful Cosmic Readings, Divine Healing Daily; Spiritual Science Church of the Master, Special Rose Light Circle, Nothing Impossible."

Southern California, wrote Michael Williams, is a "vertiginous confusion of modern idolatry and sorcery and superstition," which is finding philosophical justification as a "new paganism, made up of Theosophists, Rosicrucians, Christian Mysticism, Hermeticism, and New Thought." Most of the movements described here represent cultic phenomena — that is, they are not sects which have split off from some established faith; they are new cults.

Migration is the basic explanation for the growth of cults in Southern California. "History is replete," writes Dr. William W. Sweet, "with instances of corruption of religion among migrating people." In the process of moving westward, the customs, practices, and religious habits of the people have undergone important changes. Old ties have been loosened, old allegiances weakened. Leaders of the orthodox faiths have repeatedly complained, with the exception of the Catholic Church, that established church practices and procedures have undergone various mutations in Southern California.

A church survey made in Los Angeles points up the real problem: "For the most part," it states, "the newly developing religious teachers are sincerely trying to serve their followers, and prove to be strong influences because *traditional habits do not reach the people in this community*. [Italics mine.] Even the older-type churches have been adopting measures unsanctioned in other parts of the country for a more effective hold upon their people."

In a lesser measure, the cultic aberrations of Southern California are an accidental by-product of its geographical location. Dr. Lee R. Steiner, in her study of quacks and fakirs, has pointed out that, when difficulty besets the quack, "he usually flees to Los Angeles," not so much because it is a haven, but because it is the largest metropolitan center west of Chicago. Cult movements have moved westward in America, and Los Angeles is the last stop.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IS LIKE CHRISTMAS NOW

by JOHN SESSIONS

"I had a dream, dear.
You had one too.
Mine was the best dream,
Because it was of you-ou-ou."

"That's no Irish song," Sid protested.

"What do you mean? I suppose you know more about Irish songs than I do," the Irishman answered. "It's an Irish song, and I'm going to sing it."

"What do you say, Johnny," Sid asked me. "Is that an Irish song?"

"It is the way Irish sings it," I said. "Any song is Irish the way he sings them."

"It's an Irish song, and I'm going to sing it. In that green derby I wore last year. Remember it? And my uncle's got a clay pipe."

"That's all right, but that isn't any Irish song."

"If we're going to have the dance, this committee better get going on it," I warned them.

"Oh, we'll have the dance, right enough," Irish said. "Boy, I've waited a long time for this. Every year. Last year. The year before. Every year I go down to the local. Let's have a Saint Patrick's Day dance, I tell them. Let's put some life in the local. Throw a big Saint Patrick's Day dance, and give the money to sick and needy members."

"And every year," Sid broke in, "John MacGregor says nix."

"He better keep out of it this time," Irish warned, "or there's going to be a new president of the local next year."

"Keep out of it?" Sid said. "What do you mean keep out of it? If it was up to him, there wouldn't be

any Saint Patrick's Day dance this year either. — You heard what he said about it, Johnny."

"Yea, I was there," I answered. "'We can't have it,' he said. 'You go to having a dance, and you'll have beer. And as sure as you go to having beer, the guys'll get drunk. And as sure as the guys go to getting drunk, they'll get into trouble. And that'll look bad for the local.' That's what he said."

"He's no good," Sid said.

"You saw how the membership went for the dance," Irish reminded us. "You'll see. We'll have a dance all right. There's a lot of Irishmen in this local. MacGregor wants to watch out."

"O.K., men, let's get back to business," I said, trying to keep the committee on the subject. "What about tickets?"

"I think we should sell tickets for a buck and a half and give them free refreshments and free beer," Irish suggested.

"That's too much money," Sid protested. "A buck and a half could keep lots of people away. Make it fifty cents and you'll sell a lot of tickets to guys that won't come but'll buy tickets just because it's for the servicemen's fund."

"Make it a buck and a half. Give free beer and sandwiches. And free entertainment. There's a good hoe-down fiddler in 69 department. Your wife can sing. And I'll put my green hat on and sing. You know. I can't sing good, but it'll be funny. They'll get a good laugh out of the Irishman in a green hat singing,

"I had a dream, dear.
You had one too.
Mine was the best dream,
Because it was of you-ou-ou."

"I tell you that's no Irish song," Sid said.

"Why not leave it up to the stewards to decide how

Born in Michigan in 1918 and a graduate of the University of Michigan, where he is now a Teaching Fellow in the English Department, JOHN SESSIONS won an Avery Hopwood Award on this story, which we are pleased to publish as an *Atlantic* "First."

much to sell tickets for?" I suggested. "They're the ones that have to sell them."

"That's a good idea," Irish agreed. "I still think a buck and a half is better, though."

"A buck and half isn't fair," Sid said. "Some guys that were born in a saloon like you, Irish, would drink all the beer, and my wife, she'd pay the same as you, and she doesn't drink two beers all night."

"That's socialism," Irish said. "We're all in favor of socialism, aren't we?"

"All right," I interrupted. "Let's leave it up to the stewards."

"O.K.," Irish said. "I don't care so much about the tickets, so long as we put a little life into the local. I told MacGregor, the way he runs things, he might as well hang crepe over his door."

"You take it up with the stewards, Johnny," Sid proposed. "They got a meeting tomorrow. You ask them what they want to sell tickets for. And tell them if they make it fifty cents, we'll sell a lot of tickets to guys that won't come to the dance but'll buy tickets because it's the servicemen's fund."

"How come Irene's not here, by the way?" I asked. "She's in charge of the servicemen's fund."

"She got her hair caught in a drill yesterday," Sid explained. "Couldn't come in to work today."

"Why do girls wear their hair like that when they're running a drill?" Irish asked.

"Did you hear about Ford local running a contest on that?" Sid asked.

"What do you mean, a contest?"

"They offered a war bond to the girl that could design the best-looking safety hat. They got hundreds of entries. And do you know who won?"

"Who did?"

"A maintenance man!"

"A maintenance man designed a lady's hat?"

"Yea. It was perfectly safe. You couldn't get your hair caught in a drill, and it looked just like this Veronica Lake."

"You're crazy. How could that be?"

"Easy. He told the girls to shave their heads and wear a Veronica Lake wig!"

We all had a good laugh about it.

"All right," I said. "Let's stick to the dance. Irene said she knew about an orchestra."

"Sure, it's the same one Chrysler local had for their dance. They were good for popular stuff and the old-time music both. Let's try to get them."

"I like the old-time music best," Irish said. "I'll never forget when I was a kid in Scranton. Saturday night all the miners would draw their pay for the week, and we'd all get together in old man Riley's barn. We'd dance and sing. Boy, we used to have some good times then."

"That's the way it was in Liverpool," Sid said. "The English used to sing. They don't sing over here the way we used to sing in Liverpool. Our unions had singing societies, and there was always a big contest every year. — You ought to have heard them sing, Johnny."

"Let's get back to the orchestra, though," I said.

"Did you ever hear my wife sing?" Sid asked.

"She can sing anything."

"Everybody's agreed then?" I asked. "We get the orchestra the Chrysler guys had?"

"How about you going down to find out about it tomorrow, Sid?" Irish said. "You can take the day off and get lost time from the local."

"All right. I'll find out about it. Maybe Irene can come along. She ought to be in on this stuff. She can wear a hat, and it won't look too bad."

"Hey, are you guys about ready to go home?" It was Fisty, the hunchbacked janitor.

"You want to lock up, Fisty?" I asked.

"If you guys are through, I do," he replied. "If you want to go on meeting though, go ahead. That's what the local hall is for. The place is dead since MacGregor's running things. You guys liven the place up."

"I told MacGregor the other day he might as well hang crepe over the door," Irish said.

"We're ready to go. You can lock up," I told him.

"Oh, I brought you some towels."

Fisty took the towels and locked them away in a cabinet where he kept his cleaning stuff. "Thanks, Johnny. I keep these towels hid in the cabinet. If MacGregor found out about you guys stealing company towels for me to clean the hall with, he'd raise hell about it."

"We're going to meet here again tomorrow, and I'll put a couple more under my shirt for you."

We grabbed our lunch boxes and ran for a streetcar we could hear coming down the street.

2

WHAT do you mean, they're going to hold the dance the day after Saint Patrick's Day?" Irish demanded.

"Don't blame me, Irish," Sid replied. "I know how you wanted a Saint Patrick's Day dance. But when Irene heard about the orchestra she went straight to MacGregor, and MacGregor went straight to the executive board and they changed the date."

"How can you hold a Saint Patrick's Day dance the day after Saint Patrick's Day?" Irish wanted to know. "Who ever heard of an Irishman getting all dressed up in a green hat to celebrate Saint Patrick's Day the day after!"

"What do you mean they're going to hold it the day after?" I asked Sid. "How come?"

"It's on account of the orchestra," Sid explained.

"It's anti-union," Irish said. "They're going to scab on the musicians' union. That's what it's all about."

"No, that's not it," Sid objected. "It's because of the servicemen's fund they want to do it. Irene was there, and she thought it would be better the day after. Maybe it will be better some ways. Now you can sing that song of yours, and it won't look so bad because it's not an Irish song."

"It's an Irish song all right, but I'm not singing it. I feel like not even coming, if that's the way they're going to run things. I knew MacGregor would try to spoil everything."

"Sure you'll sing the song, Irish," Sid said. "Let's put the thing over as best we can, and we'll get MacGregor later. Election time we'll take care of him."

"We'll get him all right. There's a lot of Irishmen in that plant. They won't like this. How do you think Donnally'll feel about this? And O'Neil? There's a lot of Irishmen in that plant. People can't mess up Saint Patrick's Day. They can fool around with Thanksgiving if they want to. But when you go to monkeying around with Saint Patrick's Day, you want to watch out."

"Hold up, you guys," I said. "What goes on?"

"Well," Sid explained, "Irene came along with me to find out about the orchestra, and she figured since the dance was for the servicemen's fund, we want to make as much as we can. Well, when she found out about the musicians' union, she went straight to MacGregor about it and got the date changed."

"Women," Irish muttered. "What do women know about it?"

"You mean she wants a non-union orchestra?" I asked. "She ought to know we can't do anything like that."

"No," Sid said. "That's not the idea. The thing is, the musicians' union says Saint Patrick's Day is a holiday, and they won't play unless we pay them double time."

"A holiday? Saint Patrick's Day?" I exclaimed.

"Isn't that the pay-off!" Irish said. "This orchestra gets double time working Saint Patrick's Day. And I got to work for straight time. That shows the kind of union we got."

"So Irene goes to MacGregor," Sid continued. "She says as long as it's for the servicemen's fund and as long as we can make sixty dollars more the day after, we should wait another day for the dance."

"And MacGregor, the damned Scotchman, is just that tight and just that much against the Irish that quick as a flash he gets the executive board together and puts the dance off."

"Well, I'll be damned," I said. "Imagine those

guys getting double time for Saint Patrick's Day, and we got to work for straight time."

"Tell you what let's do," I suggested. "Let's go thrash this out with MacGregor."

MacGregor was sitting in his office. "How's the dance coming?" he said cheerfully.

"You know damned well how it's coming," Irish told him.

"Now, Irish," MacGregor said pleasantly, "don't get the idea that I oppose a Saint Patrick's Day dance. It's just that Irene thought it would be nicer to hold the dance the day after, since we would get so much more for the servicemen's fund."

"MacGregor, you been trying to upset this Saint Patrick's Day dance right from the start," Irish said.

They argued back and forth awhile, and all at once Sid broke in.

"Look, you guys, if we can't hold a Saint Patrick's Day dance, how about holding it the night before? That would be better than afterwards."

"Saint Patrick's Eve!" Irish said triumphantly. "That's it, Sid. Saint Patrick's Eve. You can pay the orchestra straight time, MacGregor, and we'll stay up the whole damned night to welcome in Saint Patrick's Day. There's Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, and isn't Saint Patrick's Day as important as Christmas and New Year's? I'll be the first damned Irishman to welcome in Saint Patrick's Day. I'll dress up in my old green hat, and right at twelve o'clock I'll sing an old Irish song I know."

"Now, let's not rush this," MacGregor said.

"I had a dream, dear . . ."

"You're licked, MacGregor," Sid said, "and you better admit it."

"You had one too-oo . . ."

Fisty came by as we walked out of the office, and we gave him a pile of company towels, right in front of MacGregor.

"Mine was the best dream . . ."

Irish was singing with gusto. Saint Patrick's Day had come into its own. It was like Christmas now.

"Because it was of you-ou-ou."



IS MANKIND COHESIVE?

by CARYL P. HASKINS

1

ONLY two great groups of animals, men and ants, indulge in highly organized mass warfare — warfare on so wide a scale that the geographic configuration of the earth becomes a factor in their operations. When the little “harvesting” ant *Pheidole megacephala*, for instance, spread out from its original home in the equatorial deserts of the Old World on a campaign of world conquest, it soon reached Bermuda, traveling as an unbidden guest on the trading ships of man. In Bermuda its plan to exterminate the native ants would have done credit to Pizarro or Cortes. Confining itself at first to the salt-sprayed regions of the coral beaches, where any native ant would have perished, *Pheidole* built up a solid ring of occupation about the island. Then, foot by foot and year by year, it narrowed the circle, battling its way into the cedar groves and the upland swarded hills, exterminating community after community of the native ants until its particular enemy, the large but primitive *Odontomachus*, has now all but disappeared and *Pheidole* is to be found everywhere the conqueror.

Somewhat earlier, in the middle of the last century, this same *Pheidole* invaded and conquered Madeira; and there, in every house, on every pavement, in every tree, its foraging files were to be seen. But *Pheidole* met its match on Madeira at the hands of another invasive horde — the apparently harmless New World genus *Iridomyrmex*. For *Iridomyrmex* too had plans of world conquest, and was better fitted than *Pheidole* to carry them out. Traveling northward from its original home on the west coast of southern South America, *Iridomyrmex* invaded Central America and Mexico, then spread eastward along

our Gulf Coast and entered Florida, whence it is now slowly advancing up our eastern shoreline. In due time it reached Europe, invaded Portugal, spread to Spain and southern France, and has been reported more recently from South Africa.

Madeira appears to have been its steppingstone to Portugal, but first it had to overcome *Pheidole*, which was dominant on the island. Far better coördinated than *Pheidole*, *Iridomyrmex* stretches out its victims and then attacks their exposed nerves with a poisonous secretion. Today it is the files of *Iridomyrmex*, not *Pheidole*, which course in endless processions up and down the pink-plastered houses of Funchal.

Only men and ants keep slaves, but the institution of slavery has been much more highly developed by ants than by men. Among the slave-makers of the genus *Polyergus*, for example, the mistresses are no longer able even to feed themselves without the assistance of the slaves, and will starve in the midst of plenty if the slaves are removed. The excavation and architecture of the nest, the care of the young, all the essential activities of colonial life, are left entirely to the slaves. The mistresses confine themselves to warfare and plunder, and in these functions they have become highly accomplished.

Only men and ants domesticate other animals on a wide scale and keep them for practical purposes or even, so far as we can judge, for the mere attractiveness of the association. Aphids or plant lice, plant scales, leaf-hoppers and brownie-bugs, the caterpillars of certain butterflies — all are nourished and assiduously tended by ants for the secretions which they produce, and certain of them are as carefully and widely cultivated as are our own cattle. More than two thousand other species of insects and related invertebrates are known to live habitually in the nests of various ants — some purely as parasites, like rats in human communities; some as indifferent cohabitants, like the street pigeons of our great cities; and some as carefully tended “pets.”

Only certain social ants and bees, wasps, and termites exhibit the devotion to particular groups within the community that the people of absolute monarchies have characteristically bestowed upon their royalty. The queen honeybee, the queen Army ant, and the kings and queens of termite colonies are alike

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He is the author of two books, *Of Ants and Men* and *The Amazon*; and in the February *Atlantic* he began his detailed and fascinating study of man the social animal. In the development of this series, Dr. Haskins was greatly aided by Dr. Paul A. Zahl.

surrounded by hordes of attendants during every moment of their long lives, and are fed, cleaned, and guarded without cessation. At first glance there appear to be striking similarities between the communal life of highly social insects and that of man.

2

YET in an evolutionary sense man can be only very remotely related to the social insects. The creatures which in evolution were to give rise to the mammals and finally to man must have parted from the ancestral stem of all the insects long before the first primitive vertebrate appeared on earth, in ancient geological times. Even among the social insects — the bees, the wasps, and the ants — the relationship is not a close one, for the ancestral stocks of these creatures and those of the termites must have gone their separate ways before anything that we should recognize as an insect had been evolved.

In consequence of this long separation of the insects and our own ancestors, the very ground-plan of the insect body and brain is fundamentally different from that of man. In place of the closed circulatory system and the warm, red blood of man, the insect has an open body cavity through which courses a stream of colorless blood, pumped by a tubular heart and bathing the vital organs more or less haphazardly in its sluggish flow. In place of the internal supporting skeleton of man, the insects have a hard outer shell to which the muscles are attached, sensitive to the outside world only where it is pierced by special nerve-connected hairs.

In place of man's two eyes, the social insects have from two to five, but they are rigid structures, incapable of focusing, incapable of movement except as the head or body itself is moved also. Three of the five eyes operate on substantially the same principle as the vertebrate organ, but the remaining two, the large compound eyes which are the most important, operate quite differently. It is exceedingly doubtful if any of them, at least among the social insects, are capable of producing on the retina an image comparable with that produced by the eye of man. Yet, among the bees and the ants at least, the retinas appear to be sensitive to a range of wave lengths which we see as red and perhaps as orange.

In place of our largely degenerated olfactory sense, ants appear to have the most exquisite sense of smell, apparently combined and fused with a sense of touch through an intimate admixture of these sense organs on the antennae, to give a sort of "contact-odor" sensation of which we can have little conception.

The impressions which the senses of a social insect convey, so different from those of a man, must be made even more different by the brain that receives them. For the "thought processes" of the social insects, like those of insects in general, are clearly dominated by instinct patterns of a variety and richness which it is difficult to imagine. A digger wasp

requires no training to duplicate the exact and intricate form of brood cell which its mother made before it, or to find the prey to store in it, or to paralyze this prey, or to attach an egg to it safe from harm.

A honeybee requires no training to build a perfect comb, or to participate in the complex social activities of the nest. Not only does the bee instinctively function without training, but it is incapable of assimilating training in more than a limited sense. The ultimate action which the insect takes may be as complex as that of a man, but it is done in response to a psychical pattern of great stability which is not easily modified or readily lost.

It would be hard to imagine creatures more different in basic bodily structure, in senses, in quality of mentality, in background of experience, than man and the social insects. How could such different organisms fail to erect vastly divergent societies, especially when some of the consequences of these differences are borne in mind? How could the societies of man the mechanic, skilled in the use of tools, approach in any respect the communities of insects, only one of which, the solitary wasp *Ammophila*, is known customarily to use a tool at all, and this but a simple pebble to tamp the loose earth about a newly excavated burrow?

How could societies with no resources for the accumulation of experience through the generations except the slow processes of instinct, with only the most rudimentary and the most inflexible modes of communication, approach in any way the communities of man, close-knit by the spoken and the written word? The very difference in size of man and his communities, relative to the earth, would seem to make his situation not comparable with that of the social insects.

Yet the striking similarities are there, extending sometimes even to minute details of behavior. The communication systems of ants, for example, are remarkably like some of the simpler forms of sign language among men. The roadways which many harvesting ants build in radiating patterns from the mouths of their nests look so like a miniature edition of the footpaths about primitive villages that one can almost imagine oneself in a Lilliputian human community. Some ants even construct little clay way stations along these roads, in which they rest.

The solicitude of many ants for their "cattle" earns them the title of true shepherds. The insect charges are carried to new pastures as the old ones are depleted. They are taken underground in the fall and given winter protection, and brought out again to be pastured on fresh shoots in the spring. And when some of them unexpectedly develop wings, it is usual for the attendants to clip these wings off to prevent undue straying.

It is clearly fallacious to assume that such close parallels in such fundamentally different societies will allow of reasoning from direct analogy. Rather, they are of great significance as indicators of the much deeper underlying common features character-

istic of earthly life *per se* — potentialities for development which are common to men and bees and ants and termites, and which were common, too, to the simpler life-forms that in ancient times connected them in evolution. These similarities between animals that are merely the end-points of divergent evolutionary paths are the indicators — the tips of the floating iceberg, so to speak — from which we may guess at the hidden, binding bulk beneath. In order to get at the heart of the question, we must seek further, must search for our material in those characteristics common to all life.

3

IN MY observation of social living among the creatures of the earth, whether at the level of the single cell, like a bacterium, or of the colony of cells, like an elephant, or of a society of many-celled animals, like a colony of ants, I have been profoundly impressed with one thing above all: that life appears to be under constant pressure from two quite different and often opposing forces which largely determine the tortuous course of its evolution.

The first of these forces is manifest in a continuing tendency of life to evolve from simpler to more complex forms. I speak of it as a "force" or a "trend" simply for lack of anything better to call it or any clearer understanding of its nature. I have traced this trend, as we find it in bacteria, cellular colonies, and animal societies, in my article "The Social Animal" which appeared in the February *Atlantic*. It is difficult to see that this widespread evolutionary trend to complexity is governed in any way by the need of survival of the species exhibiting it.

The second influence which has molded the course of the evolution of societies is the trend to form well-integrated, highly coördinated, streamlined individuals from the primitive loose associations that are characteristic of early societies. This pressure to streamlining, to internal integration, would seem to follow from the action of conventional natural selection which tends to weed out the inept, the ill-coördinated, the unfit.

Examples of the first trend are of course legion, as I showed in some detail last month. The evolution of bacteria and protozoa, the evolution of the colonial green flagellates, the evolution of the social insects, are all vivid examples of the trend to complexity.

The second tendency is illustrated with equal clarity in the relative perfection of coördination of a *Volvox* colony compared with one of *Spondylomor*, or in the integration of a community of fungus-growing ants compared with the "half-societies" of primitive Ponerines. This second tendency is worth further consideration.

As societies such as these develop in nature, there is inevitably very great loss of the individual independence of the components. Consider, for instance, the loss of individual independence and the immense

advance in social specialization involved in the transition from a cell in a sixteen-celled, loosely organized *Spondylomor* colony to the white blood-cell of an elephant. Or think of the decrease in individuality typified by the transition from a daughter of the semisocial bee *Allodape*, free at any time to leave its colony and to found a new community of its own, to the trammelled worker of the honeybee. Everywhere the trend seems to have been toward order and regimentation of the individual in the newly formed society, toward specialization and suppression of the part to the whole, of the individual to the state, until the state has become so streamlined and efficient in its operation that it can compete as an operating unit with the solitary creatures from which it sprang.

In the case of colonies of cells, that regimentation and suppression has been so complete that we have no hesitation in calling the resultant cell-state, such as an elephant or a man, an individual. In the case of societies of a higher order, composed of individual units which are themselves multicellular, the fusion is usually not so complete, although in some cases, such as the Portuguese Man-of-War, it may be. But everywhere the trend is unmistakable. Dominance of the whole over the part, suppression of the individual for the community, regimentation for all time, these are the keystones.

It is a disturbing picture upon which to reflect in relation to man. For this, of course, is precisely the ideology of the totalitarian state; and for the totalitarian philosopher the picture I have drawn is ammunition of the most plausible and the most valuable kind. Throughout Nature, there is marked evidence that all social organizations at the beginning of their evolution were loose associations of individuals of a democratic character, and that such associations clearly fared badly in evolution and tended to change over into the highly regimented form which is the successful type today. It is logical to conclude that people of democratic ideals are merely trying to halt the social evolution of man early on its road, and at a particularly unfavorable point, while the totalitarians are trying to speed it on to its natural and obviously happy conclusion. This is a serious reflection, indeed, for the biological evidence is weighty, and it must be answered.

4

ONE of the most interesting criteria for the classification of animal societies, and perhaps one of the most significant, involves the manner in which such societies arise. On this basis, all the societies which we have so far considered belong to a single class. All of them are formed at the start by one or more parents, and the society is actually a hugely enlarged family, composed of generation after generation of children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren which accumulate around the parents in a dependent status, instead of leading independent lives.

In the case of ants or bumblebees, for example, a solitary mother isolates herself and lays a small packet of eggs, which she rears to maturity with painstaking care. The resultant daughters remain with the mother as dependent workers. As the season advances, more and more workers accumulate and the community grows accordingly.

Similarly in the case of termites, a paired male and female, the "royal couple," found the community, and it is their dependent sons and daughters that build up the colony, which may ultimately number hundreds of thousands of individuals. We may call communities of this sort, in which all the members are closely related, *family* societies. The trend of evolution in family societies, as we have seen, is unmistakably toward the goal of high integration, with regimentation and suppression of the individual to the advantage of the state. If we except man, family societies include the most striking social organizations of the world.

We sometimes forget, however, that there is another great class of societies in the world, quite as important, in which the members, though bound together by ties often as close as those uniting the members of the family society, need not be in any way related to one another. They have not necessarily grown up from infancy in association, but are more likely to have come together after they were fully mature. For purposes of convenience, we may call these societies *associative*.

A school of minnows or of mackerel, a ball of hibernating snakes among the rocks of a mountaintop, a wheeling flock of pigeons, the migrating hordes of European lemmings, the great winter herds of barren-ground caribou, the vast waves of migrating bison of former years, are all examples of this kind. So are the tropical communal spiders which spin webs sometimes twenty feet across, the masses of ladybird beetles which one may discover in December under stones or the bark of trees, the flocks of southward-migrating Monarch butterflies that are often so conspicuous in autumn, or the devastating hordes of locusts that plagued the Mormons.

Perhaps the most striking example of this kind of society, and of the close and universal social bondage to which it can lead, is to be found at the level of the single cell, among the curious slime molds, or *Mycetozoa*. The slime molds lie so nearly on the dividing line between the plant and animal kingdoms, and have so many characteristics of both great groups, that a satisfactory decision has never been reached as to whether they belong to the plants or the animals. Like true molds, they begin life as resting spores which may remain alive in the inert dried condition for a long time. On falling into a pool of water which offers it a suitable environment, however, the spore germinates, to produce what is to all intents and purposes an amoeba.

Like an amoeba this germling is active and predatory, and it begins at once to "flow" through its watery world in search of food particles to ingest.

After several days in this form, the new-hatched organism goes through a change in shape and emerges as a typical flagellate. Like them, it now has a rigid body wall and is equipped with a rapidly flailing flagellum-whip for mobility. Like them, it leads a purely solitary existence and hunts its prey actively. It divides longitudinally to produce daughter cells which wander away as solitary organisms also, and it may go through one or more sexual phases.

Eventually, however, the solitary flagellate becomes gregarious. By twos and threes and fours the cells come together and adhere, until little knots are formed throughout the watery medium. Bit by bit these knots grow, and, as with coalescing water droplets on a rainy windshield, one "pool" finally dominates and the other groups flow into it. The "pool" may measure many inches in diameter. As each cell enters the collection of cells, its own body-wall is broken down and it is fused completely into the community, only its nucleus remaining intact.

Ultimately this body comes to consist of an immense, streaming mass of protoplasm, studded with many nuclei. Then the "pool" comes to life, as it were, and flows off as an individual on its own, looking like a Brobdingnagian amoeba. There is no stranger spectacle in the woods than one of these giant *plasmodia* of the *Mycetozoa* creeping along the damp soil or over decayed logs, still in incessant search of food, and looking and behaving once again like a single cell, but a cell of unbelievably large proportions.

The Mycetozoan *plasmodium* may have a relatively long life in its amoeba-like form, and may even enter periods of inactivity in a dried condition, from which it will revive to resume its wandering life. But in the end the nomad comes to rest, attaches itself to some spot, and proceeds to turn into a sort of puffball. The free nuclei of the constituent cells are once again surrounded by walls, spore cases are formed, and the nuclei migrate into them, there to mature as true spores and finally to be broken off from the parent organism, to drift away on the winds and repeat the cycle of growth.

Viewed as a colony, the Mycetozoan *plasmodium* has all the characteristics which we consider typical of an associative society. Its members come together after much of their lives has already been spent, in a "voluntary" association of previously independent organisms. The constituent cells are not necessarily closely related in a genetic sense. During the time that they are in association, some evidence of their previously independent existence is preserved in their discrete nuclei. The communal bonds uniting them are strong but are not permanent.

5

WE CAN, I think, make certain generalizations about associative societies. In sharp contrast to the situation among family societies, there are no highly spe-

cialized, highly integrated associative communities. All of them are primitive, flexible, generalized. In all of them the individual is important and is not very strictly regimented. In all of them, the endowment and the potentialities for independent living of the individual have remained at a high level. There is no specialization to leadership or to domination comparable to the development of a brain cell or of a king or queen termite, nothing more unalterable than the feeble leadership of the point-bird of a flying flock of Canada geese or the sentry of a flock of crows on vigilant watch against the farmer's gun.

Rarely if ever is the separation of an individual from an association of this sort fatal to the individual in the sense that it would be to the individual body-cell of a plant or animal or to a worker honeybee. In fact, there are no associative societies known to me in which such a dissolution of the society does not normally occur periodically, releasing the individuals for periods of independent existence in greater or lesser degree before they are reunited.

At the same time, associative societies, in contrast to family ones, are both immortal and highly amorphous. They are immortal in the sense that they may persist year after year or decade after decade, forming, dividing, dissolving, reuniting again, without any signs of senescence. A flock of migrating robins may vary from year to year in size and form and composition, but in its essential elements the same robin flock will be traveling the same routes a generation or twenty generations from now as it did twenty generations ago. This continuity contrasts sharply with the senescence and death of a colony of wasps or bumblebees in the fall of the season in which it was founded, or with the dissolution of a colony of the harvesting ant *Pogonomyrmex* at the death of its queen.

Associative societies are amorphous in the sense that they can readily be divided into parts and later be reunited, or as readily combine with other associative aggregates to form larger communities. The Mycetozoan *plasmodium*, while it is developing, will accept additional members into its organization with the utmost tolerance, regardless of whether they are immediately related or not. A flock of birds or of Monarch butterflies, traveling southward, will freely augment its numbers with additions from day to day, and will welcome these newcomers into its midst with complete tolerance if they are of the same or even of different species, whether or not the new arrivals are known to it as individuals.

Contrast this with the utter intolerance of the members of a bee or an ant colony to individuals which are not by birth members of the same group, even though they are of the same species and so alike that the human eye has difficulty in distinguishing them. Contrast the impossibility of uniting two *Volvox* colonies with the ease of joining two Mycetozoan *plasmodia* at the appropriate time. The family society tends to build strong and impermeable walls about itself, whether those walls are the bark of a

sequoia trunk or the intolerance of an ant colony to strangers. The associative society, by contrast, exhibits the capacity to divide, and, more important, to unite into larger groups. We shall have occasion later to recall this capacity.

So far as I know, there has never been a case of organized warfare recorded between animal communities of the associative type. Indeed, the loose and ill-defined organization characteristic of such societies would make such organized warfare a virtual impossibility. Among family societies, on the other hand, highly organized warfare is not at all uncommon.

Associative societies are probably as common in Nature as family ones. There is certainly nothing to indicate that they are less ancient. We must therefore regard them as successful in evolution — quite as successful, presumably, as family societies. Yet they exhibit none of the trend toward specialization, none of the subordination of the component to the whole, none of the regimentation of the individual to the need of the state, characteristic of the family society. On the contrary, because of its loose organization, the continued existence of the associative society appears to depend upon the alertness, the independence, the individual competence in survival, of its members.

It would seem fair to conclude, then, that the maintenance of a very loose form of colonial organization, the retention of a high degree of individual flexibility and independence, can be as effective in the survival of communal life in natural selection as is the totalitarian-like road of the family societies.

6

So different are the family and the associative types of society in their general structure and in the manner of their operation that we should hardly expect to find them combined in Nature. Yet actually such combinations are not at all uncommon. They are well illustrated at the level of the community of single cells by certain of the Mycetozoan slime molds in which the *plasmodia* are built up partly by the inclusion of new cells and partly by the division of those already present.

Among communities of many-celled animals, mixtures of this sort are much more striking and better known and consist, usually, of collections of families of individuals, closely related within each group but virtually unrelated outside it, all more or less loosely fused together. Such mixtures are beautifully illustrated by various of the colony-nesting birds. The vast rookeries of noddies and terns, of albatrosses and frigate birds, on the sandy atolls of tropical seas, the colonies of gulls and cormorants, guillemots and puffins and gannets on the rocky isles and shores of more northerly oceans, the strange nesting "herds" of king and emperor penguins in Antarctica, are all examples of this sort of relationship.

It reaches the height of its expression among the birds, perhaps, in the African sociable grosbeak

Philetaerus, where as many as two hundred pairs of the species may fuse their nests together into one gigantic mass which is protected from the rain by a communal roof-like structure.

Many similar examples are to be found among the mammals. The colonies of prairie dogs and ground squirrels, the permanent herds of wild horses and zebras, of musk oxen and antelopes, of giraffes and elephants, the communal flocks of flying foxes and of smaller bats, of the gibbons and perhaps of other primates not far away from the line of human descent, all exhibit this same combination of types, and seem to be composed of an amorphous mixture of closely related and essentially unrelated individuals.

Even among the semisocial wasps and bees, which are primarily family colonies, examples of mixtures of family and associative living can be found. Females of the wasp genus *Bembix*, for example, excavate individual earthen burrows, each terminated by a cell which is provisioned with paralyzed insect prey, on which an egg is placed. After the egg has hatched, the mother continues to bring food to the larva. This, of course, is the typical behavior-pattern of a solitary insect just entering the first stage of evolution to the family society.

Yet at the same time *Bembix* females show a strong proclivity to congregate as adults and to build their burrows in close proximity, occasionally even constructing a single communal entrance for them, though they resent actual intrusion on their privacy by their neighbors. This is the typical behavior of solitary creatures in the first stage of forming an associative union, and the colony-like collection of individual burrows which results is neither a purely family nor a purely associative society, but a most intimate mixture of the two.

Can we not consider human society as in essence a similar mixture of the family and the associative social forms, at base somewhat like a colony of sociable grosbeaks or a community-dwelling of *Bembix*? The family-society portion of this mixture will then be the family itself, and it will conform, in large measure, to the specifications which we laid down earlier to distinguish family-type societies among other animals. All members of the family are closely related. Even within the primitive family group there is some specialization of function, as between father and mother and offspring.

Within both the primitive and the modern family group the ties of family loyalty are direct and strong and are not readily to be extended outside of it. This loyalty is well indicated by the persistent cohesiveness of the human family as a unit at every social level, and by the rarity with which alien adult members are adopted into families in all civilizations, unless powerful external motivations lead to such adoptions as a social custom, as was the case, for instance, among various distinguished families of ancient China. Even infants are comparatively rarely adopted into families in modern society.

This situation is indicative, too, of the existence of

a rudimentary bounding "membrane," as it were, about the family society, walling it off to some extent from the similar social groups around it. It corresponds, perhaps, to the mutual hostility, the "territorial instinct," of pairs of even relatively highly socialized birds at nesting time.

In all these respects, the family society of man is comparable to the more primitive family-social organizations the world over. It seems vaguely to foreshadow most of the trends that are so well developed among the higher social insects, but it is incomparably primitive beside such structures.

It is notable that this human family unit has not advanced greatly in complexity, in degree of organization, or in subordination of the parts to the whole, since the time of earliest man, so far as we can tell. Furthermore, there seems no reason to suppose that the family of Piltown or Java or Peking or Neanderthal or Cro-Magnon man was essentially different, or much more primitive, in structure than that of the modern human. It is not in this area of his communal living that the great social changes characteristic of modern man have come. This is perhaps the most cogent reason why the parallels between man and the social insects that we have drawn should not be looked upon as direct analogies.

7

ON THE other side, the picture is vastly different, and here man as a social organism is unique in the world. I know of no other animals living through a mixture of the family and the associative social forms in which the associative type of social evolution can compare in advancement to the family type. The colony of the grosbeak *Philetaerus* is a feeble social structure compared with that of the individual grosbeak family. The nesting associations of *Bembix* are amorphous and evanescent indeed beside the close-knit entity that is the individual female and her developing brood. Even the Mycetozoan *plasmodium* is a temporary, shifting thing compared to the permanency of form of the single-cell nuclei which it contains and which will persist as recognizable entities into the spore and the resulting amoeboid organism and its flagellate successor, on into a new *plasmodium*, long after the older associative structure has vanished.

In man alone the associative social structure has become dominant in evolution over the familial form, and its evolution, totally unlike that of the family, is proceeding dynamically today. In man alone it is the associative society, the village or the tribe, the state or the nation, that is relatively more permanent and outlives the birth and the death of many of its component families. In man alone this larger social aggregate offers serious and often successful competition to the family society for the attention of the individual.

It is a common trick of primitive peoples to trans-

plant, as it were, many of the forms and the ties which give coherence to the family to the larger associative tribal or village or national structure which they are ambitious to make a stable social entity. Again and again we are confronted with the highly personalized character of tribal rule, with the extent to which the bond between tribe leader and tribesman is really that between father and son.

The leadership of Massasoit and Osceola, of Red Jacket and Sees-the-Living Bull, of Chaka the Zulu, of the Tokugawas and earlier Japanese Shoguns, of the Inca Viracocha, of countless European feudal lords, of Clovis and Charlemagne and Robert the Bruce, all had many elements of this relationship. It has persisted into modern times in absolute monarchies with remarkably little change. What else can have inspired the significant comment, "L'état, c'est moi," which epitomizes the relation so well?

The associative social structure of man shows definite evidence of a number of qualities normally characteristic of the family form. They are intimately mingled in varying proportions with the opposite qualities which normally characterize the associative social form in other animals. Thus in man alone there is definite evidence of regimentation in the associative sphere, confining the individual to particular tasks with varying degrees of severity, restricting his normal radius of action. In man alone, moreover, the individual has developed well-marked specializations to fit him for undertaking certain special tasks in the associative society.

There is little doubt that mental specialization is already occurring, manifested by the specialized sorts of talents which arise among us and which we count our most valuable social asset. The whole history of the development of human genius emphasizes how marked this biological mental specialization may be. And the pathetic obverse of the medal — the millions who have been tempted by evanescent social fashion and fleeting social rewards into types of activity for which they were not inherently psychically fitted — gives evidence quite as poignant.

In man alone the degree of internal organization of an associative society has progressed far enough to make highly organized warfare the nightmare that it is. And concomitantly, in man alone, the rigid "envelope" typical of the family society has often made its appearance, wrapping the associative society in the cloak of intensified nationalism and tribal or national or racial intolerance.

But the society of man is nevertheless still basically an associative one. The instincts of man are still deeply rooted in the basic characteristics of the associative structure — in relative freedom of the individual in the social fabric, in a low degree of internal organization, in low specialization of the component parts, in tolerance of other groups and a readiness to include them in the commonweal. On this basic

philosophy, however, has been superposed a whole gamut of opposite qualities and trends. As a result, human society is characterized by the most delicate, the most labile, equilibrium between a whole range of essentially contradictory characteristics. Not only is the point of balance between these opposing forces easily upset, but it varies in every group and nation of men. Opposite trends and the building material for opposite philosophies have been retained in the very fabric of our society.

These variations, however, cannot stray too far from a mean. It is precisely because the basic instincts of individual man are rooted in the associative form, that the totalitarian form of government which we have just fought a war to suppress was unacceptable to so many men. The totalitarian philosophy assumes that the instinctive nature of man is attuned wholly to the familial pattern of living, that the proper course of human evolution lies in an ever intensified drive toward the degree of regimentation and specialization of the brain cell or the leaf cell of an animal or a plant. Had that philosophy been correct, man would surely have lost no time, ages ago, in developing into a vertebrate ant as soon as his physiology and his mental endowment permitted it. But that development has certainly failed to occur in evolution, and the failure is deeply significant.

It is not easy to set intermediate goals — goals that must flow and change, that cannot be defined simply, in which good must be balanced against evil. Yet it is clear that, in virtue of the basic biological nature of man, in view of the course which was apparently set from the very beginning of his social evolution, this goal of balance between two very different social evolutions is the only one through which, in the long run, he can achieve happiness — perhaps the only goal by which he can ultimately survive.

The lability of his situation is his greatest peril, but it is also his greatest asset, in the flexibility which it gives him, in the multiplicity of solutions which it may make possible within the limits that his basic nature will permit. For our own people, of course, the finding of this point of equilibrium, the testing of it, the constant redetermination of its nature, must be the tasks of an eternally inquiring, eternally vigilant, eternally democratic body politic.

The maintenance of this point of equilibrium, however vital it may be, is not now the most important task before us. We have fought a war which, while it has undoubtedly failed to solve the problems of totalitarian ideology in a permanent way, has certainly laid the danger for a time. Now we are called upon to face a problem even larger and more vital, one which is even more significant in the social evolution of man. Is mankind cohesive? If so, can we evolve an entirely new level of human associative living — the world organization? This is truly the greatest evolutionary step which has faced mankind since the emergence of the modern nation.

DELTA WEDDING

by EUDORA WELTY

SUMMARY. — Laura McRaven, nine, arrives at Shellmound, plantation home of her dead mother's brother, Battle Fairchild, in the Mississippi Delta, during the late summer of 1923. The family consists of Battle and Ellen, their eight children ranging from Shelley, eighteen, to Bluet, two; the old aunts, Mac and Shannon; and dead brother Denis's child, Maureen, not quite right in her head from injury in infancy. Two more sisters of Battle's, the old maids Primrose and Jim Allen, live at a near-by plantation; Tempe Summers, his oldest sister, has come from Inverness with her grandchild, Lady Clare Buchanan.

The family are preparing for the wedding of Dabney, seventeen, to Troy Flavin, the Shellmound overseer. George, Battle's younger brother from Memphis, the adored one of the family, has just brought the news that his wife Robbie Reid (whom the family considers as "common" as Troy) has left him. Robbie, unknown to all but Shelley and Troy, who has advised her to go back to her husband, reaches the town of Fairchilds and comes out on foot through the fields to the door of Shellmound.

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AT FIRST Robbie thought wildly that they were making a to-do over her return. From the porch she smelled the floors just waxed, and at the windows saw the curtains standing out stiff-starched, and flowers even in the umbrella stand. Then she remembered once more — Dabney was getting married.

There was no sign of George or of any other Fairchild. There was not even a sound, except the tinkle of chandelier prisms in the hall breeze. They were probably back there eating — they always were. She reached inside and tapped with the knocker on the open door — an absurdly tiny sound to get into that big house. Nobody answered the door at all. They were all back there in oblivion, eating.

Immediately, from within the house, a burst of unmistakable dinner-table laughter rose and went round its circle. The Fairchilds! She would make them hear. She beat on the screen door and on the thick side lights with her small fist, in which were wrinkled up together a wet handkerchief and a pinch of verbena she had taken from the front gate.

Little Uncle came toward the door, and then backed up and called Roxie through the back porch. Miss Robbie, the one Mr. George threw himself away on, stood knocking. Roxie came and let her in, and for a moment Robbie nearly wavered. Everybody would be hard to confront at noon dinner. Suppose she just fainted? That would scare George. Roxie, her hands out like baby wings, turned and tiptoed, absurdly, down into the dining room. Robbie could hear what was said.

"Miss Ellen, surprise. Miss Robbie cryin' at de do'."

"Well! Good evening." That was Miss Tempe, all

right, in the austere voice she admitted surprise with.

"Well, tell her quickly to come on back in the dining room and have dessert with us, Roxie," said Ellen. Of course as if nothing had happened! No shout from George, no sign.

Robbie came through the dining room archway a little blindly — she had collided with Vi'let carrying an armload of fresh-pressed evening dresses up the hall. But George was not in here. "Where's George?" she asked.

"Say! Where's George?" asked Troy suddenly, looking up and down the table.

"At the Grove eating Aunt Primrose's guinea fowl," said India or somebody.

"He's left out for the Grove," Troy said, squinting up at Robbie, as if his eyes flinched.

"That booger! Did he know you were coming?" asked Battle, glancing up at her with bright eyes above the napkin he put to his lips.

She tried to shake her head, while Mr. Battle and Mr. Pinck and the boys were getting to their feet, and while Little Battle was dragging a chair up to the table for her.

"Won't you have some dinner? You *must* have some dinner," Ellen said anxiously; but "No thanks," Robbie said. They all insisted on getting her kiss, passing and turning her from one to the other around the table. "Oh, Aunt Robbie, I love you, you're so pretty," said Ranny. Then Roxie was clearing off. They had been eating chicken and ham and dressing and gravy, and good black snap beans, greens, butter beans and okra, corn on the cob, all kinds of relish, and watermelon rind preserves, and that good bread. Their plates were loaded with corncobs and little

piles of bones, and their glasses drained down to blackened leaves of mint, and the silver bread baskets lined with crumbs.

"Won't you change your mind?" Ellen begged earnestly. "I don't know where you've been keeping yourself, but you ought to have a little food!" But Robbie said, "No, thank you, ma'am."

Then Roxie was putting a large plate of whole peaches in syrup and a slice of coconut cake in front of her — she was seated between Shelley and Dabney — and bringing more tea in, and Mr. Battle was going on in a loud, sibilant voice which he used for reciting "Denis's poetry": —

"You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy,
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother
Through trackless woods. If spring winds sigh
It vainly strives its fears to smother.

The trembling knees assail each other
When lizards stir the brambles dry;
You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy . . ."

"Where have you been, Aunt Robbie?" asked Laura.

"As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.
And yet no Libyan lion I . . ."

"Battle," said Ellen.

"No ravening thing to rend another!
Lay by your tears, your tremors dry . . ."

"Try your nice peach — you look so hot," Ellen whispered, pointing.

Then a silence fell, like the one after a flock of fall birds has gone over. Uncle Pinck Summers, who had passed her at forty miles an hour on the road and covered her with a cloud of his dust, stared at her as if in clever recognition. Robbie had worn a stylish dust-colored pongee dress, bought in Memphis, with a red silk fringed sash, and on the side of her hair a white wool tam-o'-shanter — but what could get as many wrinkles just from sitting down in some little hot place as pongee? She felt wrinkled in her soul. And she trembled at the mention of lizards; they ran up your skirt.

"Well, my dear, I suppose, wherever you were, your invitation to the wedding reached you," Aunt Tempe said. "And you made up your mind to accept!"

"I'm afraid you just missed George," Ellen said, all afresh, and added in haste, "He happened to go to eat dinner with his sisters at the Grove — but he'll be back. He always takes a nap here — where it's quiet."

"He must have gone another way, then. I saw every inch of the road," Robbie said aloud, without meaning to.

"We didn't quite expect you," Battle said heavily, again over the folds of his napkin.

The family were having just a pieced dessert, without George to fix something special for — some of Primrose's put-up peaches and the crumbs of the

coconut cake; Ellen was sorry Robbie had picked just this time. "Wouldn't you try a little dinner? Let me still send for a plate for you. You don't like the peaches!"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Fairchild."

"There's plenty more food! Enough for a regiment if they walked in!" Dabney was saying with a new, overbright smile she had — was it her married smile, that she would practice like that?

"I'm not to say hungry," Robbie said. She bent over her plate and tried to take a spoonful of her whole peach while they all looked at her, or looked at Ellen.

36

THIS child was so unguarded — in an almost determined way. She would come, not timidly at all, into Shellmound at a time like this! Shelley sat actually cringing, while Dabney was giving her mother a conspirator's look, as if they should have expected this. Aunt Tempe's elevated brows signaled to Ellen. As if she would ever truly run away and leave him! She would say she would, to have them thinking of explanations, racking their brains, at a time like this, and then run back and show herself to make fools of them all.

Aunt Shannon gazed out the window, at a hummingbird in the abelias, but Aunt Mac sat up stiffly; it would show the upstart a thing or two if they ceased being polite and got anything like a scene over with at once.

Only Mary Lamar Mackey had excused herself, some moment or other, and beyond call again in her music was playing a nocturne — like the dropping of rain or the calling of a bird the notes came from the other room, effortless and endless, isolated from them, yet near, and sweet like the guessed existence of mystery. It made the house like a nameless forest, wherein many little lives lived privately, each to its lyric pursuit and its shy protection.

Ellen saw Shelley look at the girl failing at her peach and say nothing to her. And Robbie was scarcely listening to anything that was being said (Orrin was politely telling her about the longest snake he had ever seen). She would only look down and try to eat her peach. She was suffering. Her eyelids fell and opened tiredly over her just-dried eyes. The intensity of her face affected Ellen like a grimace.

When Ellen was nine years old, in Mitchem Corners, Virginia, her mother had run away to England with a man and stayed three years before she came back. She took up her old life, and everything in the household went on as before. Like an act of God, passion went unexplained and undenied — just a phenomenon. "Mitchem allows one mistake." That was the saying old ladies had at Mitchem Corners — a literal business, too.

Ellen had grown up not especially trusting appearances, not soon enough suspecting, either, that other people's presence and absence were still the

least complicated elements of what went on underneath. Not her young life with her serene mother, with Battle, but her middle life — knowing all Fairchilds better and seeing George single himself from them — had shown her how deep were the complexities of the everyday, of the family, what caves were in the mountains, what blocked chambers, and what crystal rivers that had not yet seen light.

"Roxie, bring us just a *little* more iced tea," she called, as if she asked a boon.

Then a little jumpily they all drank tea while Robbie turned her peach over and over in the plate.

"Do you start to school next year, Little Battle?" Lady Clare broke the silence in a peremptory conversational voice nearly like Aunt Tempe's.

"Yes, but I *hate* to start!" cried Little Battle.

"Well — why don't you cut your stomach out?"

"I'm going to take you out of here," said Aunt Tempe, motionless.

But suddenly Lady Clare, her fiery Buchanan hair spangling her Fairchild forehead, put out her tongue straight at Robbie and pulled down red eyelids. "This is the way *you* look!"

"You almost ruined my wedding!" cried Dabney; and then, as if in haste she had said the wrong thing, she put her hand comically to her lips. "I couldn't get married right if George wasn't as happy as I am!" she said, leaning intensely toward Robbie, as if to appeal to her underlying chivalry. "That's what I meant! That's the real truth!"

"*Why* have you treated George Fairchild the way you have?" said Tempe across from her. "Except for Denis Fairchild, the sweetest man ever born in the Delta!"

"How could you?" Shelley suddenly gushed forth tears, and Orrin had to get his dry handkerchief out for her and run around the table with it.

37

ROBBIE drew in her shoulders, to give Shelley room, and looked with burning eyes at the slick yellow peach she had been toying with. What vanity was here! How vain and how tenacious to vanity Shelley and Dabney and all were! What they felt came second. They had something else in them first, themselves, that core she knew well enough, which was like a burning string in a candle, and *then* they felt. But it was a second thing — not all one thing! The Fairchilds! The way that Dabney rode her horse, when she thought herself unseen!

Robbie was not afraid of them. She felt first — or perhaps she was all one thing, not divided that way — and let them kill her, with her wrinkled dress, and with never an acre of land among the Reids, and with a bad grief because of them, but she felt. She had never stopped for words to feelings — she felt only, with no words. But their smiles had said more plainly than words, "Bow down. You love our George. Enter on your knees and we will pull you up and pet and laugh

at you fondly for it — we can! We will bestow your marriage on you, little Robbie that we sent to high school!"

"Do you like butter?" asked a soft voice.

"Yes," said Robbie, looking around the table, not quite sure from which direction that had come.

"Then go sit in the gutter," said Ranny.

"Excuse yourself and leave the table, Ranny," said Battle.

"Oh, let him stay, Papa, he was trying to be *nice*," said Orrin and Roy together.

"Now you think up one," said Ranny to Robbie.

"I can think up one," growled Battle. "Why isn't George here where he belongs? What are we all going to do — sit here crying and asking riddles? Excuse me! That boy's *never* here, come any conceivable hell or high water!"

"How unfair!" thought Robbie. "Why, it's the exact opposite of the truth!" She looked up at Battle furiously. "That's always when George is here — holding it off for you," she thought. "If *he* were here and I came in, he would make everything fine — so fine I couldn't even say a word — and never tell them what I think of them."

All at once Vi'let came calling out in a lilting voice down the stairs and appeared in the doorway with both arms raised. "Bird in de house! Miss Rob' come in lettin' bird in de house!"

"Bird in de house mean death!" called Roxie instantly from the kitchen. She ran in from the other door, and the Negroes simultaneously threw their white aprons over their heads.

"It does mean that," said Troy thoughtfully. He pushed back his chair and slowly removed his coat and pushed a sleeve up. "A bird in the house is a sign of death — my mammy said so, proved it. We better catch her and get her out."

The Fairchilds jumped up buoyantly from their chairs. Orrin was the first out of the room, with the men next and the children next, then Dabney and Shelley. Ellen looked after them. It was not anything but pure distaste that made them run; there was real trouble in Robbie's face, and the Fairchilds simply shied away from trouble as children would do. The beating of wings could be heard. Frantically the girls ran somewhere, their hands pressed to their hair. The chase moved down the hall — seemingly up the back stairs. "Get it out! Get it out!" Shelley called, and Little Battle called after her, "Get it! Get it!"

"I shall go to the kitchen and make a practice cornucopia for tomorrow," said Aunt Tempe rather grandly. "I am too short of breath to chase birds. Neither am I as superstitious as my brother or my nephews and nieces. Will you excuse me, Ellen?"

And only Aunt Mac and Ellen were left to attend to Robbie now. No, Aunt Shannon did rock on in her corner; George had brought her, when he came (stopping to remember her always!), something fresh to embroider on.

Robbie did not seem to know whether she had let

the bird in or not; she did not know what she had done. Running out, the children wore smiles in their excitement and even took a moment to look expectantly at Robbie, who stood up. They left their mother in the dining room with the little figure of wretchedness, who stood up staunch as the Bad Fairy, and cried, "I won't fool a minute longer with that round peach!"

Aunt Mac moved into a comfortable rocker and even eyed the peony-flowered bag that held her Armenian knitting. Stone-deaf as she was, she probably neither divined nor cared that there was a bird in the house, but she knew enough not to knit. She gave a positive nod, a little cock, of her top-knotted head and gave her curls a bounce.

"Don't clear off now — little while yet," Aunt Mac called toward the Negro-deserted kitchen. "Of course you only married George for his money," she continued without a break, in that comfortable sort of voice in which this statement is always made.

Robbie answered, lifting her voice politely to the deaf, "No ma'am! I married him because he begged me!" Then she sat down in the dining-room chair with its carved basket of blunt roses that always prodded the shoulder blades at emphatic moments.

38

TO BE begged to give love was something that she could not have conceived of by herself, and she assumed no one else could conceive of it. Now for a moment it struck Robbie and also Ellen humbly to earth, for it implied a magnitude, a bounty, that could leave people helpless. Robbie knew that now, still, George in getting her back would start all over with her love, as if she were shy, as he often seemed to do — as if he took long trips away from her which she did not know about, and then came back to her as to a little spring where he had somehow cherished only the hope for the refreshment that all the time flowed boundlessly enough. As if in his abounding, laughing life, he had not really expected much. Well, she was always the same, the way a little picnic spot would remain the same from one summer to the next, and he was different and new.

Luckily Aunt Mac did not hear Robbie's answer, or suppose there could be one; she was an old lady. But the Fairchilds half-worshiped alarm, and Ellen knew just how they would act if they could hear Robbie say, "He begged me" — as well as if they had never left the room. It was a burden of responsibility, the awareness that had come to supply her with the Fairchild accompaniment and answer to everything happening, just as if they all were present, that unpredictable crowd; the same as, thinking in the night, she referred to Battle's violent and intricate opinions when his sleeping body lay snoring beside her.

Now when Robbie said, "He begged me," and

sat down, Ellen could see in a mental tableau the family, one and all, fasten an unflinching look upon George.

So he begged love — George? Love that he had more of than the rest of them put together? He begged love from Robbie! They would disbelieve.

"Then he risked his life for — for — and you all let him! *Dabney* knew the train was coming!"

"Now, listen here, Robbie, we all love Georgie, no matter how we act or he acts," said Ellen. "And isn't that all there is to it?" All of a sudden she felt tired. She was never surer that all loving Georgie was not the end of it; but to hold back hurt and trouble, shouldn't it just now be enough? She had said so, anyway — as if she were sure.

But she sighed. There was a tramping upstairs and around corners, a sudden whistle of flight in the stair well, the tripping cries of her daughters in laughter or flight, and then vaguely to Ellen's ears it all mingled with the further and echoing sounds of a worse alarm. Dimly there seemed to be again in her life a bell clanging trouble, starting at the Grove, then at their place, the dogs beginning to clamor, the Negroes storming the back door crying, and the great rush out of this room, like the time there was a fire at the gin.

"Get it out! Get it out!" It was one cry, long-lasting, half delight, half distress, all challenge.

"He won't be pulled to pieces over something he did, and so he ran away," said Robbie, her voice suddenly full. "Sure I came here to fight the Fairchilds — but he wasn't even here when I came. *Shelley* warned him. All the Fairchilds run away."

"Where have you been, Robbie Reid?" asked Aunt Mac. "You've got a piece of cotton or a feather, one, in your hair." Aunt Shannon with rising voice hummed a girlhood ballad.

"There is a fight and it's come between us, Robbie," said Ellen, her voice calm and a little automatic. "But it's not over George — we won't have it. And how that would hurt him, and shame him, to think it was, he's so gentle. It's not right to make him be pulled to pieces, and over something he did, and very honorably did. There's a fight *in* us, already, I believe — *in* people on this earth, not between us, and there is a fight in Georgie too. It's part of being alive, though you may think he cannot be pulled to pieces."

Another near flutter of wings, a beating on walls, was in the air; but the throbbing softly insinuated in a strange yet familiar manner the sound of the plantation bells being struck and the school bell and the Methodist Church bell ringing, and cries from the scene of the fire they all ran to — cries somehow more joyous than commiserating, though they threatened ruin.

Robbie stood up again. Her poor wrinkled dress clung to her, and her face was pale as she said, "If there's a fight in George, I think when he loves me he really hates you — hates the Fairchilds that he's one of!"

"But the fight in you's over things, not over people," said Ellen gently. "Things like the truth, and what you owe people. Yes, maybe he hates something in us. I think you're right — right."

But Aunt Mac was answering Robbie too, knocking her folded fan on the arm of her chair. "You'll just have to go on back if you're going to use ugly words in here," she was saying. "You're in Shellmound now, Miss Robbie, but I know where you were brought up and who your pa and your ma were, and anything you say don't amount to a row of pins."

"Aunt Mac Fairchild!" said Robbie, lifting her voice again, and turning to the old lady her intense face. "Mrs. Lawes! You're all a spoiled, stuck-up family that thinks nobody else is really in the world! But they are! You're just one plantation. With a little crazy girl in the family, and listen at Miss Shannon. You're not even rich! You're just medium. Only four gates to get here, and your house needs a coat of paint! You don't even have one of those little painted wooden niggers to hitch horses to!"

"Get yourself a drink of water, child," said Aunt Mac, through her words. "You'll strangle yourself. And talk louder. Nobody's going to make me wear that hot earphone, not in September!"

"Of course not, dear heart!" Aunt Shannon remarked.

Robbie sank into her chair and leaned, with her little square nails white on her small brown fingers, against the side of the table. "My sister Rebel is right. You're either born spoiled in the world or you're born not spoiled. And people keep you that way until you die. *The people you love* keep you the way you are."

"Why, Robbie," said Ellen. "If you weren't born spoiled, George has certainly spoiled you — I can see he has. Surely you've been happy — so I've been thinking."

"But he went to the Grove for dinner, when Miss Primrose had guinea for him. He couldn't stay for me!"

"If George knew you were coming, it was his deepest secret," said Ellen. "He just went to his dinner. He had a royal meal waiting for him at the Grove, and he went and ate it like any man, a sensible human being."

"He always goes to you. He always goes when you call him," said Robbie. "If Bluet would call him!" Her small hands curled into fists in the cake crumbs over the cloth, and then opened out and waited as Ellen spoke.

"But George loves us! Of course he comes. George loves a great many people — just about everybody in the Delta, if you would count them. Don't you know that's the mark of a fine man, Robbie? Battle's like that. Denis was even more well-loved. Why, George loves countless people."

"No, he doesn't!" Robbie looked at Ellen frantically, as if she had told her just what she feared. "I'm going to l-leave out of here," she said, with a sob like a little stutter in her words. "Mr. Doolittle.

He loves him," she said seemingly to herself, to mystify herself.

"Well, you love George," Ellen told her, as if there were no mystery there. There was a faint little scream from a bedroom, ending in laughter — Dabney's.

Robbie looked around the room fatalistically — was she too imagining all the Fairchilds' rapt faces? "Maybe he didn't run away from me," she said. "But he let me run away from him. That's just as bad! Oh, I wish I was dead." Her brown eyes went wide.

A boy's gleeful cry rose from upstairs, from Ellen's and Battle's room. "Don't," Ellen whispered, not to Robbie. Then she could hear — from where, now, it did not matter — the most natural and yet the most terrible thing possible to hear just now — laughter, laughter filled with the undeniable music of relief.

Robbie flinched — at her own words, perhaps.

"Don't you die. You love George," Ellen told her. "He's such a splendid boy, and we have all of us always honored him so." She leaned back.

"It's funny," Robbie said then, her voice gentle, almost confiding. "Once I tried to be like the Fairchilds. I thought I knew how." When there was no answer from Ellen, she went on eagerly and yet sadly. "Don't any other people in the world feel like me? I wish I knew. Don't any people somewhere love other people so much that they want to be — not like — but the same? I wanted to turn into a Fairchild. It wasn't that I thought you were so wonderful. And I had a living room for him just like Miss Tempe's. But that isn't what I mean.

"But you all — you don't ever turn into anybody. I think you are already the same as what you love. So you couldn't understand. You're just loving yourselves in each other — yourselves over and over again!" She flung the small brown hand at the paintings of melons and grapes that had been trembling on the wall from the commotion in the house, forgetting that they were not portraits of Fairchilds in this room, and with a circle of her arm including the two live old ladies too. "You still love *them*, and they still love you! No matter what you've all done to each other! You don't need to know how to love anybody else. Why, you couldn't love *me*!"

She gave a daring little laugh, and let out a sigh that was a kind of appeal after it. Ellen sat up straight with an effort. In the room's stillness, in Aunt Mac's stare and Aunt Shannon's sweet song, the absence of the Fairchilds and the quiet seemed almost demure, almost perverse. There was a festive little clatter from Tempe in the pantry, laughter coming downstairs.

Then there was George in the door, staring in.

ELLEN got up and took hold of the back of her chair, for she felt weak. She held on and held herself up

straight, for she felt ready to deliver some important message to George, since he had come back. She was moved from her lethargy, from hearing things, a fluttering in the house like a bodily failing, by a quality of violation she felt quivering alive in Robbie; and looking at George she grew courageous in his implied strength.

Her hand held tightly to little Laura McRaven's blue hair ribbon that lay caught over the chair back, flung behind her. Then, "Georgie," she said, "don't let them forgive you, for anything, good or bad. Georgie, you've made this child suffer —"

The Yellow Dog had not run down George and Maureen; Robbie had not stayed away too long; Battle had not driven Troy out of the Delta; no one realized Aunt Shannon was out of her mind; even Laura had not cried yet for her mother. For a little while it was a charmed life. And after giving George an imploring look in which she seemed to commit herself even further to him and even more deeply by wishing worse predicaments, darker passion, upon all their lives, Ellen fell to the floor.

Primrose and Jim Allen came in through the archway behind George, wearing their Sunday hats, and both gave little screams — first the little screams of mild surprise or greeting with which they always entered Shellmound, and then second screams of dismay. "Oh, Primrose!" said Jim Allen, and stopping still they shook their flowered heads at each other as if there were no more to be done.

Tempe, coming that instant into the room with a pastry cornucopia on a napkin, shrieked to hear her sisters and then to see Ellen being lifted in George's arms. Then she said calmly, "Fainted. I have these spells myself, semi-occasionally. They are nothing to what I used to have as a girl. I bet the bird came in here!" She shuddered.

The new screams in the dining room brought in a roomful of Fairchilds with amazing quickness. Robbie backed against the china closet. Orrin was carrying a stunned or dead bird in his cupped hands. The girls, fingers still darting reminiscently to their hair, all fell kneeling, like steps of stairs, around the settee. George was taking off their mother's shoes. Ellen lay with her eyes closed and with her childlike feet propped shallowly on the inclining end, under the fern.

George pushed the children a little. He rushed from Ellen's side to fill a glass from a decanter on the sideboard, and as he went back to her with it, he leaned out and brushed Robbie's wrist with his free hand. Next time he went by, for water, he bent and kissed her rapidly, and asked in pure curiosity that gave her a fierce feeling of joy, "Why did you throw the pans and dishes out the window?" Then he was touching Ellen's lips with various little glasses of stuff, frowning with concentration.

"I thought I saw Battle go by with a wild look — did you?" said Tempe. "Battle! You can come in, she's not dying!" Battle came in and roamed up and down the room and now and then gave a touch or

a shake to Ellen's shoulder. Bluet climbed up beside her mother and sang to her softly and leisurely, "Polly-Wolly-Doodle All the Day," crowding her a little where she was stretched out. It was taking some time to revive her; she was too clumsy now for other people to make easy. There was a tight ring of Fairchilds around her. Maureen every now and then went around the table, arms pumping, long yellow hair flying.

Roxie pressed her forefinger under her nose. Poor Miss Ellen just wasn't strong enough *any longer* for such a trial. She wasn't strong enough for Miss Dabney and Miss Robbie and everything *right now*. One time before, Miss Ellen fainted away when everybody went off and left her — it was when the gin caught fire — and she had lost that little baby, the one that came between Mr. Little Battle and Ranny. Wasn't it pitiful to see her so white? Poor Miss Ellen at *this time*.

Robbie caught glimpses of the white face from her distance outside the ring.

"Rub her wrists, George," pleaded Battle.

It was Mrs. Fairchild's tenth pregnancy. But oh, why had she waited to faint just at this moment? Why couldn't Battle bring his own wife to? For the same reason the bird had got in the house when she came in, Robbie thought; for the reason Aunt Primrose killed her guinea fowl today for George: the way of the Fairchilds, the way of the world.

Ellen opened her eyes, then closed them again.

"I saw her peep," said Roxie. "Now, then. Git back to work, Vi'let, Little Uncle!"

"Half an hour," Tempe announced to Ellen, as if that would gratify a lady who had fainted.

"Oh, Mama!" cried Dabney. "Shelley, bring a pillow to prop her up."

"We caught the bird, Mama," said Ranny clearly. "It was a brown thrush. It was the female."

"It could have flown around our house all day and night with a thousand windows and never found the way out," said Little Battle. "I didn't think we was going to catch it, but Orrin caught it with Papa's hat and batted it to the wall."

Ellen opened her eyes. Orrin held out the still bird. "*Veni, vidi, vici!*" he said.

Dabney was leaning over her mother accusingly. "Mama! What happened? I know! You were upset about me."

"I'm all right," said Ellen, lifting one arm and pulling Dabney's hair low over her forehead the way she thought it looked nicer.

"Mama! Oh, Mama!"

Shelley, wordless beside Dabney, knelt on as if in a dream.

"I have the same thing, every now and then," said Aunt Tempe. "I nearly died when Mary Denis married — could scarcely be revived."

"Mama! Do you *want* me to get married?"

"Certainly she doesn't," said Tempe with surprise.

"Oh, she does too," said Primrose.

"I think about your happiness," said Ellen, in the

thoughtful, slow voice of people coming out of fairs.

"Oh, then!" Dabney jumped up, whirled, and with a scatter of tissue paper and ribbons she flung wide her newest present, which somebody had put on the table ("A Point Valenciennes banquet cloth!" exclaimed Tempe. "Who from?"), and pulled it to her with it spreading behind her like a peacock tail, and pranced around. Then she spread it out before her with her arms wide and smiled tenderly over it at her mother, as if from a balcony. "Don't you see you don't need to worry?" she asked, showing how wide, how fine, how much in her possession she had everything, all for her mother to see.

40

"WANT to get out?" asked Roy, just outside the dining-room arch. He and Laura both stood there, chins ducked. "Come on, Laura." He had seen a lady's hand reach out and pull his father in.

"All right." She loved Roy—his scars, bites, scabs and bandages, and intricate vaccination, his light eyes and his sunburn, his little berry-colored nipples. He was giving her an intent, sizing-up look. "You'll have to tote my turtle," he said. "The whole time, and keep him right side up and not set him down anywhere, if you come with me."

"Oh, I will," Laura promised, shuddering.

"You'll have to wait till I find him, so you can carry him."

They ran down to the bayou, the turtle in Laura's hands bouncing against her diaphragm. Roy went between two close Spanish Daggers and she went after him. The bayou had a warm breath, like a person.

"Is that your boat?" cried Laura.

"It's as much mine as anybody's. I'll take you for a row if you get in," said Roy, stepping in himself.

The boat was in a willow shadow, floating parallel to the bank—dark, unpainted, the color of the water. She would have to step deep. A fishing bucket was in it, and also one oar where a dark line of water went like a snake along the bottom.

"Here's the other oar," she said; it was resting on a dogwood tree. She stepped down in, and he instructed her to sit at the other end of the boat and be quiet. "I know how," said Laura. On her lap the turtle looked out. Roy pushed off, his old tennis shoes splashed water which ran under her sandals, and he sat down and looked nowhere, frowning in the sun. The boat was cut loose but almost still, for as a current urges a boat on, the lack of current seems to pull it back, not let go. Laura could not see beyond a willow branch that hung in her face. Then with a gruff noise the oars went into the water, with the unwilling-looking, casual movement of Roy's arm.

"Let me row," said Laura.

"Be quiet," said Roy. He took his tennis shoes slowly off and put them on the little seat between them. He hooked his toes. At the stroke of his oars a

shudder would interrupt the smoothness of their motion. The bayou was narrow and low and soon the water's edge was full of cypress trees. They went in heavy shade. There were now and then muscadines hanging in the air like little juicy balls strung over the trees beside the water, and they rode staring up, Roy with his mouth open, hoping that grapes might fall. Then leaves cut out like stars and the early red color of pomegranates lay all over the water, and imperceptibly they came out into the river. The water looked like the floor of the woods that could be walked on.

"Are we going down the river?" asked Laura.

"Sure. And the Yazoo River runs into the Mississippi River."

"And it runs into the sea," said Laura, but he would say no more.

As they went down the Yazoo, a long flight of ducks went over, going the way they were going, the V very high in the sky, very long and thin like a ribbon drawn by a finger through the air, but neither child said anything, and after a long time the ducks were a little wrinkle deep down in the sky and then out of sight.

On the other side of the river from where they had come, facing them, Laura saw what they were getting to, a wonderful house in the woods. It was twice as big as Shellmound. It was all quiet, and unlined in, surely; the dark water was going in front of it, not a road.

"Look!" she said.

Roy glanced over his shoulder and nodded.

"Let's go in!"

There was a dark waterlogged landing, and Roy got the boat to it neatly and ran the chain around a post. He jumped out of the boat and Laura climbed out after him. "Bring my turtle, remember," he said. She brought it, like a hot covered dish. They were in a woods level with the water, dark cedar trees planted in some pattern, some of them white with clematis. It looked like moonlight.

"Why, here's Aunt Studney, way over here!" cried Roy. "Hi, Aunt Studney!"

Laura remembered Aunt Studney, coal-black, old as the hills, with her foot always in the road; on her back she carried a big sack that nearly weighted her down. There at a little distance, near the house, she was walking along, laboring and saying something.

"Ain't studyin' you."

"That's what she says to everybody—even Papa," said Roy. "Nobody knows what she's got in the sack."

"Nobody in the world?"

"I said nobody."

"Where does she live?" asked Laura a little fearfully.

"Oh, back on our place somewhere. Back of the Deadening. You'll see her walking the railroad track anywhere between Greenwood and Clarksdale, Aunt Studney and her sack."

"Are you scared of Aunt Studney?" asked Laura.

"No. Yes I am."

"I despise Aunt Studney, don't you?"

"Papa's scared of her too. Me, I think that's where Mama gets all her babies."

"Aunt Studney's sack?"

"Sure."

"Do you think *Ranny* came out of that sack?"

"Sure. I don't know if *I* came out of it, though."

Roy gave her a hard glance, and looked as if he might put his fist to her nose.

Aunt Studney stamped on, like an old wasp over the rough, wagging her burden.

"Look! She's going in Dabney's house!" cried Roy.

"Is this Dabney's house?" cried Laura.

"Cousin Laura, you don't know anything."

"All right. Maybe she's gone in to open her sack."

"If she does, we'll run off with what's in it!"

"Oh, Roy. That would be perfect."

"Be quiet," said Roy. "How do you know?"

"All right. You go in front."

41

THEY went up an old drive, made of cinders, shaded by cedar and crape-myrtle trees, which the clematis and the honeysuckle had taken. When they came to the house, there was a dead mockingbird on the steps. They jumped over it, Laura not looking back — dead birds lay on their sides, like people. Roy reached down and touched the bird to see how dead it was; he said it was hot. The porch was covered with leaves, like the river, and there were loose, joggling boards in it. The door was open.

Roy and Laura, Laura with the turtle held in the crook of her arm now like a book, went into a vast room, the inside of a tower. Their heads fell back. Up there the roof, if there was one, seemed to fade into the light. Before them rose two stairs, wooden spirals that went up barely touching at wavery rims, little galleries on two levels, and winding into the depths of light — for Laura had a moment of dizziness and felt as if she looked into a well.

There was an accusing, panting breathing, and the thud of a big weight planted on the floor. "Look!" said Laura. Aunt Studney, whom she had forgotten, was in the middle of the room, which was empty of the furnishings of a house, standing over her sack and muttering and muttering.

"I know," said Roy impatiently. He was regarding the chandelier, his hands on his hips — probably wishing it would fall. Laura all at once saw what a thing it was too; it was as prominent as the stairs and came down between them. Out of the tower's round light at the top, down by a chain that looked the size of a spider's thread, hung the chandelier with its flower-shaped head covered with clusters of soft and burned-down candles, as though a great thing had sometime happened here. The whole seemed to sway,

almost to start in the sight, like anything head downward, like a pendulum that would swing in a clock but no one starts it.

"Run up the stairs!" cried Roy, starting forward.

"Aunt Studney," whispered Laura.

"Well, I know!" cried Roy, as if Aunt Studney were always here on his many trips to this house.

"Did you say this was *Dabney's* house?" asked Laura. There were closed doors in the walls all around, and leading off the galleries — but not even an acorn tea-set anywhere.

"Sure," said Roy. "Make yourself at home. Run up the stairs. — What's in your bag, Aunt Studney?"

Aunt Studney stood holding her sack on the floor between her feet, with her hands knotted together over its mouth, and peeping at them under an old hat of Mr. Battle's. Then she threw her hands up balefully. Laura flung out and ran around the room, around and around the round room. Roy did just what she did — surprising! — and so it was a chase. Aunt Studney did not move at all except to turn herself in place around and around, arms bent and hovering, like an old bird over her one egg.

"Is it still the Delta in here?" Laura cried, panting.

"Croesus, Laura!" said Roy. "Sure it is!" And with a jump he mounted the stairs and began to run up.

Laura probably would have followed him, but could not leave, after all, for a little piano had been placed at the foot of her stair — actually a piece of furniture after all, looking small as a fairy instrument. She set the turtle down. She touched a white key, and it would hardly sink in at the pressure of her finger — as in dreams the easiest thing turns out to be hard — but the note sounded after a pause, coming back like an answer, a little far-off sound.

The key was warm. There was a shaft of sun here: The sun was on her now, warm, for — she looked up — the top of the tower was a skylight, and around it ran a third little balcony on which — she drew back her finger from the key she had touched — Roy was walking. And all at once Aunt Studney sounded too — a cry high and threatening.

"Roy, come down!" Laura called, with her hands cupped to her mouth.

But he called back, pleasure in his voice, "I see Troy riding Isabelle in Mound Field!"

"You do not!"

All at once a bee flew out at her. Out of the piano? Out of Aunt Studney's sack? Everywhere! Why, there were bees inside everything, inside the piano, inside the walls. The place was alive. She wanted to cry out herself. She heard a hum everywhere, in everything. She stood electrified — and indignant.

"Troy! Troy! Look where I am!" Roy was crying from the top of the house. "I see Troy! I see the Grove — I see Aunt Primrose, back in her flowers! I see *Papa*! I see the whole creation. Look, look at me, *Papa*!"

"If he saw you he'd skin you alive!" Laura called to him. The bees, Aunt Studney's sack, the turtle

(where was he?), and Roy running around going to fall — all at once she could not stand Dabney's house any longer.

But Roy looked down (she knew he was smiling) from the top, peering over a shaky little rail. "Aunt Studney! Why have you let bees in my house?" he called. The echoes went flying around the walls and down the stairs like something thrown down. It so delighted Roy that he cried again, "Why have you let bees in my house? Why have you let bees in my house?" and his laughter came breaking down over them again.

But Aunt Studney only said, as if it were for the first time, "Ain't studyin' you," and held the mouth of her sack. It occurred to Laura that Aunt Studney was not on the lookout for things to put in, but was watching to keep things from getting out.

"Come back, Roy!" she called.

"Not ready! You come up! Bring my turtle!"

But at last he came down, his face rosy. "What'll you give me for coming back?" he smiled. "Aunt Studney! What's in your sack?"

Aunt Studney watched him swagger out, both hands squeezing on her sack; she saw them out of the house.

42

OUTDOORS it was silent, a green rank world instead of a playhouse.

"I'm stung," said Roy calmly. With an almost girlish bending of his neck he showed the bee-sting at the nape, the still tender line of his hair. A submissive yet arrogant pleasure seemed to radiate from him, as if it had for its source the angry little bump. Now Laura wished she had one. When they went through the deep cindery grass of the drive, she saw the name "Marmion" cut into the stone of the carriage block.

Suddenly they cried out in one breath, "Look!" "A treasure," said Roy, calmly still. Catching the high sun in the deep grass, like a penny in the well, was a jewel. It might have been there a hundred years or a day. They looked at each other and with one accord dropped down together into the grass. Laura picked it up, for Roy, unaccountably, held back, and she washed it with spit. Then suddenly, "Give it here," and Roy held out his hand for it. "You can't have that — it's Mama's. I'll take it back to her."

Laura gazed at it. It was a pin that looked like a rose. She knew it would be worn here — putting her forefinger to her small, bony chest. "We're where we're not supposed to be looking for anything," she said, as if something inspired her and made her clever, turning around and around with it as Roy tried to take it, holding it away and hiding it from Aunt Studney's fastening look, for Aunt Studney with her sack was suddenly hovering again. "You can't have it, you can't have it, you can't have it!"

Roy chased her at first, and then seemed to consider. He looked at Laura and the pin, at Marmion,

Aunt Studney, even the position of the sun. He looked back at the river and the boat he had rowed here.

"All right," he said, serenely.

They walked down and got back in the boat. They moved slowly over the water, Roy working silently against the current. Yet he seemed almost to be falling asleep rowing — he could sleep anywhere. His gaze rested a thousand miles away, and now and then, pausing, he delicately touched his bee-sting. Presently he rocked the boat. He never asked a word even about his turtle.

"The only place I've ever been in the water is in the Pythian Castle in Jackson with water wings," said Laura. "Tar drops on you, from the roof."

"What?"

Roy dragged in the oars, got on his feet, and threw Laura in the river as if it were all one motion.

As though Aunt Studney's sack had opened after all, like a whale's mouth, Laura, opening her eyes head down, saw its insides all around her — dark water and fearful fishes. A face flanked by receding arms looked at her under water — Roy's, a face strangely indignant and withdrawing. Then Roy's legs drove about her — she saw Roy's tied-up toe, knew his foot, and seized hold. He kicked her; then his unfamiliar face again met hers, wide-eyed and small-mouthed and its hair streaming upwards, and his hands took her by her hair and pulled her up like a turnip. On top of the water he looked at her intently, his eyelashes thorny and dripping at her. Then he pulled her out, arm by arm and leg by leg, and set her up in the boat.

"Well, you've been in the Yazoo River now," he said. He helped her wring out her skirt, and then rowed on, while she sat biting her lip. "I think that's where Aunt Studney lives," he said politely once, pointing out for her through the screen of trees a dot of cabin; it was exactly like the rest, away out in a field, where there was a solitary sunflower against the sky, many-branched and taller than a chimney, all going to seed, like an old Christmas tree in the yard. Then, "I couldn't believe you wouldn't come right up," said Roy suddenly. "I thought girls floated."

"You sure don't know much. But I never have been in the water anywhere except in the Pythian Castle in Jackson with water wings," she said all over again. They went from the river back into the bayou. Roy, asking her pardon, wrung out his pockets. At the right place, willow branches came to meet them overhead and touched their foreheads where they sat transfixed in their two ends of the boat. The boat knocked against the shore. They jumped out and ran separately forward. Laura paused and lifted up her hair, and turned on her heels in the leaves, sighing. But Roy ran up the bank, shaking the yucca bells, and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

India walked down to meet Laura and they walked up through the pecan grove toward the shady back road, with arms entwined. Laura dripped water and did not mind at all now. India was more startling

than she because she was covered with transfer pictures; on her arms and legs were flags, sunsets, and baskets of red roses.

Dabney was at the gate.

"Where have you been?" asked Dabney, frowning into the sunset, in a beautiful floating dress.

"Where have *you* been?" said India. They passed in.

"It's nearly time for rehearsal. She's waiting for Troy," India said, as if her sister could not hear.

"I'm dripping wet," Laura murmured. They walked on twined together into the house. "Do you want to know why?" Mary Lamar was playing the wedding song as usual. Laura's hand stole down to her pocket, where the garnet pin had lain. For a moment she ached to her bones — it was indeed gone. It was in the Yazoo River now. How fleetingly she had held to her treasure. It seemed to her that the flight of the ducks going over had lasted longer than the time she kept the pin.

Roxie with a cry of sorrow had fallen on her knees behind Laura to take up the water that ran from her heels.

"Shelley did this," India remarked contentedly to the bent black head, and pulled up her skirt and stuck out her stomach, where the word "Constantinople" was stamped in curlicue letters.

"Lord God!" said Roxie. "Whatever you reads, it's a scandal to the jay birds."

India, softly smiling, swayed to Laura and embraced and kissed her.

"Hold still, both of you," said Battle over their heads. "No explanations, either one of you." He switched them equally, his white sleeve giving out a starch-smell as strong as daisies, and went up and down their four dancing legs. "A man's daughters!" He told them to go wash their separate disgraces off and be back dressed for decent company before he had to wring both their necks at one time.

"Laura!" India cried ecstatically in the middle of it. "Lady Clare's got chicken pox!"

"Then she won't be the flower girl! And I can!" Laura thought, and never felt the pain now, though it was renewed.

43

YOUR flower girl," Aunt Tempe announced a little later at the door of the parlor, where the family were gathering for the rehearsal supper party (the clock was striking one, which meant seven), "has the chicken pox — unmistakably. She is confined to my room." She turned on her heel and marched off, but came right back again.

"Lady Clare's brought it from Memphis!" Ellen gasped. She reclined, partly, there on the horsehair love-seat. Battle had told her to deck herself out and lie there, move at her peril.

"I have to take her to Memphis to get those Buchanan teeth straightened," Tempe said shortly. "All life is a risk, as far as that goes."

"Look out for the bridesmaids!" warned Roxie. "Miss Dabney, look out for your bridesmaids and fellas!"

She giggled and ran out, ducking her head with her arm comically raised before Mr. Battle. It was the children that stalked in at the door, fancily bearing down on all the canes and umbrellas in the house, Ranny at the front, Bluet at the back, with India and Laura in starch "insertion" skirts and satin sashes falling in at the last minute.

"We're the wedding!" said Ranny. "I'm Troy! Oof, oof!" He bent over like an old man. "Shepherd crooks have come!" cried Little Battle, hooking Maureen with Aunt Mac's Sunday cane.

"Stop, Ranny, you're going to get the chicken pox," said his mother.

"Papa!" cried Dabney.

There were further cries in the yard and in the back of the house.

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Pinchy's come through!"

Roxie rushed in a second time, but seriously now, bringing Vi'let and embracing her, with some little black children following and appearing and disappearing in the folds of their skirts, and Little Uncle marched in with his snowiest coat standing out, and stood there remote and ordained-looking.

"Hallelujah," he said.

"Well, hallelujah," said Aunt Tempe, rather pointedly. George smiled.

Some open muffler roared in the yard.

"Dabney!" cried a chorus of voices, and the real bridesmaids ran in in a company, all in evening dresses, ready to go to the Winona dance afterwards. The boys ran in, some in blazers, and started playing with the children, lifting Ranny to the ceiling, kissing Aunt Tempe, spanking Bluet, and pulling Laura's hair.

"Oh, you all, the crooks haven't come! I'm a wreck," said Dabney in their midst.

"They'll be here tomorrow, precious," said Aunt Tempe. "They won't disappoint you, ever in this world."

"Shoo, shoo! All children git out!" shouted Battle. "We've got to rehearse this wedding in a minute, shoo!" But the children all laughed.

"Who's that?" Dickie Boy Featherstone was asking.

"Oh, Robbie," said Dabney, "this is Nan-Earl Delaney, Gypsy Randall, Deltah and Dagmar Wiggins, Charlise McLeoud, Bitsy Carmichael," and she pulled all the bridesmaids forward with a fitful movement like flicking things out of a bureau drawer, "and then, there's Pokey Calloway, Dickie Boy Featherstone, and Hugh V. McLeoud and Shine Young and Pee Wee Kuykendall and Red Boyne. They're in the wedding. She's my aunt-in-law — isn't that it, Mama?"

"Aunt?" said Red Boyne. "Aren't you going to the dance?"

"And you already know the best man, Robbie," said Dabney, nervously smiling. "It's George."

"Aunt Ellen," said Laura, kneeling at the love-seat. "I've already had chicken pox."

"All right, dear," said her aunt. But it did not seem to occur to her that now Laura might be slipped into the wedding in the place of Lady Clare. And Laura, staring at her, suddenly wondered where, truly where, the rosy pin was. She got to her feet and backed away from her aunt slowly — she wanted to know in what wave. Now it would be in the Yazoo River, then it would be carried down to the Mississippi, then —

"When's that dish-faced preacher of yours coming, Ellen? Did you remind him?" said Battle, sprawling gently on a mere edge of the love-seat, as if to show them all he would not take up too much room.

"This is his *business*, dear," said Ellen.

"Where's *Troy*?" cried some bridesmaid.

"We could have a little wine now," Ellen said to Shelley. "With that excitement in the kitchen, there's no telling how or when or in what state our supper will get to us, when the rehearsing's done. Take my keys."

"Mama, they're the heaviest and most keys in the world."

"I know it! Some of them are to things I'll never be able to think of or never will see again," said Ellen.

One of those inexplicable pauses fell over the room, a moment during which Aunt Shannon's voice could be heard in another part of the house, singing "Oft in the Silly Night." Then Ellen pulled out a key. "This one's to your father's wine, though — to the best of my knowledge. Do you know that little door?"

Robbie sat in the middle of the whirl. Where was George now? She thought she had heard his voice. Something in her had taken note of every dress on Vilet's arm even when she came storming through the door of Shellmound, and now she saw that Mary Lamar Mackey wore the Nile green tulle that had the silver sash, and Aunt Tempe had on the Chinese coat of yellow velvet with roses and violets printed on it, the most dazzling bright spot in the room. Shelley wore the tea rose silk dress with the gathered side panels, and Dabney the white net with the gold kid gardenia on the front. Robbie herself had on a dress of Dabney's — a black chiffon one that felt no different from a nightgown. Mary Lamar Mackey was playing "Constantinople." The bridesmaids and groomsmen were dancing in the music room around the piano and across the hall and around the table in the dining room to cup up nuts in their hands.

"Dabney, don't you ever drag Troy over the country to the dances with you?" asked Uncle Pinck, with Aunt Tempe pinning a Maréchal Niel bud in his lapel.

"Troy wouldn't get up on the floor with me, Uncle Pinck, if it was the last thing he did on earth!" cried Dabney. She was dancing with Red Boyne. "I tell him I think he's just too big and clumsy to *learn*." It was a reason for loving him, but Uncle Pinck did

not seem to understand this at once, from the bemused look that came on his face. Very daintily he took a little glass of wine — Shelley and Roy were passing it.

"I'm holding back my cornucopias," said Tempe flatly. "You needn't think you'll gobble those up till the proper moment."

44

MR. RONDO arrived, and not being able to make himself heard at the door, rapped on the windowpane, causing the bridesmaids to scream at that black sight through the wavery glass. Aunt Tempe insisted on his taking her chair and a little wine and even changed her mind about the cornucopias. She said she would go back and fill them with cherries. "I'm especially pleased to see you, Mrs. Fairchild," Mr. Rondo told Robbie. "I was inquiring about you earlier in the week," and she fluffed her hair a little and faint color came in her cheeks.

"Now where's Troy?" asked Uncle Pinck. "Still, Primrose and Jim Allen haven't got here. Has anybody ever got here from the Grove less than an hour or two late?"

"Here's Troy," said Little Battle, prancing up. "I'm Troy!"

"Be Troy, Little Battle," said Battle. "Listen, Pinck. Ask him where he's from."

"Where are you from, Troy?" asked Uncle Pinck, drawling his words and bobbing his distinguished white head.

"Up near the Tennessee line," said Little Battle, in the voice of Troy. "Mighty good people up there. Have good sweet water up there, everlasting wells. Cool nights, can tolerate a sheet in summer. The land ain't what you'd call good."

"Little Battle, Little Battle," said Ellen anxiously.

"Isn't it lonesome, Troy?" prompted Battle.

"Lonesome? Not now. One of my sisters married a supervisor. Now we enjoy a mail and ice route going by two miles from the porch. Just reach down the mountain."

"Papa!" cried Shelley. "George!"

"And the road's got a bridge in, and a little sprinkle of gravel on it now. And my mammy's health is good — got a letter from her in my pocket. I'll read it to you. 'Dear Troy, be a good boy. I would write more but must plead company. Have called in passing to mail this for me. Your ma.'

"The letter's too much!" cried Ellen, extremely upset, and addressing herself to Mr. Rondo.

But Dabney leaned on the mantelpiece, her cheek in her hand, and smiled at them all a moment; all their eyes were on her. Aunt Tempe, who had laughed till she cried, brought her the first cornucopia on the tray. "Here, dear heart." Dabney could imagine Troy's eyes opening wide at the sight of Aunt Tempe tonight. Troy did venerate women — he thought Aunt Tempe should be home like him.

mammy, making a quilt or meditating words of wisdom, as he said his mother sat doing instead of getting lonesome.

Dabney smiled at Aunt Tempe, who had been going to Delta dances for thirty years. She had never put on her grown-up mind, Dabney thought fondly — as if her grown-up mind were a common old housedress Aunt Tempe would never want to be caught in. She did not want to be venerated. Dabney ran after her and kissed her soft, warm cheek. You never had to grow up if you were spoiled enough. It *was* comforting, if things turned out not to be what you thought. Dabney looked around the room, the big parlor where they all sat, eating and waiting, with the western sun level with the windows now and a hummingbird just outside drinking and suspending herself among the tall unpruned topknots of the abelias.

Her mother in a dress with a berth was dutifully holding a tiny glass of cordial, sitting on the love-seat beside her father, who was leaning behind her, his brows contorted but unwavering, as though he had forgotten his expression. Maureen sat on the floor meekly bending her head to have her shining hair patted, and Ellen's hand patted there. George came and stood in front of the mantelpiece, and looked out beside her. And the bridesmaids were only there to fill up the room.

"You're a genius, Tempe," said Battle, after he let her put a cornucopia in his mouth. "I haven't tasted better since the Fergusons' funeral meats, and I believe you contributed to those."

"Life is not all roses," said Tempe, and took a cornucopia herself.

Dabney gazed at them thinking, "I always wondered what they would do if I married somebody they didn't want me to. Poor Papa is the only one really suffering." All her brothers would try to hold her and not let her go, though, when the time came actually to leave the house. Her mother had fainted, but Dabney had not believed too well that the fainting counted as a genuine protest — her mother did not have "ways." "Your mother *lacks ways*," Aunt Tempe always said to the girls, darkly.

"Another new dress, Tempe?" asked her father, who admired Tempe very much while he ran from her voice.

Aunt Tempe hit him with her fan. "This old thing? I had it before Annie Laurie died."

It seemed to Ellen at moments that George regarded them and regarded things — just things, in the outside world — with a passion which held him so still that it resembled indifference. Perhaps it *was* indifference — as though they, having given him this astonishing feeling, might for a time float away and he not care. It was not love or passion itself that stirred him, necessarily, she felt; for instance, Dabney's marriage seemed not to have affected him greatly, or Robbie's anguish.

But little Ranny, a flower, a horse running, a color, a terrible story listened to in the store in Fairchilds,

or a common song, and yes, shock, physical danger, as Robbie had discovered, roused something in him that was immense contemplation, motionless pity, indifference. Then, he would come forward all smiles as if in greeting — come out of his intensity and give some child a spank or a present. Ellen had always felt this in George, and now there was something of surprising kinship in the feeling; perhaps she had fainted in the way he was driven to detachment. In the midst of the room's commotion he stood by the mantel, as if at rest.

Robbie, looking at him from across the room, smiled faintly. "You were so sure of yourself, so conceited! You were so sure the engine would stop," she murmured, like a refrain, like one last refrain — they had had no time alone; here nobody had. So she spoke as though no one else but George were in the room. It was something not one of them had ever thought of. Battle groaned, then raised up on his elbow to hear more.

George stood drinking his homemade wine by the summer-closed fireplace. A tinge of joyousness pervaded him still; for Ellen, he had a rampant, presiding sort of attitude. The others had all thrown themselves down in the soft flowered chairs, or else they danced at the room's edges, in and out the door.

"The Dog didn't hit us," George said, speaking with no mistake about it straight across them all to Robbie. "I don't think it matters what *happens* to a person, or what comes."

"You didn't think it mattered what happened to Maureen?" Robbie lowered her eyelids. Under Ellen's hand Maureen began to chug. "Choo — choo —"

George was still a moment, then crossed the room and pressed Robbie's arms, pinned them to her side so that he seemed to hurt her.

"To *me!* I speak for myself," he said matter-of-factly. Battle made a rude sound. "Something is always coming, you know that." For a moment George moved his gaze over the bobbing and shuttling bridesmaids to Ellen. "I don't think it matters so much in the world what. Only" — he bent over Robbie with his look gone relentless — he was about to kiss her — "I'm damned if I wasn't going to stand on that track if I wanted to! Or will again."

"Ah! Doesn't that sound like his brother Denis's very words and voice?" cried Tempe, passing by with her little silver dish. "He would murder me if I contradicted him, and he loved me better than anybody in the world."

George did kiss Robbie.

"But you're everything on earth to me," Robbie said plainly. Mr. Rondo put his finger tips to his brow. With an extremely conscious, an almost brazen, power of explicitness that seemed to match George's, Robbie was leaving out every other thing in the world with the thing she said. The *vulgar* thing she said! Aunt Tempe cast her eyes simply up, not even at anybody.

For Tempe, her young brother George, who pulled

Ranny out of the path of mad dogs, was simply less equal to pulling Dabney out of the way of Troy Flavin, Mary Denis out of the way of Mr. Buchanan, or himself out of the way of Robbie Reid, much less of trains turned loose on the railroad tracks. Deliver her from any of them — she didn't care what mercifully got her out of their path. Of course if anything ever did bear down on her, Pinckney would be in Memphis, she knew that much. Nobody could really do anything about her ever except Denis. How idle other men were! It was laziness on men's part, the difficulties that came up in this world. A paradise in which men, sweating under their hats like field hands, chopped out difficulties like the green grass and made room for the ladies to flower out and flourish like cotton floated vaguely in Tempe's mind and she gave her head a toss.

45

ELLEN leaned back against Battle's long bulk, sipping her cordial, and under her gaze her family, as they had a trick of doing, seemed to separate one from another like islands being created out of a land in the sea that had sprawled conglomerate too long. Under her caressing hand was Maureen. The Dog had stopped in time not to kill her. Here in the long run so like them all, the mindless child could not, as they would not, understand a miracle. How could Maureen, poor child, see the purity and dullness of *fact*, of the outside-world fact? Of something happening? Which was miracle.

Robbie saw the miracle. Out of fear and possession, perhaps out of vulgarity itself, she saw. Not by George's side, but tagging behind, in the clarity of wifely ferocity, she had seen the true vision, and suspected it. For her, a miracle in the outer world reflected the worse on her husband — for her it made him that much more of a challenger, a proud defier that she had to protect. For her his danger was the epitome of the false position the Fairchilds put him in.

Ellen saw clearly enough that George was not a challenging man at all; he was not "conceited" — Robbie's funny little high school word. But he was magnificently disrespectful — that was what Ellen would have called him. For of course he saw death on its way, if they did not. It did not much matter what exactly happened to a man — something happened; and a man never could leave the never comprehending Maureen, always at the miraculous moment beside him. George had experienced this thing; it had visited him, no self-begotten thing, but a thing whirling out of the world at him.

No, the family would forever see the stopping of the Yellow Dog entirely after the fact — as a preposterous diversion of their walk, resulting in lovers' complications, for with the fatal chance removed, the serious went with it forever, and only the romantic and absurd abided. They would have nothing of the

heroic or the tragic now, thought Ellen, as though now she yielded up a heart's treasure.

Here they sat — all dreamily now, each with a piece of cake to spoil his supper — their truest selves, like their truest aberrations and truest virtues, not tampered with. Here in the closest intimacy the greatest anonymity lay, and a kind of basking, a kind of special pleasure, was in it. She heard Jim Allen and Primrose coming in that old electric car that they had a colored preacher to drive.

George had not borne it well that she called him heroic, as she did one day for something; but this, she saw now, was not for the reason that the heroism was not true, but that it too was after the fact — a quality of his heart's intensity and his mind's, too intimate for her to have looked into. That wild detachment was more intimate than desire. Would Robbie's unseeing, fighting anger suit him better than too close a divination? Well, that depended on how he loved Robbie, and on other things that she, being mostly mother, and being now tired, did not know. Just now they kissed, with India coming up close on her toes to see if she could tell yet what there was about a kiss.

And how did George himself think of this thing? They saw him let Robbie go, then kiss her one more time, and Battle laughed out from the pillows. George wished it might yet be intensified. Inextinguishable, the little adventure, like anything else, burned on.

In the music room Mary Lamar began playing "Constantinople," and the bridesmaids rising a little blankly as if from sleep or rest took the groomsmen and began to dance here in the room, and around George and Robbie there in the center. Aunt Tempe too, with her finger drawing little circles, kept time. While George was kissing Robbie, Bluet had him around his knees and kissed him down there, with such fervor that she sat down, sighing. Then George and Robbie were dancing too — how amazingly together they went. In and out wove little Ranny, waving a pretended shepherd crook, shouting, "I'm the wedding!" and stamping the floral wreath in the rug.

"Oh, Aunt Ellen," said Laura once more, coming forward. "Could I be in the wedding instead of Lady Clare? Because —"

"Why, yes, dear," said Ellen, "of course."

Then Bluet wandered by, dead on her feet, dragging the dulcimer which she had asked for and someone had given her.

"Bluet, aren't you asleep? Bluet!" she cried, suddenly realizing the hour.

"Nobody put me to sleep," whispered Bluet. Ellen caught hold of her and kissed her — her seriousness sweeter than Ranny's delight now.

"Where do you think you're going now, Ellen?" said Battle.

He held her down a minute, and she thought tenderly there was no reason in the world why he should have been cowed in his life by Denis and George.

"I'm going to put my baby to bed. You can't hold me down from that." She left them carrying Bluet in her arms, giving Robbie a soft, open look as she went out.

"I'm the wedding!" Ranny was still calling, running by and twirling Tempe round. "I'm the wedding!" He carried a little green switch now for a stick, with peach leaves on it. In that moment Tempe, laughing, experienced not a thought exactly but a truer thing, a suspicion, that what she loved was not gone with Denis, but was, perhaps, perennial.

"Oh, there's always so much — so *much* — happening here!" she cried contentedly, to one of the bridesmaids, the McLeod girl.

Robbie put her hand up to her head a minute as she danced, against the whirl. Dabney was dancing before her, by herself, eyes shining on them all. Indeed the Fairchilds took you in circles, whirling delightedly about, she thought, stirring up confusions, hopefully working themselves up. But they did not really want anything they got — and nothing really, nothing really so very much, happened! But the next moment Miss Primrose and Miss Jim Allen arrived with so much authority and ado that she almost had to believe in them.

"This is our third trip between the Grove and Shellmound today," said Miss Jim Allen, almost falling against Battle in the door. "Nobody let us in!"

"Pinchy's come through."

"Of course!"

"It's a wonder poor Primrose is not dead from carrying those Japanese lanterns in all by herself!"

"Why didn't you holler?" said George, still dancing.

Primrose and Jim Allen looked in at the room playfully holding up their little unlighted paper lanterns.

"Oh, George, George, I'm *still* ashamed that guinea hen was tough!" Primrose cried.

"Why, it was deliciously tender," said George over Robbie's shoulder.

"George! Was it?"

Robbie knew he smiled, with his chin in her hair. Well, the comfort they took in him — all the Fairchilds — and that he held dear was a far cry from *knowing* him. (They did a trick step.) The Fairchilds were always seeing him by a gusty lamp — exaggerating, then blinding — by the lamp of their own indulgence. While she saw him lighted up by his own fire — no one else but himself was there; a solid man, going through the world, a husband. It was by his being so full of himself that she felt the anger, the love, pride, and rest of marriage.

But oh, when all the golden persuasions of the Fairchilds focused upon him, he would vaunt himself again, to the point, almost, of self-destruction, if she did not watch him. He would drive her to vaunt herself too. After the Yellow Dog went by, he had

turned on her a look that *she* would call the look of having been on a debauch. He did not do that for her; no, not for himself either, and not for them at all, but for — she could only think it was for some old story. For he evidently felt that many old stories, family stories, Mississippi stories, were the same as very holy or very passionate, if stories could be those things. He looked out at the world, at her, sometimes, with that essence of the remote, proud, over-innocent Fairchild look that she suspected, as if some old story had taken hold of him — entered his flesh. And she did not know the story.

She beat her hand softly, in time to "Constantinople," on George's hard back, for whatever threatened to waste his life, to lead him away, *even if he liked it*, she was going to go up against it if it killed her. He laughed, and she bit him through his sleeve. Shelley saw her.

It was a little before then that Laura started up and raced out of the parlor. She met Aunt Ellen carrying Bluet and she pressed thin as a switch against the stair bannister as she hurried, to let them by. It was out of love and the logic of love, and the thrill of loss she had, that she had seen a vision of Uncle George's own pipe as a present for him. She slid still flatly and on tiptoe into the dining room. Nobody was there. Only the stack of plates for the supper and the flowers in the vases were there to see. On the chair under the lamp lay Uncle George's pipe, where by her memory he had left it. She took the pipe up and holding it gently, its stem to her nose, she started away.

All at once Aunt Shannon's voice spoke. She was sitting in the rocker she sat in all the time, only Laura had not noticed her. She was sewing on a little piece of embroidery.

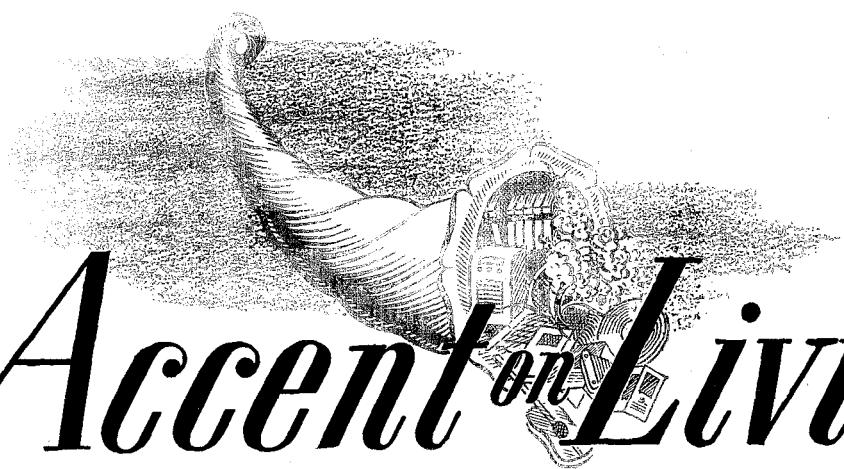
"Denis," she was saying pleasantly, in an after-thought tone of voice, "I meant to tell you, little Annie Laurie's here. Set her heart on being in your wedding."

Anxious as she was to get away with the pipe, Laura had to wait to hear what Aunt Shannon said about her mother.

"Has a little malaria, I'm sure," murmured Aunt Shannon. "But looks a hundred times better already, now that she's here with *us*. Gals are growing too fast. That's all." Aunt Shannon rocked a little and then bit off her thread, and that was all she ever told Denis about Laura's mother.

Uncle George's pipe was perceptibly warm. It smelled stronger than Laura had guessed — it smelled violently. But she bore that, and crept out with it and edged up the stairs, meeting nobody. She knew where to hide the pipe — in her hat, which lay up in the wardrobe not to be touched till the day she put it on for the Yellow Dog to go home. The hat was a grand hiding place for her present for Uncle George, and the pipe was the thing he would want.

(To be concluded)



Accent on Living

Before the Opening

By RUSSELL MALONEY

\$4.80 Worth of Chaos

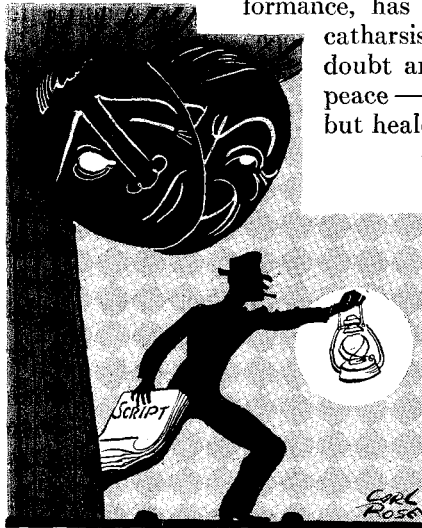
Once or twice in a decade, perhaps, there is a really great play, a play that leaves the audience feeling the way Aristotle thought an audience ought to feel after a play. Somewhat oftener, maybe once or twice in a season, there are good plays, happy theatrical occasions which combine the talents of writer, producer, scene designer, director, and actor to produce what the critical fraternity calls "an evening in the theater" (meaning an evening free of really intolerable boredom or intellectual outrage). By and large, however, the playgoer's only choice is between one bad play and another bad play.

Now a bad play is simply the end-product of a process which it would be inaccurate to call theatrical production; it is a light-hearted gambling game, in the course of which, incidentally to the winning or losing of money, a play is produced. The play is a by-product. The tumultuous two or three months which precede the opening of a play are inherently more stirring and dramatic than the fabricated problem we eventually see on the stage. The heroine's distress at learning, on the eve of her marriage, that she is a quadroon is pallid indeed compared to the real agony of the producer in the throes of raising the final fifteen hundred dollars necessary to open the show.

This is the first of a series of theater notes from New York by RUSSELL MALONEY.

We have in the theater, then, a paradoxical situation; the purchaser of a ticket more often than not leaves the theater feeling cheated, while the layman who has been financially interested and has seen the play through its gestation seldom has any complaint, whether the play runs or not.

When the curtain falls at 10.50 P.M. the heroine has turned out not to be a quadroon after all, but the customer has not been persuaded to care; an investor, by the time the curtain falls on the opening performance, has experienced the classic Aristotelian catharsis. He has been wrung dry of hope and doubt and anger and fear, and is a man at peace — a little out of pocket, to be sure, but healed.



The Last Bohemia

These facts are a necessary background to an understanding of the American theater. You can't find out anything about the American theater just by going to plays; a cursory reading of contemporary dramatic criticism makes that obvious. The critic sooner or later reaches a stage of plain astonishment at the kind of plays he is forced to see; and there he sticks. It is because he knows nothing of

what is called "show business," the process which results in this almost unbroken string of bad plays.

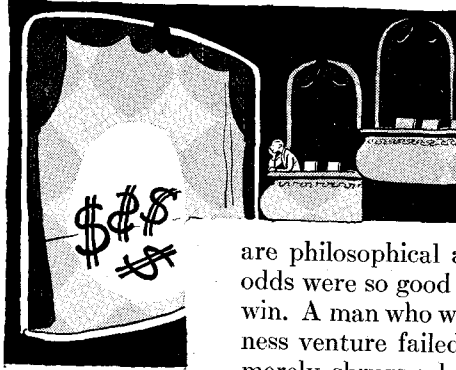
The typical situation in show business is not a play looking for a producer, but a producer looking for a play — *any* play. The producer is the fundamental cell-structure, the amoeba of the Rialto. Of course, there are just enough exceptional producers to confuse the picture — George Abbott, Gilbert Miller, Max Gordon, Herman Shumlin, the Shuberts, the Playwrights Company (Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, Elmer Rice, and Robert Sherwood), and a few others who stand above the crowd by reason of

great wealth, superior taste, or ordinary common sense. When I say "producer," I mean someone you have never heard of and are not likely to hear of, ever.

He is usually a youngish man who resides in one of the small and sinister mid-town hotels, lives on drugstore coffee and hope, and has only a negative cultural influence. Here he sits, in a dirty little office which he rents by the month. Around himself — as an oyster, with infinite and repeated irritations, secretes a pearl — this man is going to bring into existence some sort of dramatic entertainment. And you are going to see it, the next time you're in New York, because you can't get seats for the two or three good shows. His motive is simple and vicious. While the play is in production, he will have thousands of dollars of other people's money to spend. To be sure, he must account for it, and there must at last be a play presented; but meanwhile what fun he is having, being a producer!

As vague and as artistically negligible as this producer are the authors of the "scripts" that are circulated among him and his fellows. There are half a dozen or so good playwrights, and the work of these men is contracted for before it is written. Outside this closed circle, there is a dearth of what are called "good scripts" — that is, scripts which might turn into successful plays if rewritten by S. N. Behrman, directed by Guthrie McClintic, and played by Helen Hayes and Fredric March. However, the shortage doesn't worry our producer. For his purposes, one script is pretty much like another, and there is a vast pool of bad plays on which he can draw — semi-literate, semi-professional work which has been making the rounds for months or even years, the work of newspaper reporters, Hollywood gag-men, students in play-writing courses, retired clergymen, and the like. He isn't going to put any money into the play he selects, beyond the twenty-five dollars a week necessary to keep the option on the play until he can get it into production.

With his new script in hand, the producer now approaches his prospective backers; and I hope nobody has confused backers with angels, those glamorous figures who flitted through high-life novels of the nineteen-hundreds, underwriting entire extravaganzas and keeping ingénues up until all hours with champagne-and-lobster suppers. If a backer took an ingénue out for a champagne-and-lobster supper, he would cease to be a backer: he wouldn't have enough money left. (Even in these inflationary times, two or three hundred dollars will buy a "piece" of a Broadway show. Some shows have had upwards of fifty or sixty backers.) Definitely a more modest type than the angel, the backer might be described as a horse-player who likes to see a race run in slow motion. A backer suffers all the excruciating and ecstatic



emotions of a horse-player watching his choice neck-and-neck for the lead in the home stretch, except that it takes three months for a play to be presented. Neither the horse-player nor the backer makes money, by and large, but both

are philosophical about it for the same reason: the odds were so good that they never really expected to win. A man who would be pretty sore if a sober business venture failed to pay off a promised 8 per cent merely shrugs when a hundred-to-one shot fails to come in.

(Far more plays than horses have paid off at a hundred to one, and the odds have worked out to be consistently more generous.)

A Lesson in Uneconomics

The astute Mr. Bernard Baruch has a pet phrase, "uneconomic area," which he applies to situations, such as world wars and depressions, in which the ordinarily accepted laws of economics do not seem to be in operation. The Broadway theater is a permanent uneconomic area; theatrical folk read their Adam Smith backwards, as witches do the Lord's Prayer.

For instance, at one time last autumn there were more big musical plays in rehearsal and breaking in out of town than there were theaters in New York to accommodate them. The last two producers who went into production with musical shows budgeted around a hundred thousand dollars were not sure of getting a theater in New York big enough to assure themselves a profit. However, by Broadway standards, they insured themselves against this embarrassing disaster. They *hoped* that it wouldn't happen, and, by George, it didn't. Several of the musicals were so bad they closed out of town.

If you have been worrying about the position of actors and technicians in this setup, you can stop. I know an actor who was in four straight flops one season, appeared on New York stages for a grand total of something under forty performances, and yet flourished. The worse the play, the longer the out-of-town break-in tour; the play wanders desperately from city to city, looking for a cure, or at least a friend. Meanwhile, the actors' salaries are guaranteed by a union contract backed by a cash bond. If it hadn't been for the three extra rehearsal periods, during which the actors receive the nominal salary of twenty-five dollars, my friend would have come out of the season just as profitably as if he had had a prosperous six-month run in the first play.

After all, what does the audience know of the excitement of the theater? The girl's a quadron, she isn't a quadron — who cares? My advice to the intelligent playgoer is to stop being a playgoer before it drives him nuts. If he saves up his theater-ticket money for a single season, he can become a backer and begin to *live*.

MUSIC

On the Recorder

By CARL ANTHON

ON February 27, 1668, after attending a performance of *The Virgin Martyr* by Philip Massinger, Samuel Pepys noted in his diary: "That which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-musique when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife." And he continued, saying that he remained "transported" all night, and resolved henceforth "to practice wind-musique and make my wife do the like."

The wind music which Pepys had heard that night was a consort of recorders or vertical flutes. Recently the recorder has again become very popular, but who on hearing an ensemble of them today would speak of the experience in such extravagant language?

In reading Pepys's description one has visions of a schoolgirl flushed with excitement after her first dance. But Pepys, a practical-minded, responsible official at the Navy Office, was no mere sentimentalist; he knew what he was talking about. He was a capable singer and a performer on the viol, violin, and flageolet, and was thoroughly at home in the world of music. So captivated was he by the charm of the recorder that a few weeks later he went to Drumbledy's to buy one, "the sound of it being, of all sounds in the world, most pleasing to me."

Recorders can be heard frequently today in our schools, in the concert hall, and in the home, but what is the first reaction of the casual listener? Anyone knows the sharp dissonance resulting from two consecutive half-tones struck simultaneously on the piano. Imagine the same discord multiplied by ten, and you have the cacophonous effect of many a recorder ensemble. Unlike Pepys, you feel fit to be tied. Of course, the picture is different when you hear the Trapp Family perform on their excellent German instruments, or when you come across some really good players; but even then one is inclined to be disturbed or amused by the unaccustomed sounds.

What has happened? Has our musical taste changed, or is the recorder of today different from the recorder of Pepys's day? That there was something uniquely beautiful about the tone of the recorder in his time is borne out by ample contemporary evidence. Besides Pepys, many other writers and musicians have left us descriptions of it, and they all agree on one thing—the incomparable gentleness and purity of its tone. In many passages Sir Francis



Bacon refers to its sweet and solemn sound, and in *Paradise Lost* Milton speaks of "flutes and soft recorders." The very name by which it was known on the Continent, *flauto dolce* (soft flute), characterizes its quality. Whenever angelic, heavenly music was required in a play or opera, recorder ensembles were invariably used.

Our generation may be relatively immune to the charm of the recorder, and certainly no busy statesman or captain of industry would feel greatly exalted playing ditties on it. But in an earlier age it was the rage. Of Henry VIII, Holinshed says in his *Chronicles* that he exercised himself daily in "plaieing at the recorders, flute, virginals, in setting songs, and making of ballads."

Indeed, the monarch owned no less than seventy-six recorders of all types and sizes. Twenty-seven of them were made of ivory; some were ornamented with gold and silver. There were tiny "sopranino" recorders, no more than eight inches in length, as well as huge basses, more than nine feet long, whose lowest openings had to be operated with pedal keys. As was true of other wind and string instruments of the time, recorders usually occurred in "chests" or sets of four, sometimes even eight, different sizes; the string quartet is the only present-day survivor of that combination.

Something has obviously happened to our musical taste. The modest little pipe that once gave immense gratification to fastidious kings and courtiers simply does not provide a medium of expression for modern, sophisticated man. Until the death of Handel, the recorder was the flute most commonly used; after that it was dislodged from its pre-eminent position by the more versatile and more boisterous, transverse flute. The modern Boehm flute has given us a richer, louder, more accurate tone, but it has sacrificed the gentle, chaste qualities of the recorder.

The same evolution toward more volume and virtuosity has taken place with other instruments. In place of the sensitive, reserved clavichord and the aristocratic harpsichord we have today the piano, capable of an infinite variety of expression and also of much greater volume. The subdued viola da gamba has given way to the lyric cello, and the unassuming viol to the violin. It is perhaps an exaggeration to assert, as does the famous harpsichordist, Wanda Landowska, that the history of musical instruments is the history of noise and more noise; but that noise is an accompanying feature of modern instrumental development there can be no doubt.



Despite its shortcomings the modern recorder has certain advantages over other instruments and can perform an important function in our musical life today. It is very easy to play, and to play well; yet it is not a toy like the ocarina or the harmon-

Assistant Professor of European History at Colby College, CARL ANTHON is also an amateur of chamber music and has played the recorder in many recitals.

ica. Hamlet was right when he indignantly chided Rosencrantz and Guildenstern for trying to "fret" (that is, play on) Hamlet when they couldn't even play the simplest of musical instruments, the recorder. "'Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe?" "'Tis as easy as lying," he had said, showing the recorder to Guildenstern. "Govern these ventages [finger holes] with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music."

It's as easy as that, and yet why is it played so badly today? Two things are at fault: a poor instrument (for many people regard it as a toy), and failure to use the ear. Hence, when a group of enthusiastic players get together, — and enthusiasm doesn't help one bit here, — with instruments vastly different in



quality, and ears unaccustomed to listening, the result is inevitably one of insufferable caterwauling. The pitch of any one tone can be changed by both fingering and breathing, according to whatever the ear dictates. It is a pity that so many music teachers fail to train the ear of their students along with the instrument.

It is possible to acquire a tolerable fluency on the recorder within a few weeks so as to play sonatas by Handel and Telemann. The unique feature of it is that after a long interval of no practice one can pick up exactly where one left off, whereas with any other instrument, failure to practice constantly would mean a setback. The recorder is therefore the ideal traveling companion, for it can be taken along in the coat pocket and is always in "playable" shape. I have played it among tall Douglas firs in the primeval forests of Oregon, and in the seclusion of my stateroom on an ocean liner, and I know of many soldiers who have taken along a recorder to North Africa and the South Pacific.

A word of advice about purchasing a modern recorder. Before the war, most recorders were imported from Germany, where they were so popular that almost every family owned at least one. In recent years American manufacturers have turned out large quantities of them, mostly of plastic materials and often of inferior quality. But the connoisseur will look for a carefully made wooden instrument that is perfectly in tune from the lowest to the highest note. Of the four sizes now made, descant (soprano), treble (alto), tenor, and bass, most people unfortunately prefer to buy the descant, the highest in pitch, for reasons of economy. It is likely to be shrill, and the literature for it is extremely limited.

The treble recorder, on the other hand, at the time of Bach and Handel was a full-fledged chamber-music instrument and can be used as such today in conjunction with piano, violin, and cello, as well as with other treble flutes. The more ambitious player will soon

reach out for the more difficult and satisfying Brandenburg concertos and many cantata movements of Bach. The solo flute parts of the second and fourth Brandenburg concertos were written for treble recorders, but in the absence of capable players these parts are now performed by transverse flutes in our symphony orchestras.

If you already play a musical instrument, you do not need a teacher to learn to play the recorder. There are very few recorder teachers anyway, and those that do teach it are themselves self-taught. You can buy a little instruction book for a few cents, and after you associate with a few players you will soon get the knack of proper blowing and tonguing. You will have plenty of company in the sport, for there exist enthusiastic recorder groups in almost every large city. Among them is the American Recorder Society in New York, which publishes the *Recorder Review* as well as music for recorders and recordings.



Summer Street

By FRANCES HIGGINSON SAVAGE

THOUGH days be short and nights be long
In other parts of Boston town,
The Public Garden harbors snows
Instead of pansy-bed and rose;
Though swanboats all are stored away,
And fickle fogs invade Back Bay,
Surely the sun, still warm and sweet,
Must linger on in Summer Street.

When silent sparrows almost freeze
Amid the Common's wintry trees,
When windows shake on Beacon Hill,
And skies above the Charles grow chill,
Beyond a doubt, a leafy sigh
Enchants the ears of passers-by,
And pavements under sandaled feet
Are soft as grass, on Summer Street.

Certainly, surely, crisp as cresses,
Sunburned girls in cotton dresses
Stroll and smile and disappear
Round corners never guessed before,
Always a liquid-singing thrush
Is hidden in some secret bush,
And there are strawberries to eat,
And ice-cream cones, on Summer Street!

FOOD

Beans

By CROSBY GAIGE

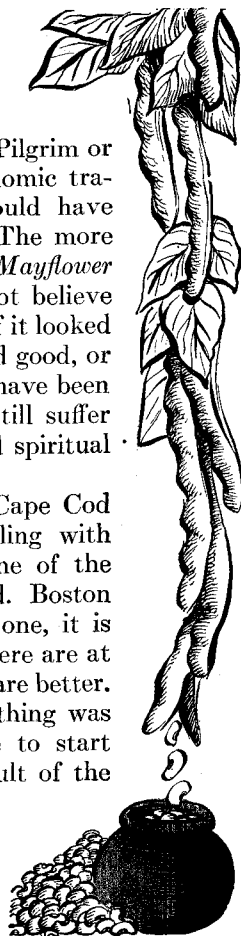
THOSE who stem from early Pilgrim or Puritan stock have gastronomic traditions to live down that would have destroyed less hardy people. The more or less pious voyagers on the *Mayflower* and subsequent barques did not believe that anything in life was good if it looked good, or tasted good, or smelled good, or felt good. After all, they must have been a pretty dreary lot, and we still suffer from some of their mental and spiritual constipations.

After three hundred years Cape Cod has only one method of dealing with clam chowder. That's just one of the minor misfortunes of Cape Cod. Boston knows only one way (a good one, it is true) of baking beans, when there are at least fifty ways of doing it that are better. It is certainly time that something was done about it, and I propose to start with a short account of the cult of the *Cassoulet*, or bean pot, as they practice it in France.

I once attended a small dinner party at the house of Sacha Guitry in Paris. The purpose of the occasion was to introduce me to Mr. Guitry's favorite *Cassoulet* from Languedoc. Each one of the guests had his own notions about a *Cassoulet*, and it appeared that there were as many variants as there were cooks. I was told of fabulous concoctions from Aude, Burgundy, Bagnères, Alsace, Brittany. I tried to edge in a few words about *Cassoulets de Boston* and *Cassoulets de New York*, but was politely hushed up before I had even put my beans to soak.

Sacha Guitry is a dramatist of note and an actor of distinction, but it is as a baker of beans that I shall best remember him. Here is the story of his *Cassoulet*. It begins with a trip to Les Halles for the purchase of the various ingredients, including a pound of the whitest and fattest *haricots blancs* that can be found. The French cook does not have much use for the small white navy bean that seems to be an American obsession. I find that the larger varieties are much more succulent and that some of the colored beans have their real uses in the pot.

To get back to Paris and Sacha Guitry, you wash your beans and then leave them in a bath of cold water overnight. Then they are drained and go into a kettle with enough fresh water to cover them; to the



water has been added a cup of white wine, a couple of ounces of chopped bacon, a clove of garlic, an onion stuck with two cloves (why two, I'll never know), a touch of thyme, and pepper and salt to suit yourself. The pot is covered tightly and goes on the back of the stove to simmer slowly for three or four hours until the beans have split their white jackets.

Meanwhile, you have taken out of your market basket six neatly trimmed pork chops with most of the fat left on. These you sauté in a saucepan until they are ever so slightly tanned and the sweet fat is bubbling around them.

Into the casserole go the beans, the pork chops and their gravy, and, as a final Languedocian touch, the pickled leg of a goose and a tablespoon of goose fat, if you happen to have such gadgets in the house. (I, personally, could do without the goose, but no Frenchman would ever allow it.) The top is sprinkled with bread crumbs and dotted with butter, and then you put the mixture into a languid oven for six or seven hours.

I had three helpings, along with a stout Burgundy and plenty of lively talk, and felt a better and nobler man for the experience.

A proper *Cassoulet* is a happy marriage of beans and meat, and it is in the imaginative selection of various meats for the bean pot that the French regional cooks show their superiority.

The Alsatians will use a dismembered goose, a calf's foot, half a pound of veal knuckle, and a touch of smoked ham and sausage, all lightly browned in fat before addition to the pot. The good people of Toulouse add inch-square pieces of mutton to the other meats. At Carcassonne, they add a half-braised partridge and a partially-braised leg of mutton to their mixture. The cooks of Aude, in addition to pork, call for sausage of Toulouse and some diced ham. They take their pots to the bakers and let them simmer slowly for twelve hours or more in the community oven. This long and patient subjection to heat makes the bean a less rebellious and gusty tenant in the human stomach.

I have a farm up on a range of hills in Westchester County in New York State, and live in a rambling farmhouse, parts of which date from 1760. I call it Watch Hill Farm, because I can catch glimpses of the boats going up and down Mr. Hudson's river, can look deep into the purple hills beyond its silver cincture, and at night catch the flash of the beacon light that tops High Tor.

We have a way of baking a bean there that seems to please most of our guests, whether they be local friends or gastronomic emissaries from foreign lands. Out of courtesy to our friends in France, let us christen it

WATCH HILL FARM CASSOULET

1 lb. large white beans	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. black pepper
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salt pork	Salt to taste
3 frankfurters	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. dry sage
1 onion	1 tsp. dry mustard
2 cloves of garlic	$\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. allspice

Author of many cookbooks and Chairman of New York's Wine and Food Society, CROSBY GAIGE is equally well known as a theatrical producer. This is the second in a series which Mr. Gaige is writing for the *Atlantic*.

Sort and wash the beans and soak in cold water overnight. Drain and cover with fresh water. Add the onion, pork, salt (perhaps 1 or 2 teaspoons, remembering that the pork contains salt), pepper, sage, and the garlic cloves (spiked on a wooden toothpick for easier identification and later removal). The pork should be blanched in boiling water and then properly scraped. Heat slowly and simmer below the boiling point until the skins of the beans are ready to burst; then take out the pork and slice it. Remove garlic. In the meantime, you have skinned the frankfurters and cut them into quarter-inch round slices. Dissolve the mustard powder with a little bean water and add this along with the frankfurter slices to the beans, and blend thoroughly. You must have a covered earthenware bean pot or casserole. Put a few slices of pork on the bottom, fill up the pot with the beans, and place the remaining pork on top and sprinkle on the allspice. Cover and bake in a slow oven for three or four hours, removing the cover for the last half hour, and adding a touch of hot water or broth if the contents are getting too dry.

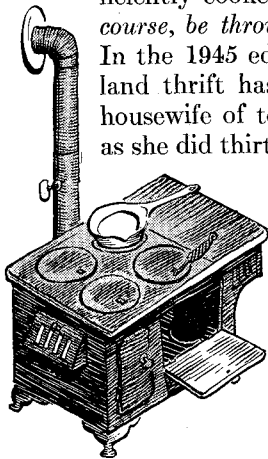
In Languedoc, the bean pot is an heirloom. It acquires grace and flavor with use and with age. The accumulated essences of garlic and onion and other savory things gradually permeate its earthen pores and guarantee an aura of goodness and of sanctity. She is only half a bride who does not bring a well-seasoned casserole to her new home. The much lamented Fannie Merritt Farmer, who, as late as 1911, knew nothing about baked beans except the Boston variety, takes a really shameful crack at the pot when she says:—

“The fine reputation which Boston Baked Beans have gained has been attributed to the earthen bean-pot with small top and bulging sides in which they are supposed to be cooked. Equally good beans have often been made where a five-pound lard pail was substituted for the broken bean-pot.”

I wouldn't know, never having dealt with a five-pound lard pail, but it sounds like sheer heresy to me.

In 1911, Fannie, speaking of the testing of the bursting point of the bean skins, said it “is best determined by taking a few beans on the tip of a spoon and blowing on them, when the skins will burst if sufficiently cooked. *Beans thus tested, must, of course, be thrown away.*” (Italics are mine.)

In the 1945 edition of her book, *New England thrift* has asserted itself. The Boston housewife of today blows on her beans just as she did thirty-four years ago, but it is left to her conscience and her discretion as to the disposal of those blessed by breath. She can surreptitiously slip them back into the pot when no one is looking, or she can save them for Christmas presents for those remote Apley cousins from Springfield.



In the interval between 1911 and 1945, Miss Farmer, or her heirs and assigns, became aware of a monstrosity known as Baked Beans, New York Style. This formula is properly dismissed with three terse lines of text (I, personally, would not give it even one): “Omit molasses. Bake in shallow pan. Arrange slices of salt pork over top. Do not add water during last hour of cooking.” Apparently, the slices of pork may be added after baking. It would not make much difference.

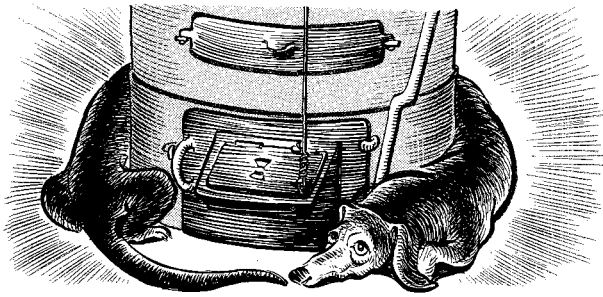


I HAVE just received a letter from the Board of Managers of our local kennel club inviting me, in adroit and flattering prose, to act as one of the judges at their forthcoming bench show. This event, they assure me, is rapidly becoming one of the classics of the dog world, and the impending meeting is to be distinguished by the presence of “such celebrated canines as Champion Auburn’s Michael of Ballycreen and Champion Prince Sunset Buddy Pourquoi.” End quote.

I do not know what awful mischance has placed my name in the hands of the Board of Managers; perhaps I have a namesake somewhere in this broad land who is a dog fancier, or it may be that one of my new neighbors (I have recently moved into the community) saw me walking down the street the other day with an expensive-looking Irish wolfhound and concluded that I own and know fine dogs.

But whatever the nature of the blunder that brought me my invitation, the good Board Members could not have chosen a more incompetent person to act as judge at a convention of man’s best friends. What I know about thoroughbred dogs could be put in the eye of Auburn’s Michael of Ballycreen without even blurring his vision; and what dogs know about me, after one glance and a couple of sniffs, is enough to make them slink out behind the garage and stay there until I have left the premises. I like them — I am even very fond of them and for years have secretly desired the companionship of a faithful hound — but we were not meant for each other. Every time I have taken up with a dog, the association has brought me

STANLEY E. GWYNN, a Chicagoan and a graduate of Northwestern University, is now studying at the Graduate Library School of the University of Chicago. This is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.



nothing but disappointment and the pup nothing but woe, and I learned long ago that both of us would be better off if I just avoided the animals entirely.

That matter of the Irish wolfhound, for example, is typical of all my encounters with dogs, except that in this case the dog came to no harm. In the first place, I was not walking down the street *with* the dog. I was being *herded*. I had stopped in front of a neighbor's place, about half a mile from my own, to admire the view, when suddenly I received a determined nudge in the rump. I turned around — fortunately without too much haste — and there, staring meaningfully at me, was the wolfhound. Obviously he belonged to the estate whose view I was enjoying, and just as obviously he had been trained to permit no loitering by strangers.

I am not afraid of dogs but I am no fool either, so I just stood still and kept my arms close to my body, a practice which, I have read somewhere, is recommended by grocers' boys and other servicemen who frequently find themselves face to muzzle with belligerent watchdogs. The wolfhound waited a moment for me to be on my way and then, when I made no effort to move, stepped forward a few inches and gave me another and more forceful nudge, this time in the midriff. With that, I got his meaning. I turned slowly around and slowly walked away toward my home. The wolfhound followed close behind, ready to boost me again if I seemed to need further stimuli, and it may be that this little shepherding act gave one of my neighbors the wrong idea of my connection with the canine world.

The very first dog in my life was an efficient and forthright collie who ran up to me on the street one day about twenty years ago, nosed me with an air of cool objectivity, bit cleanly and deeply into my right thigh, jumped back as if startled, regarded me intently, and loped off down an alley wearing an expression indicative of mild nausea.

My second dog came along several years later. He was a dachshund of incredible length, who accompanied my grandfather home from the vinegar factory where he (my grandfather) was a chemist. I was a boy of twelve at the time and the creature was supposed to become my pet, but almost immediately I began to notice evidences of our incompatibility. For one thing, I had a reasonable amount of boyish energy and craving for action, but Callohan, as my grandfather called the dachshund (after the owner of the vinegar works), was opposed to any kind of exercise. He also resented adult or adolescent humans, cats,

and most foods, but was passively fond of warmth, sleep, and fried thuringer. He appeared to be suffering from a perpetual chill and soon after his arrival found his way into the basement, where he spent the remaining six days of his sojourn coiled around the base of the furnace.

Once or twice a day I went down and halfheartedly prodded him with my toe, but that was the extent of our boy-dog companionship. At the end of the week, Grandfather took Callohan back to the vinegar factory. Within an hour he broiled himself rather thoroughly about the head and shoulders during a close investigation of an open ashpit door, but even that did not dissuade him in his search for warmth. For all I know, he is still there at the factory, draped among the tubes of the boiler.

My third hound also ended up at the vinegar factory, but I have forgotten how we acquired him. His name, I recall, was Bardolph. He seemed to be a pretty good dog if you overlooked a rather simple smile and a certain vagueness in his general attitude. For several days after his advent we had a lot of fun together, but after a week or so his vagueness took on more than a touch of lunacy and I began to have some misgivings. I covered up for him as well as I could, but one afternoon our telephone rang urgently and after my mother had taken the message I could tell from her expression that my pup was, so to speak, a dead duck.

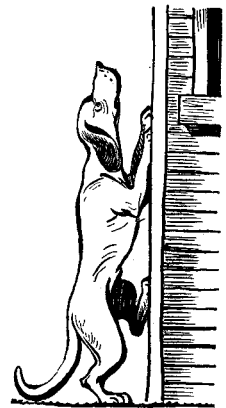
"What's the matter?" I asked.

"It's Bardolph," said my mother, walking rapidly toward the front door. "He's gone crazy. Mrs. Koehler says he's trying to climb the side of her house."

We arrived together on the front porch and peered over the railing. Sure enough — there was Bardolph halfway back in the gangway, earnestly trying to walk up the clapboards of Mrs. Koehler's bungalow.

Absolutely no frenzy was connected with the enterprise; there was no frantic barking or desperate leaping. Bardolph stood quietly on the sidewalk, looking up and thoughtfully studying the wall as if he had important business on the roof and was choosing the most comfortable of several logical routes to reach it. Then he stood on his hind legs, put his forefeet against the wall, and started to move his legs in the conventional manner and at conventional speed, just as if he were walking briskly along on the level. Of course he collapsed at once, falling to the walk repeatedly and just as frequently scrambling to his feet for another try. It appeared, from his demeanor, that he considered the easy ascent of vertical surfaces a normal activity of dogs, and it was obvious that his failure was beginning to puzzle and worry him.

Mother didn't know what to do about Bardolph, and I was so



By now some 700 business and industrial leaders, engineers, editors, radio critics and reporters have seen the first preview of CBS color television pictures broadcast on a commercial transmitter in the high frequencies.

Their enthusiasm is now a matter of record. They testify that CBS high frequency color television has passed from a challenging promise to a demonstrated fact. One radio critic said, "It is beautiful beyond description."

For twenty thrilling minutes they watched, on a new high frequency television receiver designed and made by CBS engineers, a football game, a horse race, a lotus blossom, a sleek negligee, a volcano in eruption—all in brilliant realistic color.

They recalled that CBS first proposed the probability of high frequency color television back in April 1944. They recalled the first demonstration broadcast last October before members of the Federal Communications Commission. Now they have seen for themselves, as millions should presently be able to see, one of the kindly and useful scientific miracles of our time. ★

The photographer hustled about with his dry plates and tripod, reports Carl Sandburg, but before he got his head under the black hood in front of the platform at Gettysburg, the President had finished his speech.

But on February 12 last it took only a fraction of a second to flash the moving picture of General Eisenhower placing a wreath on Lincoln's tomb in Washington to television receivers in thousands of New York homes. The cameras caught Ike in his moment of homage; the electronic particles merged, formed the picture, and sped through 225 miles of coaxial cable stretching between the capital and New York. Then the transmitters of three major television broadcasters shot the photographs across the skyline into the living rooms of the people.

...The Gettysburg photographer would have liked that. ★

A radio musician searching for the theme of an early Gregorian chant or the top *Hit Parade* tune of 1934 can either spend weeks dusting off old music files, or get Mattfeld on the phone. If he's smart, he gets Mattfeld.

Julius Mattfeld, Director of the CBS Music Library, is probably one of the largest living reservoirs of musical information. For twenty years radio producers, directors, conductors, script writers, and performers have been trying to find out something about music he doesn't know. If he can't think of it offhand, he runs (not walks) to the exact bookshelf which



houses the score, pulls it out, sits down at a foreshortened piano countersunk in the wall of his office, and plays it with gusto. One of his other jobs is to supervise a staff of 25 arrangers and copyists who provide the vocal and orchestral accompaniment as well as the background music for virtually all of Columbia's sustaining programs.

At *Variety's* request some years ago he produced for its yearbook a bibliography of American music from pre-Revolutionary days through 1935, so that if you want to know what songs they sang at Buchanan's inaugural, you can look it up. It fills 100 pages of close type containing approximately 3000 items with descriptive references.

In his spare time Mattfeld is associate American editor of Hull's *Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians*, author of *Folk Music of the Western Hemisphere*, *100 Years of Grand Opera in New York* and a contributor to the *Britannica*. He is a composer and an organist, selecting, playing and improvising the music for Columbia's *Church of the Air* programs originating in New York. He has written a Peruvian ballet called *Virgins of the Sun* which has been performed 100 times since 1922. It concerns an ordinary citizen who wanders into the Sun God's garden, makes love to his daughters, and gets thrown off a cliff for his pains.

A man of peppery convictions, Mattfeld burns fast when faced with silly questions. Someone put in a request recently for a number which he thought was called the *Nazarene Waltz*. Mattfeld blew up. "Look, chum," he said, "if you had *stopped* to think you would have realized that no piece could possibly have that name. What you're looking for is *Roses de Noel*, a waltz by Emil Waldteufel, written about 80 years ago, presumably for the Christmas social season in Paris. You spell the name W-A-L-D-T-E-U-F-E-L, and he's a *Frenchman*, see." ★

The closing bell rings in the two-room Lower Mill Creek School in rural West Virginia. Its 50 pupils pour into a waiting bus to ride to their farms. Most of them head for their home radio and Columbia's *American School of the Air* programs coming over WCHS, the CBS affiliate in Charleston every afternoon at 5 p.m. EST. Rex Matheny, their principal, writes:

"We have been having success with the program that far exceeds our fondest anticipations...Through the pupils, the programs are greatly appreciated by the parents and even grandparents. The dinner hour has been changed in several homes so that Mother might listen. The adults say they have 'gone back to school' by means of the series. I always give the pupils the questions in the *School of the Air Manual*. Many families choose their separate answers and compare notes. This sometimes brings up a heated argument."

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

entranced by his efforts that for once I had no advice to offer. So the dog kept on climbing and the audience kept on growing until the whole thing was brought to a crisis by the arrival of a Black Maria full of policemen, summoned by one of our more officious neighbors.

It was evident that the police had been thinking of the case as a routine affair, and had been planning merely to shoot my dog and carry his body off to the city incinerator. They were entirely unprepared for Bardolph's poise and, confronted by it, were unnerved and thrown into a state of indecision. After a moment or two they formed themselves into a tight, brass-buttoned circle and busily discussed the proper move to make.

At the height of all this pother — the gendarmes arguing, the neighbors advising, the passers-by staring, and Bardolph striving intently for the roof — Grandfather came home. Always quick of perception, he took in the circumstances with one swift glance. Then he waded into the tumult and the shouting and in no time quelled what was becoming a small riot.

His expansive geniality calmed the neighbors, appeased the constabulary, and even fell like a beneficent balm on poor addleheaded Bardolph. He was able to convince the police that the dog should not be shot, and he promised to take him down to the vinegar works, where, amid the pungent fumes of acetic acid, he soon would be made a new dog.

The next morning he put Bardolph in a box and carried him off to the factory, and that was the last any of us ever saw of him. For, as Grandfather told us that evening, Bardolph had no sooner been given his freedom at the factory than he took a deep breath of the fume-laden air. That did it.

Bardolph emitted one long, horrible, agonized shriek. He tore madly around the room three times, careened through an open door into the shipping room and out another door, soared grandly into space off the end of the loading platform, tumbled head over tail when he hit the ground, and, when last seen, was streaking like a whippet for the river, trailing behind him a string of anguished yelps whose sound floated to the ears of Grandfather's astounded colleagues.

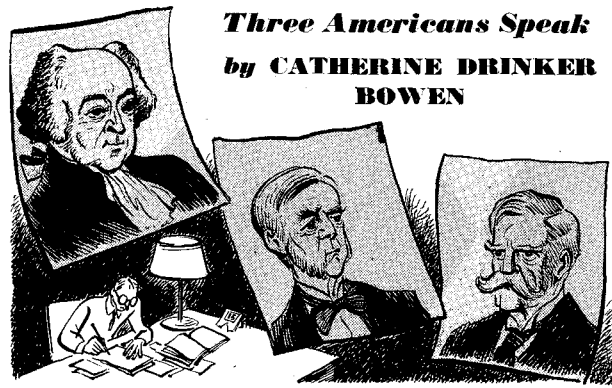
Well, that's my dog record up to date, and I'm willing to admit that it's a spotty one. The Board of Managers of the local kennel club has been fooling with dynamite, and they'd better drop me at once. I hope that henceforth they will examine the pedigree and background of potential judges as carefully as they scrutinize the pedigree of Auburn's Michael of Ballyreen. Or of Prince Sunset Buddy Pourquoi, for that matter.



About Taxes

Three Americans Speak

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN



IT is comforting as well as pertinent to remember what some of our forebears (less confused perhaps than some of our contemporaries) had to say about taxation. Nor does it detract from these statements to note that they were made in times of great national stress.

1777

August 19. John Adams in Philadelphia, to his wife Abigail at their farm in Braintree, Massachusetts. Adams was sitting at the Second Continental Congress. The British, under Howe, were advancing on the city, would defeat us at Brandywine and occupy Philadelphia before October: —

We have been several days hammering upon money. We are contriving every way we can to redress the evils we feel and fear from too great a quantity of paper. Taxation as deep as possible is the only radical cure. I hope you will pay every tax that is brought you, if you sell my books or clothes or oxen, or your cows, to pay it.

1862

February 3, near the end of our first year of Civil War. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes to John Lothrop Motley, the historian, then American Minister to Austria. Dr. Holmes writes from Boston, Massachusetts, about three months after his son, Lieutenant O. W. Holmes, Jr., was shot in the breast at Balls Bluff and barely escaped with his life: —

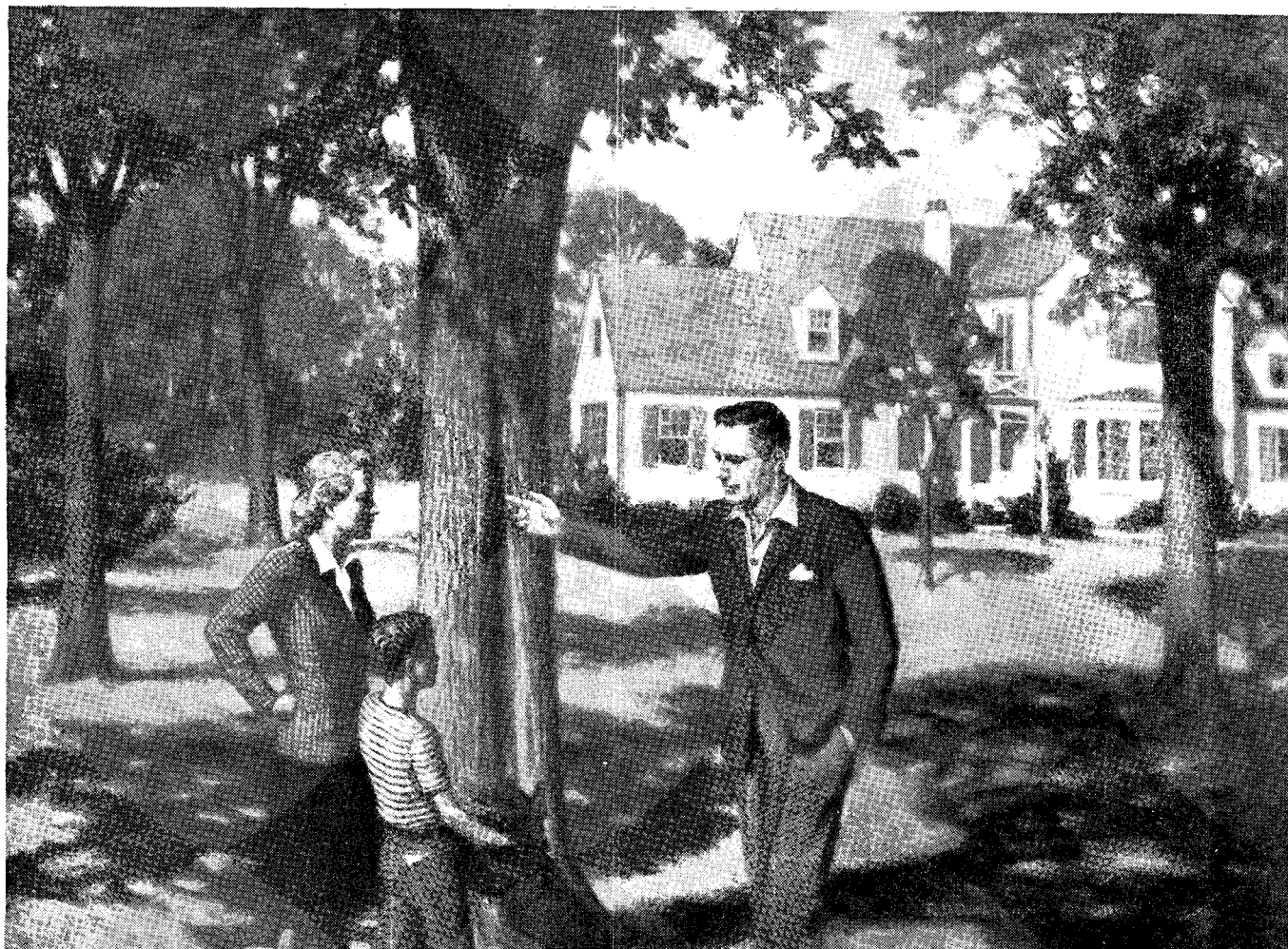
About the taxation schemes, you may find out from the papers. . . . I believe our people are worked up to the *paying* point, which, I take it, is to the fighting point as boiling heat (212°) to blood heat (98°).

1930

As financial panic mounted, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, at eighty-nine, to his secretary in Washington, who complained of the income tax: —

"Young feller, I like to pay taxes. With them I buy civilization."

A biographer who loves music only a little less than the American character, CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN with Barbara von Meck wrote *Beloved Friend*, the Life of Tchaikovsky. She is the author of *Yankee from Olympus* and *Friends and Fiddlers*, both of them Atlantic Monthly Press books.



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FACTS

The First Military Airman**By TOM MAHONEY**

AUSTRIAN soldiers besieging the town of Maubeuge in northern France excitedly aroused their officers one May morning in 1794 to report a radical new development in warfare. Above the town, which was being defended by the rag-tag French Army of the Sambre and Meuse, floated a big pear-shaped bag. It supported a man and was held in leash by long ropes trailing to the ground. Nothing like it had ever been seen before on a battlefield.

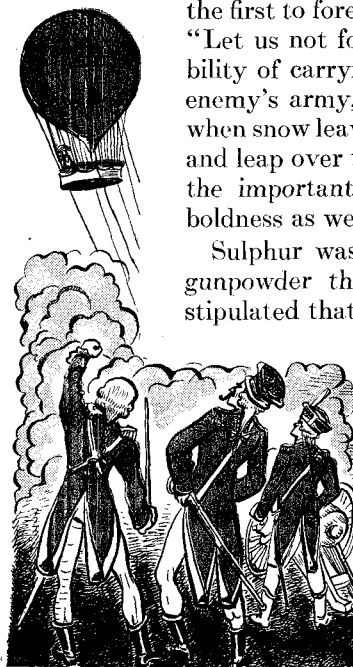
"It's a balloon!" exclaimed an officer who had traveled. "The Montgolfiers have made them in this devilish country for some years."

Howitzers were elevated in an effort to shoot down the awesome object in the sky, but it was out of range of all the Austrian guns. Meanwhile, the fire of the French artillery became increasingly accurate, and it became obvious to the frustrated invaders that the balloon's observer was correcting the aim of the gunners. Surprise and annoyance gave way to consternation in the Austrian camp.

"This is an inhuman violation of the laws of war," raged one commander. "That man up there is spying on us. Issue orders that every balloonist captured will be shot as a spy."

The orders were issued and copies were thrown into the French lines, but the balloon rose again on the following day. The devastating artillery fire continued. With the morale of his men very much cracked by the "secret weapon" of the enemy, the Austrian commander broke off the battle and with his Dutch allies retreated to the north. Military aviation had won its first victory.

It also placed in history as the first military airman, young Captain Jean Marie Joseph Coutelle, the gallant and lucky Frenchman who had gone aloft. His balloon represented long and difficult work on the part of Captain Coutelle and several French scientists. The leading spirit in the undertaking, however, had been a magistrate of Dijon named Guyton de Morveau. He had been aloft and was convinced that balloons could be used for military observation. When named to a body appointed by the ruling Committee of Public Safety to apply scientific discoveries to the service of embattled France, Morveau obtained an appropriation for a balloon and the services of Coutelle, who was serving in a line regiment.



Young Coutelle was chosen because he had studied physics under the great Dr. J. A. C. Charles, the first man ever to inflate a balloon with hydrogen and also the first to forecast air mail. In 1784, he had written: "Let us not forget that the balloons give the possibility of carrying letters and other articles over the enemy's army, can ask for help, and probably can, when snow leaves the countryside, profit by the winds and leap over the mountain barriers to communicate the important news." Dr. Charles had imparted boldness as well as science to Coutelle.

Sulphur was needed so badly for the making of gunpowder that the Committee of Public Safety stipulated that sulphuric acid should not be used for making hydrogen in the usual way for the balloon. Antoine Lavoisier, the chemist who later died on the guillotine, however, showed how the gas could be made by passing steam over red-hot iron. The Committee also left to the enthusiasts the task of inducing the French Army to accept a balloon.

Captain Coutelle was dispatched on this errand and arrived, dusty and weary, late at night at the Army of the Sambre and Meuse and demanded to see the commander, General Jean-Baptiste Jourdan. Instead he was confronted by one Duquesnoy, a representative of the government with the army. He at first regarded Coutelle as a spy and, when the balloon proposal was explained, as an insane man. He threatened to have him shot for taking up time with "ridiculous proposals."

The noise brought out General Jourdan, who proved more open-minded. He was not afraid of new ideas. He had been a sergeant before he became a general and he later would be a marshal of France. He agreed to use a captive balloon if it would support two men and if it would be thoroughly tested in Paris before being sent to the front.

Meudon Castle, formerly an artillery barracks, was converted into a balloon factory and school. After careful calculations, Coutelle and his assistants constructed a balloon 10 meters in diameter and some 160 cubic meters in volume. A special linseed oil preparation was used to treat the light fabric envelope. A basket for the pilot and observer was suspended from a net, and two long cables were dropped from the net to the ground for control of the balloon, which was christened "The Enterprise."

Three days and three nights were required for the first inflation, but by April, 1794, this had been speeded up a bit, and a corps of balloonists, the first in history, was organized under Captain Coutelle. Next in rank was Lieutenant Delaunay, a carpenter in civil life. There were a sergeant major, four other noncommissioned officers, and twenty-six men. The uniform was blue with a black collar and facings trimmed with red braid. Each man also had a blue working suit.

Formerly an Associate Editor of *Fortune*, TOM MAHONEY is a native of Texas and a graduate of the University of Missouri. This is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

The company was idle several days after joining Jourdan's army at Maubeuge, because an oven required in the hydrogen-making process was delayed. In the interval, the balloonists were the butt of some ridicule, and to prove their bravery they took part in a ground sortie in which the lieutenant was killed and two of the men were badly wounded. Soldiers, however, cheered "The Enterprise" when the balloon finally rose from a schoolyard carrying Coutelle first alone and then with a companion. The first observations were made from 500 meters with the results already noted.

A French force pursued the fleeing invaders; and to avoid deflating the balloon, Coutelle's men "walked" it twenty miles through the night toward Charleroi. It was used two or more times daily by the French for several days with General Jourdan sometimes going aloft himself. It contributed to the defeat of the Austrians at several places, notably Fleurus.

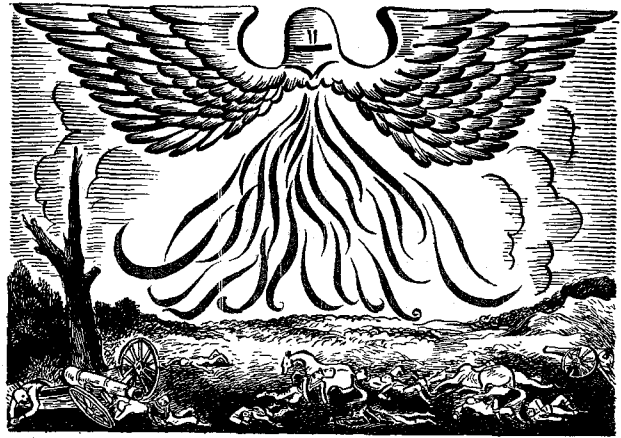
Thomas Carlyle in his classic history of the French Revolution wrote: "Over Fleurus . . . hangs there not in the Heaven's vault, some prodigy, seen by Austrian eyes and spyglasses: in the similitude of an enormous windbag, with netting and enormous saucer depending from it? A Jove's balance, O ye Austrian spyglasses? One saucer scale of a Jove's balance. By Heaven, answer the spyglasses, it is a Montgolfier, a Balloon, and they are making signals! Austrian cannon battery barks at this Montgolfier; harmless as a dog at the moon; the Montgolfier makes signals: detects what Austrian ambuscade there may be and descends at its ease. What will not these devils incarnate contrive?"

Before Charleroi, which was occupied by the Austrians, the "devil" Coutelle and a General Morelot remained aloft eight hours. They signaled to the ground by flags and dropped messages in weighted bags. Convinced from what he saw that the place could not hold out, Morelot was about to attack when the balloon-fearing Austrians obliged by surrendering.

Morelot and Coutelle went up in the balloon at Gosselies and another French victory was credited there to air observation. The balloon traveled widely until the spring of 1795, when Coutelle's unit joined the Army of the Rhine attacking Mayence. A violent storm caught "The Enterprise" in the air, smashed it to the ground three times, and wrecked it. Coutelle barely escaped with his life.

Five more balloons had been built meanwhile at Meudon and a second company of balloonists organized. These carried on while Coutelle recovered his health, but the luck of the pioneers was at an end. Two more balloons were wrecked by storms. A deflated one was abandoned to the enemy in Germany.

When Napoleon embarked for Egypt, Coutelle went along with one of the remaining balloons. Admiral Nelson's English fleet, however, intercepted the French ships at Aboukir and the balloon was burned. Coutelle escaped, explored the Nile, and re-



corded weather conditions at Cairo. But his career as a balloonist was concluded. He retired with the rank of colonel and died in bed some years later at Mons, where he had been born.

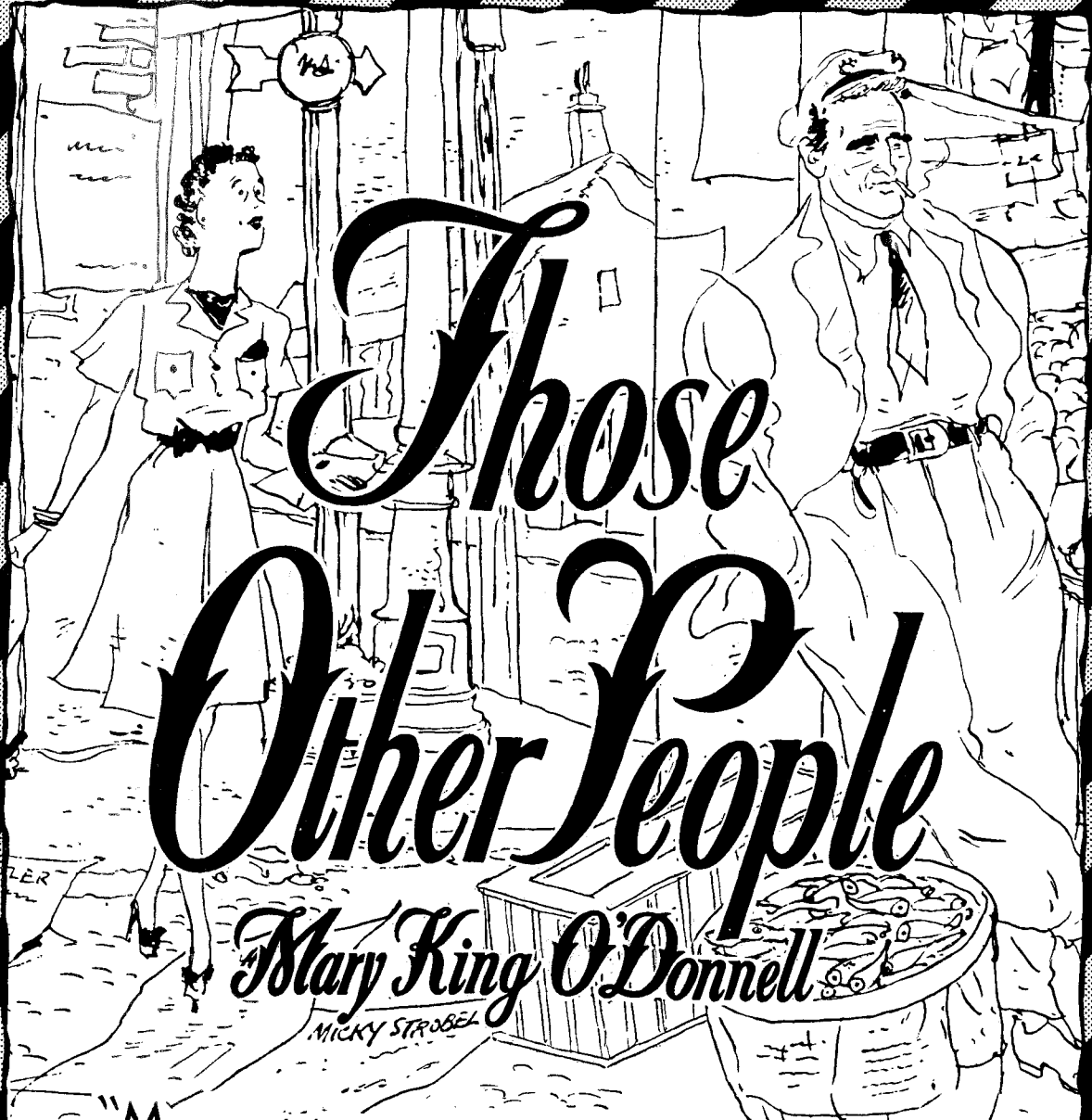
Though an artillery officer, Napoleon was strangely lacking in appreciation of balloons. When he returned to France, he disbanded both companies of balloonists, closed their school, and had the remaining balloon sold. The Emperor even developed a definite superstition about balloons. A great colored bag carrying 3000 lights was sent up in Paris as part of the ceremonies of his coronation. It blew to Rome, passed over St. Peter's, and before settling into a lake dropped part of the crown it carried on the tomb of Nero. Napoleon regarded this as a bad omen and forbade mention of balloons.

Waterloo, his final defeat, was fought in the same part of Belgium where "The Enterprise" had helped Jourdan to victory, and a balloon might have reversed the outcome. Because the great Napoleon failed to pursue the balloon development, it was some seventy years before military aviation again had serious attention and Professor T. S. C. Lowe took to the air in the American Civil War.

The Persian Version

By ROBERT GRAVES

TRUTH-LOVING Persians do not dwell upon
The trivial skirmish fought near Marathon.
As for the Greek theatrical tradition
Which represents that summer's expedition
Not as a mere reconnaissance in force
By three brigades of foot and one of horse
(Their left flank covered by some obsolete
Light craft detached from the main Persian fleet)
But as a grandiose, ill-starred attempt
To conquer Greece — they treat it with contempt;
And only incidentally refute
Major Greek claims, by stressing what repute
The Persian monarch and the Persian nation
Won by this salutary demonstration:
Despite a strong defense and adverse weather
All arms combined magnificently together.



Those Other People

Mary King O'Donnell

MICKY STROBEL

"Many people have written of New Orleans' fragrant, teeming, multi-hued French Quarter—the realists, the 'name' story-tellers, hunting the thing called color to splash over their stock situations. But Mary O'Donnell has done something fresh and genuine with the material. It is difficult to think of anyone who has treated it with greater understanding or greater artistry than she has done in this, her second novel . . ." *Harnett T. Kane, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

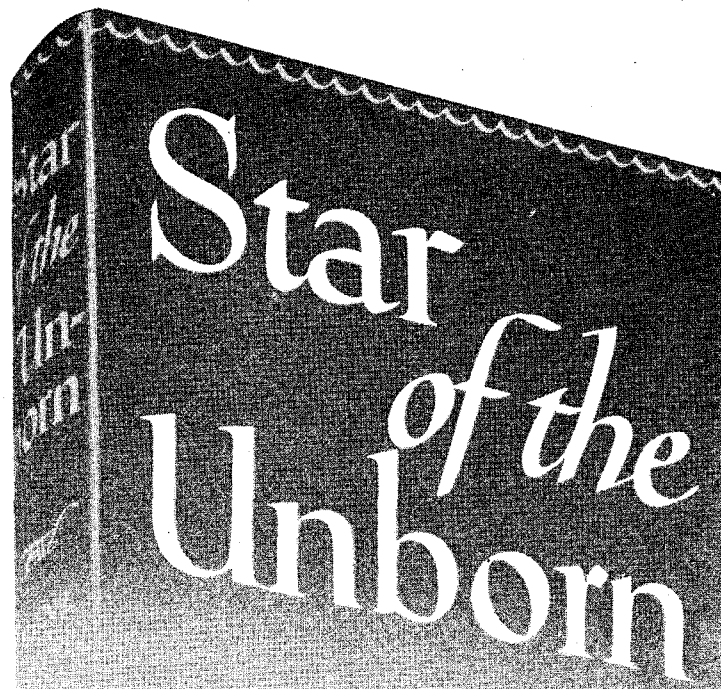
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THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH

FRANZ WERFEL

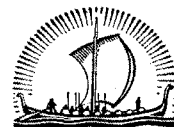


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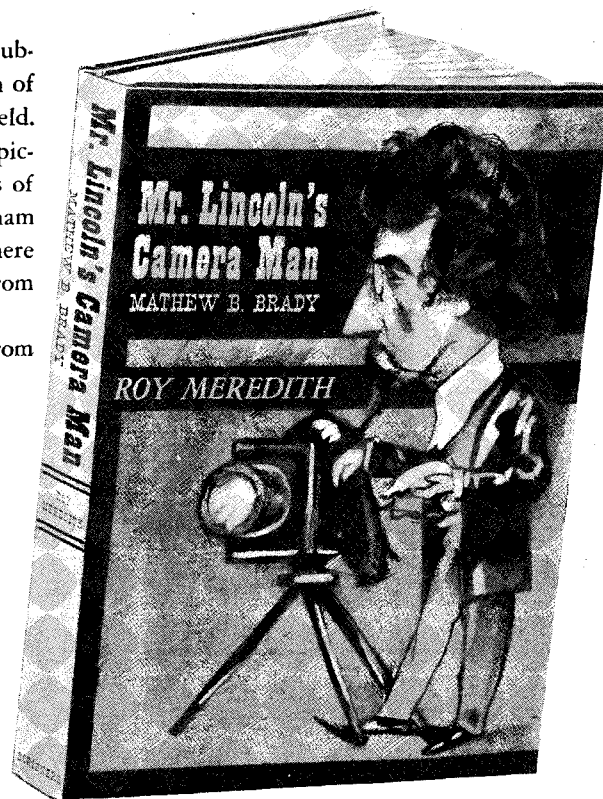
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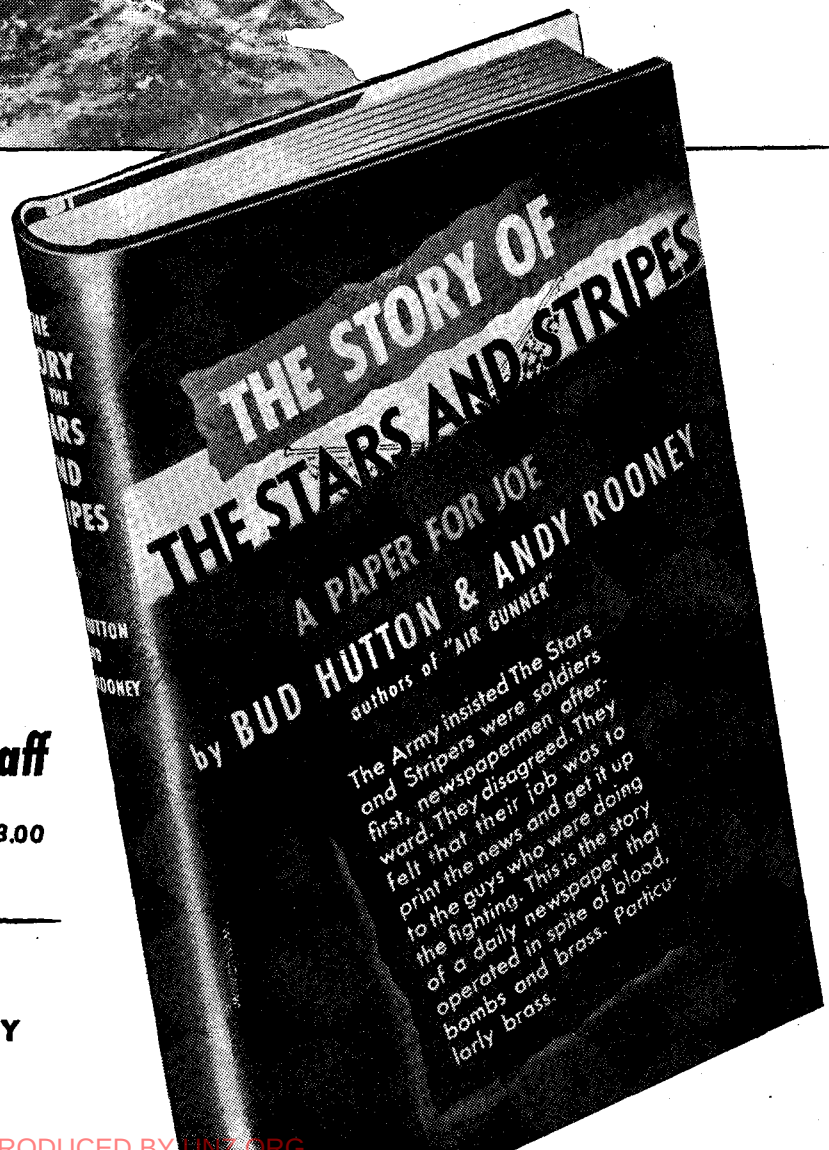
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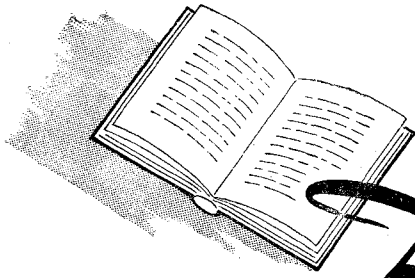
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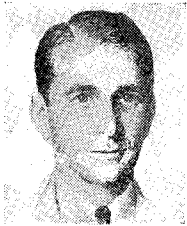
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THE ATLANTIC

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

As we settle back into our private lives, the guard goes up. Reticence has returned. I see it as I travel. I miss the camaraderie, the sharing, the boy picked up as he thumbed his way back from leave, the friendliness which so often led to unburdening. I miss the candor and the heart with which Americans turned to each other while the pressure was on.

This feeling of unanimity grew on us by degrees. I felt it in my trip across the continent in February, 1942, particularly in San Francisco, which was then receiving the first wounded. The war came home to San Francisco early, and in that heavenly room which hangs like a lantern above the Golden Gate, the Top of the Mark, — to the north one could see the submarine net and to the south the first transports making up for Australia, — I watched men and women in uniform, strangers sizing each other up, not critically as in civilian life, but with a sense of belonging. The guards were down.

Who can forget the patience and the humor of the crowds? It was in our railway stations, from the Pennsylvania Terminal to the whistle stops, that you saw character in the open, and the heart on the sleeve. I think of the files of selectees, hatless, leaving one life with no more luggage than a toothbrush — how they would stand there covering up embarrassment with the old horse laugh; and in the shadow and out of touch, the mother with the red eyes, the old man, so inarticulate, and the kid brothers.

I remember one midnight in the Dayton station. Ohio was a bottleneck of shipping at the time and the train was more than two hours late. Information kept repeating, "Twelve thirty-five, yes, twelve thirty-five" — which meant that we'd be sitting up until three fifteen in the morning before we reached

Indianapolis. Many of us were waiting — parents who had been seeing their flyers at Wright Field; Army wives with the little kangaroos; salesmen, soldiers, and Wacs. When at last the train did show up, there were extra coaches for our benefit; crowding the aisles and sitting on the arms, we could just fit in.

And then, since sleep was out of the question, a vaudeville show began. The car attendant was a little, very dark Negro with a white smile. He'd edge into the car with something to sell, the salesman nearest the door would nab him, and an auction would begin — pillows, sandwiches, Lily cups of coffee, were auctioned off with some pretty good cracks. As we rattled along there was singing, and when the conductor fought his way in, he really ran the gantlet. The heat, the sprawled, relaxed figures, the lovers, head on shoulder, the merciless light — crude? Sure, crude as Chaucer. But unmistakably American and unanimous.

For the couples those stations must have been unforgettable. South Station, Grand Central, the Union at Washington — who could ever paint, not the uniforms, but the hurry, the tension, and the muteness? You don't speak when you're snatching at time. There aren't words. But the fingers lock and the eyes hold back time in that long utterable look, the look civilians tried not to bump into.

I remember being on a Local which stopped for a century at Salem. Right beneath my window a GI and his wife were looking farewell. They fixed that train, even after the conductor's "All aboard!" had urged him into the seat beside me — it didn't go. The two-year-old was held up to the window and the GI kept looking, and it felt like tearing apart when at last we jerked into motion. When we were safely out of sight his tears came.

I remember an early breakfast in the station at Pittsburgh and a fine-looking woman of about my age who was crying silently as she read a red and blue edged letter. She was not looking at any one of us, nor we at her, but the grief was plain and unreticent.

About a year or so later I remember flying north from Alabama. June, the midnight flight, and a moon big as a barn. My seat mate was a sailor home

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*Co-author of The Rise of
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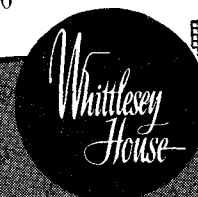
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bound from San Diego after fourteen months in the Pacific. "Where you getting off, sailor?" "Charlotte, sir. I live forty miles over the mountain from Charlotte." "Will they be expecting you?" "I sent 'em a wire but I don't reckon they'll get it."

It was 3.00 A.M. when we put our wheels down at Charlotte and he was dead to the world. The stewardess and I shook him. "Sailor, you're home," I said. "No," he mumbled, "wanna get off at Charlotte." Well, we got him to his feet at last — he'd lost his hat — and I followed him down the dimly lit plane to see him ashore. Half drunk with sleep, he tacked across the apron, making for a flight of stairs, and just as he walked into the floodlight a girl in a red dress came down like a diver. "Johnny!" she cried, and the note of her voice I can still hear; then she was in his arms, her feet clean off the ground. I looked up the stairs and there in the shadows were the family, the elders waiting their turn.

We are speaking of the open heart. I don't say this is the way to live, this anguish, this uprooting, this cry of return. I say that while we had to we lived with the open heart and with a sympathy for others that makes us a great people. See that we do not close it too soon in our hurry to renew our privacy.

The Middle American

Autobiography, as someone has said, is the result of mature judgment imposed upon recollection. **William Allen White** was happily engaged in writing his *Autobiography* up until a few months before his death. He had written enough for two average-sized volumes, the writing buoyant, full of zest, and free from the drag of age; he had covered the years from his birth in 1868 to his fifty-fifth birthday and his last revealing talk with President Harding; and if it be true that the farther off we stand from ourselves, the better we write of our life and our friends, then what Will White has left us is the best of his ruddy existence.

He was born in Kansas, the only surviving child of independent, middle-aged parents. Let the stress fall on that word "independent." Will's father was known the state over as "Doc" White, a self-made, bumptious character, undersized and overweight, whose five-foot-five, 220-pound figure made him conspicuous as he walked the streets of El Dorado in his white suit and Panama. He walked with a minority, for he was a Northern Democrat in a passionately Republican neighborhood; he believed in a negotiated peace and would take no part in the Civil War other than doctoring its survivors. In middle life he had picked up enough medical training for a degree, and he would practice medicine until his money ran out, then go back to keeping store, preferably a drugstore. He dyed his hair, — but the dye fooled no one, said his son, — was a nimble dancer and a practical joker who usually ended by being the butt of his own jokes. From him Will inherited buoyancy, gregariousness, and "something of an abdominal tendency," and if sons grow by contradiction of the Old Man, from him

Will inherited his lifelong, undeviating loyalty to the Republican Party.

His mother was a schoolteacher of Irish extraction who for twenty-five years had fought the battle of the lone, opinionated spinster. She had heard the last and the best of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, had fallen platonically in love with Abe, and had given her heart and soul to the Abolitionist movement. She lost a school because she insisted on seating Negroes in her white class. From her he inherited his strong, clear mind, his capacity for swift emotion, his love of a crusade, and his sense of the value of money.

Will grew up in a Kansas of farms, prairie, and woods uncut. He knew the Indians. As a toddler he had been ridden back to town on the saddle of a friendly Sioux. He knew the massacre stories, too, from mothers of his schoolmates who had been scalped. He grew up a redhead, his face one large freckle, who took love seriously at six ("For me it was the greatest thing in the world, and it still is"), a youngster who loved not only Leila Heaton and then his schoolteachers, and then his Sallie, but even more the little feuds, the hearty humor, and the family loyalties which held the small town together. His love of Kansas was his mainspring, and if he dwells on the bucolic to an extent some Easterners will find garrulous, it is because out of such soil came the strength, the shrewdness, and the heart which made him the spokesman for the small town everywhere.

If no one knew it, this book would demonstrate that Will White was a born journalist. The most endearing chapters in it are those which tell of the fun and challenge he had in his middle twenties as the beginning editor of the *Emporia Gazette*, circulation rising 500. He wrote well, with a zest and with an edge frequently contemptuous of things as they were, but not cynical. And he wrote with that editorial balance which enabled him to see both sides of an issue, despite his partisanship. The story of how he worked twelve hours a day as the editor of the thriving *Gazette*, of correcting with Sallie proofs of his first book, *The Real Issue*; the story of his first famous editorial, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" and of how Mark Hanna offered him a political side of pork in the Zanesville Hotel; the story of his first visit to Washington, of his meeting with T.R. and William Dean Howells, and of the beginning of his friendship with John Phillips, Sam McClure, and Ida Tarbell — these are pages whose freshness and magnetism will give a lift to any new writer.

A born journalist, so he was by inheritance and inclination a Progressive. He had been warned by an old friend of his father's that he could never be a good editor and run for office. The warning went deep and he did his best to obey it. But he was sorely tempted, and the direction of his temptation you see in phrases like this: "We just were not meant for each other — William McKinley and I. He was destined for a statue in a park and was practicing the pose for it"; Congressman Charley Curtis was "a kind of ani-

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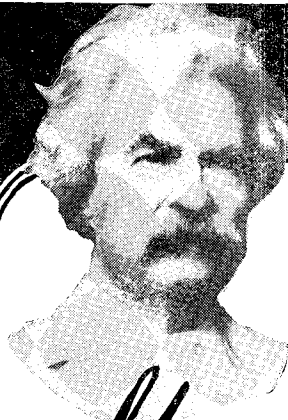
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mated figure of political seduction"; Warren G. Harding had "the false harlot's voice of the old-time political orator." I think that all his life Will White wanted to rebel from the political machine, and he had his chance in the exhilaration of the Bull Moose revolt of 1912. But T.R. broke Will's liberal hopes when he turned down the Progressive nomination in 1916, and thereafter Will came sorrowfully to heel. Like a good Republican, he reviled Wilson (and when his wife Sallie at Oyster Bay told T.R. that she was voting for Woodrow, what a scene!). He could put up with the more genial side of Harding; he could write, though without his characteristic salt, the campaign life of Coolidge, and unlike such fellow Progressives as Harold Ickes, James Garfield, and Donald Richberg, he could resist the liberalism of the second Roosevelt. "You're a good fellow, Will," F.D.R. once said to him. "Anyhow you're with us three and a half years out of every four." But what that internal struggle meant to Will White he never lived to tell us.

Eager, impulsive, warmhearted, thrifty, often morally indignant and yet capable of a compromise and even of self-deception when it came to politics, Will White writes himself down as open, as many-sided, and I think as representative an American as has lived between Lincoln and Hoover.

THE "NOW IT CAN BE TOLD'S"

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

It is not necessary to dust off the crystal ball or take the Mantle of Prophecy out of the closet or telephone the local augur. The fact leaps to the eye that we reviewers are in for a fairly heavy season. I refer, of course, to the Books of Revelations, already numerous and, tomorrow, innumerable. Now that a spotty but global censorship has been lifted, here a little and there a little, it is inevitable that it will shortly be lifted somewhat everywhere. The forerunners are with us already. And why not? The potential reading public is prodigious. Most of us want to be "in the know" and to take our jungle adventures second-hand. It is less tedious and less dangerous to learn from a book than from personal experience, and one can be just as superior to one's neighbors after reading about spying in Singapore as if one returned with a case of beriberi or coolie's foot.

Mankind hankers after secrets and delights in mysterious shenanigans. Right now Mr. Henry Hoke and the Pamphlet Press are doing a brisk business selling a dollar volume bearing the simple but enigmatic title *It's a Secret*. Possibly if there were a subtitle on the cover explaining the nature of the book, an appreciable number of potential customers might turn away, sated in advance. But no, the astute publishers tell the so-called reading public that it will cost them a dollar to learn a secret, and

the line forms on the left, starting somewhere down in the middle of the next block. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hoke's book is pertinent and timely, but its appeal to the public is based on sheer mystery.

Three of these "Now It Can Be Told's" are concerned chiefly or in part with that most controversial chapter in our wartime history, the American political and military effort in North Africa. As I write, only one of them has appeared in book form, *Adventure in Diplomacy*, by Kenneth Pendar (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00).

It is fair to say that no reporting or editorializing by the American press in the whole war effort was as distressing to those of us who had more than a secondhand, long-range knowledge of North African affairs as the misrepresentation of the position and actions of General Eisenhower and General Clark and Mr. Murphy in the North African episode. Press and public, egged on by a skillful propaganda, ignorantly criticized these wise and faithful men, pilloried them as false to American ideals and as intellectually incompetent. With few exceptions, the "liberal" wing of writers went off the deep end, accepted the de Gaullist syllogism as so much gospel, and did their worst to hamper and obstruct our leaders, who were fighting a hazardous campaign under conditions of incredible complexity and confusion.

In his excellent book, Mr. Pendar has given us a candid play-by-play account of our North African policy in action. He is to be congratulated on the careful accuracy of his factual presentation, and this reviewer is not disposed seriously to challenge the conclusions which he reached as the result of his firsthand acquaintance with the personalities involved and his knowledge of the sequence of events.

Mr. Pendar is in a position to supply his readers with an intimate, firsthand account of what actually happened in North Africa during the period in question. He was one of the dozen "Vice-Consuls" operating under Mr. Murphy who were appointed early in 1941 to control the disposition of goods supplied by the United States to North Africa under the terms of the North African Economic Accord. The second function of these amateur diplomats was, one may admit it now, to learn all they could learn about North African conditions and personalities, and to transmit this information to the right people and places in the home government. After the landings, Mr. Pendar continued in a close official and personal association with our diplomatic and military representatives until the curtain fell on the North African theater and General de Gaulle took all the bows and curtain calls there were to take.

To what degree hindsight has affected Mr. Pendar's judgment it is difficult to say. Obviously his indignation over de Gaulle's stubborn intransigence, over the techniques by which he and his entourage eliminated all other Frenchmen from positions of honor and responsibility, and over the pressures affecting our own diplomacy, steadily increased during the months succeeding the landings. But it is fair to say that he

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gives chapter and verse to justify the growth of his opinions and their gradual crystallization into definite judgments.

De Gaulle, to Mr. Pendar, was an opponent of the democratic ideal, an authoritarian embodiment of the leader principle, always provided that he was the leader. To attain this position which, he felt, he alone could fill, and through which he alone could save and preserve France, any means were justifiable. His success in this effort was almost incredible. At the time of the Allied landings, 95 per cent of the North African French were hostile to de Gaulle. He was mistrusted by the British and the Americans and was allowed no share in the military invasion. Our own military and diplomatic leaders were committed to General Giraud, who seemed to be the ideal head for a *risorgimento* in French North Africa. Giraud turned out to be an honest and honorable soldier and a man of good faith, but also a man of astonishing political ineptitude.

The event demonstrated that the Allied leaders had backed the wrong political horse. General Giraud went into the discard, de Gaulle received our grudging and unwilling support, and we Americans, at least, ended up with nothing to show, politically, for our pains except the hostility and ill will of all ranks of Frenchmen. In the field, of course, the Allies achieved a superb victory. Mr. Pendar is of the opinion that our diplomacy, though sound in principle, was inadequately implemented and confusing to the public.

To a very large extent I agree with these conclusions and criticisms. In one respect I take issue with Mr. Pendar's theses. He seems to me to give too little importance to the fact that our diplomatic and political gestures in North Africa took place during a most difficult and hazardous military campaign. The invasion of North Africa provided military dangers and complications enough, without the added element of potential civil war between the conflicting partisans of Giraud and de Gaulle. To men intent on winning the campaign as the first step toward winning the war, Giraud was a broken reed and de Gaulle a nuisance. Our Adventure in Diplomacy did not take place in a vacuum, but in the midst of turmoil and military conflict. These circumstances will certainly be taken into consideration when history judges the North African episode. After all, we did win the campaign and there was no civil war.

As an almost contemporaneous account of these events, Mr. Pendar's book is far and away the most accurate, intelligent, and constructive which I have seen. It deserves a wide reading and a careful study.

More authoritative — as coming from higher authority — are the chapters on "Eisenhower's African Gamble" by Brigadier General Julius C. Holmes, which have appeared recently in *Collier's* and which I hope will be published soon in book form. This intelligent and well-informed officer was on General Eisenhower's staff during the North African campaign, acting as a sort of liaison between the military

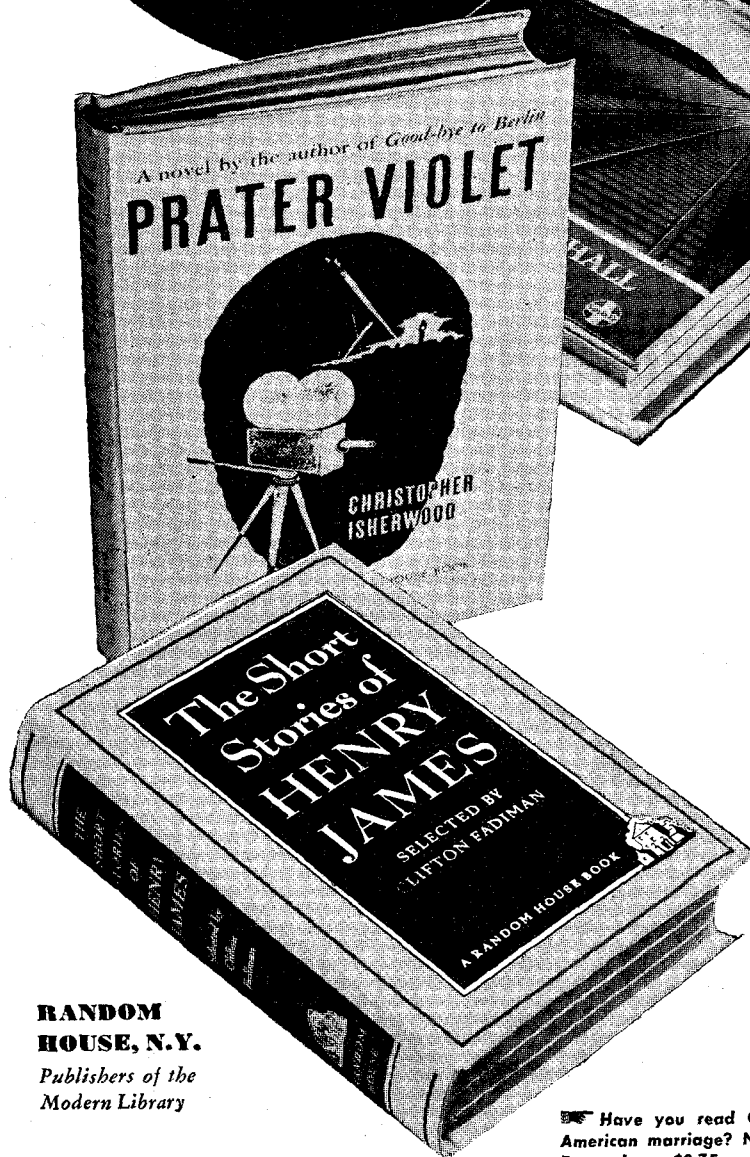
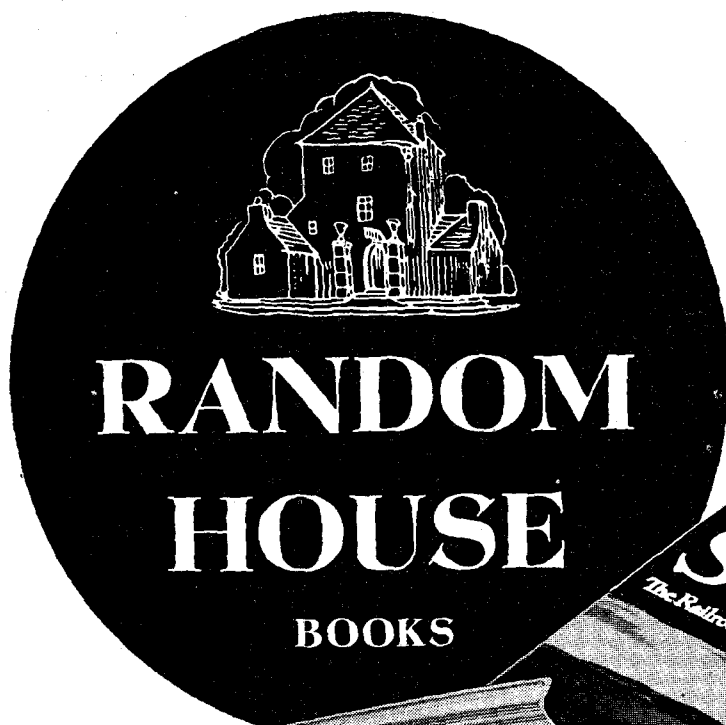
and diplomatic American representatives and as an adviser on French political affairs. His story is straightforward, absolutely clear, and explicit. It should forever silence the critics who accused General Eisenhower and Mr. Murphy of perverse or stupid dealings with the discredited reactionaries of Vichy.

Far from being seduced into collaboration with Darlan, for example, it was necessary for General Clark to imprison the Admiral, to deal with him without gloves, and almost to secure his coöperation with shotgun argument. This technique succeeded. Recalcitrant French officials who regarded de Gaulle as a renegade and the British as enemies, who — rightly or wrongly — held that their oath of allegiance to the Vichy government was a compelling loyalty, yielded to Darlan's authority. West Africa came into the fold without firing a shot. We had confused but helpful coöperation in North Africa — instead of civil war; and our long and vulnerable lines of communication from Casablanca to Tunisia were secure.

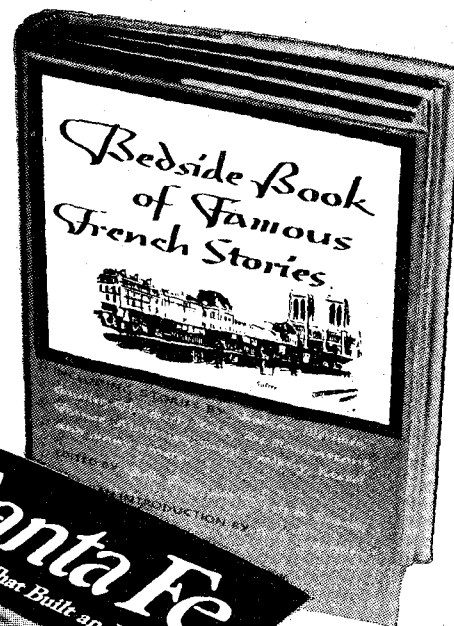
Like every American officer of good will, General Holmes has the utmost sympathy for General Giraud. It is patently unfair to blame "the Americans" for the more than shabby treatment he received. That so brave and honorable a Frenchman should have been tricked and humiliated as Giraud was by his compatriots is a tragic testimony to the confused and acrimonious thinking of that time and place.

Further clarification of the official American point of view is contained in "My Three Years with Eisenhower," a diary by Capt. Harry C. Butcher, USNR, available at this writing only in serial form in the *Saturday Evening Post*. This book, which will be adequately reviewed in due season, gives intimate revelations of General Eisenhower's thinking in the North African affair. Captain Butcher's diary is sometimes trivial and often incomplete, but, in this instance, it records for all time General Eisenhower's constant and loyal support of General Clark and Mr. Murphy and his entire endorsement of their actions. It records, also, the extent of his embarrassment, the added burden of political pressures caused by the indiscriminate criticism of his policies in the United States.

Now comes a rending of the veils which shrouded what was alleged to be the most hush-hush and secret of all our wartime efforts: the mysterious and silent agency known as the Office of Strategic Services. In *Cloak and Dagger, the Secret Story of the O.S.S.*, by Lt. Col. Corey Ford and Major Alastair MacBain (Random House, \$2.50), many of the operations of that agency are described at length and with commendable gusto. By confining themselves to the spectacular and often heroic exploits of the real Cloak and Dagger Boys, the parachutist teams of spies, the saboteurs, and the subversive elements introduced into enemy territories, the authors have given an exciting but misleading picture of O.S.S. — a fact which they would probably be first to admit.



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The greater part of Intelligence work consists in the laborious accumulation of facts, of information of all sorts and descriptions. This is not thrilling work. It is merely arduous. The fact remains that no Intelligence service is better than its files. The information must be secured; it must be properly arranged, classified, and evaluated and made available to the government agencies where it will do the most good. F.B.I.'s fame does not rest on spectacular raids and arrests: it is firmly founded on the millions of records, fingerprints, photographs, dossiers, laboriously acquired, and kept up to date by unremitting toil. Most of the activities of O.S.S. were about as secret as the Washington Monument and about as thrilling in execution as carrying a hod of bricks. It is to the credit of that organization that it was able, starting from scratch, to build a reasonably efficient going concern, based on a large and growing corpus of intelligence material, and at the same time to put into the field the trained personnel capable of the exploits described in this volume.

There is proper praise in *Cloak and Dagger* of the brave men who faced the mortal terrors of the underground agent in a hostile world. Many of them paid with their lives for their silent service to their country. All honor to them. But it would be false to the record to accept the story of their exploits, their successes and failures, as "the Secret Story of the O.S.S." They were the spearheads, the combat troops, the commandos of a secret army. The authors do not altogether ignore this army. They allude to it with praise. But they are writing, deliberately, an exciting book, and in this instance their prevailing concern is exciting material. As such their efforts are successful and their work, if somewhat slapdash, is not too inaccurate. Doubtless there will be others following in this broken path. One hopes they will not be *too* romantic. Let us, for crying out loud, leave romance to the novelists. Fiction is quite often stranger — and nearly always more romantic — than truth.

CIANO'S DIARIES

by GAETANO SALVEMINI

CIANO became Italian Foreign Minister in June, 1936, and left office in February, 1943. An American journalist who was on friendly terms with him made it known in an article contributed to the *Saturday Evening Post* of December 23, 1939, that Ciano was in the habit of keeping diaries. They already filled three small books, "one bound in red and two in blue," were written in Ciano's "small, smooth Italian hand," and also showed "notations in another hand, the extravagant jotting of Il Duce."

The Ciano Diaries: 1939-1943 (Doubleday, \$4.00), published "complete and unabridged," start with January 1, 1939, and a single book contained the

entries of that year. What about the other two books which, according to the American journalist, existed at the end of 1939? They obviously covered the second half of 1936 and the years 1937 and 1938. They would throw a good deal of light on the immediate diplomatic aftermath of the Ethiopian War, the beginnings of the German-Italian "Axis," the Spanish War, the rape of Austria, the massacre of Czechoslovakia, and Mr. Eden's and Lord Halifax's dealings with the Italian dictator. Are those books lost forever? Where are they? Will they be published some day?

We are today given half a loaf. Half a loaf is better than none. But have we before us Ciano's diaries as they were written day by day, or were they reworked afterwards?

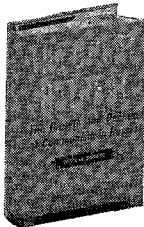
The more one peruses Ciano's pages, the more one asks oneself why he kept the diaries. As an aid to his memory when the need for refreshing it arose? As a closet in which to vent and bury his conceit, his hopes, his fears, his hatred? For posterity?

There are no traces of Mussolini's "extravagant jottings" in the diaries as they are now put before us. Were those jottings in 1939 dreamed up by the American journalist? The Duce knew that Ciano was keeping a diary. Would Ciano have dared to couch in writing his not always flattering opinions about the Duce when the latter might take the fancy of going through his Minister's records?

To be sure, the diaries are the personal work of Ciano and of no one else. Yet, while their authenticity is above suspicion, there is in them an abundance of foresight that is rather suspicious.

In December, 1943, while in prison, Ciano drew up a statement (obviously intended to be smuggled out by some guard) in which he took care to say that his notes had not been written to be released to the press. "Not a single word of what I have written in my diaries is false or exaggerated or dictated by selfish resentment; it is all just what I have seen or heard"; "events are photographed without retouching, and the impressions reported are the first, the most genuine, uninfluenced by the criticism or wisdom of last years." Did he surmise that doubts about his veracity might pop up in some mind? In December, 1943, he maintained that he had been opposed to the German alliance in May, 1939. But this version clashes with the entries made in May, 1939. When are we to believe him?

If all the entries had been made on the very days to which they are attributed, we should radically revise our opinions about their author. The man would not have been what everybody thought him to be — a playboy who had married the boss's daughter and who was more expert in pushing out his jaw and in caressing the legs of blondes and brunettes than in working his brains. Ciano, in his diaries, appears as a man endowed with a large amount of common sense and a comparatively independent mind, who never liked the German-Italian alliance, who longed for better relations with England even in the moments of



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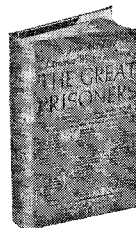
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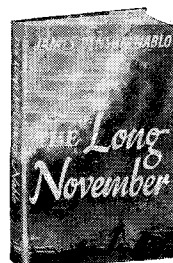
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Germany's most striking military triumphs, and who always tried to tell Mussolini the truth, as far as Mussolini permitted anyone to tell him the truth. Is this wisdom authentic?

Since examination of the manuscript arouses suspicion about the chronological authenticity of many entries, the document should be used with as much caution as in dealing with personal recollections put into writing for self-defense after a lapse of time, and not as if dealing with notes taken day by day with the sole purpose of helping the author's memory if need should arise.

But even if Ciano's diaries cannot claim that credit of immediate sincerity which is due to notes taken in the thick of the fray with no thought to their publication, they are still valuable as firsthand evidence on what the ruling clique of the dictatorship was during its last years. Reading them is not a waste of time.

I have never felt any respect for Il Duce and the men and women who formed his entourage. But I have been astounded by the evidences of brainlessness, egotism, cowardice, corruption, or utter insanity and criminality with which Mussolini's son-in-law's recollections overflow.

At the center of the Fascist sewer, towering above all other rats, stands the Great Rat. In June, 1940, he may still abstain from joining Hitler in his adventure. When the German-Italian treaty of alliance was signed in May, 1939, Hitler was informed that Italy would be unable to go to war for three years. But he says that "honor compels him to march with Germany." He repeats that "States, like individuals, must have a moral standard on which no compromise can be made; the course of honor cannot be disregarded."

Moral standards? Honor? What does Mussolini mean? He means that "the prospect of an imminent clash in which he might remain an outsider disturbs and humiliates him." "The Italians, after having heard my warlike propaganda for eighteen years, cannot understand how I can become the herald of peace, now that Europe is in flames. There is no other explanation except the military unpreparedness of the country, and even for this I am made responsible — me, mind you, who have always proclaimed the power of our armed forces." "It is not possible that of all the people I should become the laughing-stock of Europe." Honor is his personal prestige, meaning military prestige and territorial expansion. "He wants to create enough claims to be entitled to his share of the spoils," writes his son-in-law. "He wants his part of the booty."

Lack of funds, lack of raw materials, lack of equipment, poor training of officers and men, make his air force, his army, and to a lesser extent his navy unfit to wage a war that is not a bluff. His more optimistic advisers think that any war lasting more than a few months would end in disaster. Yet he is sure that "in the struggle between the forces of conservatism and those of revolution, it is always the latter that win." He multiplies and sends to the fighting

front divisions which exist only in his imagination. He gives orders for naval battles that do not take place because the enemy fleet cannot be located. He gloats about victories that never existed. He lives in an absurd world made of his prepossessions, delusions, and megalomania. He believes only what meets his own longings. He loathes and puts aside anyone who tells him the truth. His Chief of Police notices his restlessness and tells Ciano that the Duce should take an intensive anti-syphilitic cure. Perhaps syphilis is the *deus ex machina* in the play.

The men who surround him are no better than he, though nobody is worse. The King, "the little man who is seated on a great chair beside which stands a gigantic bronze statue of Mussolini," is Mussolini's Sancho Panza; not at all stupid, but cowardly, he always starts by saying no and always ends by saying yes. Ciano's judgment about some princes of the Royal House is as sharp as it is short: "Those two imbeciles, Bergamo and Pistoia, have commands; my son should have one, too, for he has a head as good as that of the Duke of Aosta."

The Duke of Aosta surrendered his sixty-five battalions in Ethiopia to the English almost without fighting. The Count of Turin is hoarding soap "to help wash his thirty-five thousand whores." The Duke of Spoleto, when they look for him to give him the news that he will be King of Croatia, is found in a Milan hotel, in the company of a young girl. When the delegates of his newborn kingdom see him and approve of him, Ciano comments: "Let us hope that it will be the same when they hear him speak."

The army chiefs compete advantageously with the scions of the Royal House. If they are asked the number of available first-line planes, and one "expert" thinks of 3006 while another says 982, the higher figure is adopted, and Il Duce is happy. Badoglio, opportunist and servile, mistrusted and hated by Mussolini, resigns from his position as chief of all armed forces as soon as disaster materializes in Greece, but when he sees that Mussolini would accept his resignation, he endeavors to withdraw it, too late. His successor, Cavallero, is "a perfect peddler, ready to follow the path of lies, intrigue and imbroglia," "a clown who would go so far as to bow to the public lavatories if this would be helpful to him"; "when it is a question of grabbing, he can cheat even the Germans."

Graziani, endowed with "more ambition than brains," "after having emptied Italy in order to supply Libya," loses Cyrenaica to the British in a few days. "He had a refuge built in a Roman tomb at Cyrene, sixty or seventy feet deep." Guzzoni, Undersecretary of War and Assistant Chief of the General Staff, "a small man with such a big paunch and with dyed hair," is "untrustworthy" and good only to "stir up trouble."

De Bono, the man who made such a mess of everything in Eritrea at the end of 1935, "was always an idiot, but now he is old on top of it." Soddu, sent to Albania to save the situation, "maintains that the



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arrival of a few regiments of Alpine troops would definitely eliminate all danger," but a few weeks later announces that "any military action has become impossible," and while everything goes to wrack and ruin he devotes his evening hours to composing music for the films. And so on, and so on.

Civilians are as bad as professional soldiers, women no less than men. It would be a comic opera were it not a horrible tragedy.

The translation from the Italian original seems very well done. But the volume has no index of personal names. The United Nations Organization should pass an international law according to which anyone who prints such a book without an index should be hanged.

THE CASE AGAINST THE NAZI WAR CRIMINALS

\$2.00

By Robert H. Jackson

KNOPE

THIS small volume contains the opening statement of Mr. Justice Jackson at the War Crimes trial in Nürnberg, the Charter of the International Tribunal before which the defendants are being tried, and the Indictment under which they have been charged — essential materials for intelligent consideration of the principles in issue at Nürnberg. Its publication should serve to focus attention upon the central questions of law and policy which are presented by the Nürnberg proceedings.

The eloquent and persuasive argument of Justice Jackson should finally discredit the lingering legalism which has protected heads of state from prosecution for their violations of the conventional laws of war. It should also dispel doubts whether it is proper to try the defendants for their crimes against humanity — those crimes of violence against their own people and others which, though not technically violations of the laws of war, have always been criminal by the laws of civilized states. On these questions there has, in fact, been little disagreement.

Intelligent debate concerns more significant issues. Public discussion of the Nürnberg case turns primarily upon two questions: first, whether judgment against the defendants should be reached and punishment administered politically or judicially; and second, whether the defendants' initiation of a war of aggression may be considered a crime under international law.

Unfortunately there has been a tendency to merge the two questions into one. Those who are persuaded that the initiation of a war of aggression was not a crime under international law in 1938, though they are perfectly willing that the defendants should be liquidated by political fiat, commonly consider that judicial proceedings against the defendants are inappropriate. They frequently overlook the fact that the defendants, in their conduct of the war, violated the conventional rules of warfare, and that if punishment is to be administered for the commission of such crimes it must, by international law, be administered judicially. Accordingly, when it was decided that the defendants were to be punished for those offenses, judicial proceedings became necessary and the central question remaining for decision was whether a count charging the defendants with the initiation of a war of aggression should be included in the indictment.

It is, perhaps, natural that Americans, accustomed to a common-law tradition of judicial legislation, should assume that the Judges at Nürnberg will "make" the international law concerning the criminality of wars of aggression. This, of course, is not the case. Justice Jackson's opening statement effectively makes it evident that the international law of this case, whether new or old, was authoritatively established when agreement was reached upon the Charter of the Tribunal. By that agreement, the signatory powers defined the principles which the Court must follow. The Judges at Nürnberg, accordingly, are not called upon to decide whether the initiation of a war of aggression is a crime, but, so far as this issue is concerned, merely to decide whether it is shown that these defendants were among its initiators.

Justice Jackson's opening statement is not an argument in the conventional sense of that word as applied to court proceedings. It is rather a justification of the decision which the governments made in August, 1945, when the Charter of the Tribunal was signed. It is, of course, an advocate's justification and as such oversimplifies the recently debatable and still debated issues settled for this case in the Tribunal's Charter. It also assumes, as the prosecutor before this Court has to assume, that Russian policy in recent years has not included or sanctioned aggressive war.

These omissions are inevitable and do not detract from the extraordinary effectiveness of Justice Jackson's presentation. The controlled fervor and feeling of his argument, its effective analysis of the doctrinal rigidities of international tradition, its honest recognition of the political implications of the Tribunal's Charter, and its insistence that the Nürnberg proceedings are only a part of a larger international effort to achieve an ordered world society — these make the opening statement a document of historic significance.

MARK DEW. HOWE

MIDWEST AT NOON

\$3.75

By Graham Hutton

UNIV. OF CHICAGO PRESS

WHETHER Middle Western climate is as bad as Graham Hutton says it is, or whether Middle Western people are as kindly as he says they are, can be left for his readers to debate. Even such exciting matters as the frequency of shotgun weddings, or the question of whether a resident of Indiana is a Hoosier first and an American second, can be laid aside. His book offers richer fare and more solid chewing.

Mr. Hutton believes that the Middle West is disappearing as a separate section; that it is becoming part of an all-American industrial area. If so, then America has the wrong idea of the Midwest and the Midwest has the wrong idea about itself. It would not be a rural-minded pocket in an industrial country. It would be the dominating influence on the all-American society Mr. Hutton believes is emerging.

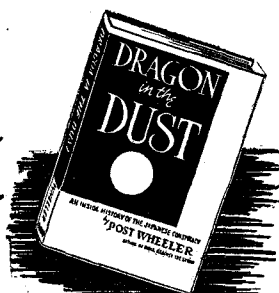
He bases his conclusions on observations made chiefly during a wartime tour of duty as Midwest director of the British Information Service. In the manner we learn to associate with the articulate Britisher, he insists his book is merely a personal — almost a casual — commentary. But even those who know their Middle West the best will be struck by the originality and sharpness of Mr. Hutton's insight.

When the Emperor asked a diplomat if he had enjoyed his journey to Japan the standard response was, "I did, your Majesty." Post Wheeler horrified the court by, "No. I was sick as a dog the whole way over."



Dragon in the Dust

By
POST WHEELER



Author of **INDIA AGAINST THE STORM** and former
Charge d'Affaires at the American Embassy in Tokyo.

At last, with jet-propelled speed, an inside history of the secret Jap machine that conspired against America told by a member of the U. S. State Department. Both on secret service missions and in the general routine of his service as First Secretary and Acting Ambassador the author broke all "Golden Rules" to combat the war against us years before Pearl Harbor. Was America asleep? Post Wheeler certainly was not. Here it is — intrigue, conspiracy, exposure and excitement.

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NEW YORK

As befits the former associate editor of the London *Economist*, the author supports his thesis with the right statistics. In eight states of the Midwest, he points out, 60 per cent of the people were living in towns of 2500 or more when the 1940 census was taken. In the "industrial East," the comparable figure was 65 per cent. These and related facts mean to Mr. Hutton that the Midwest is "now almost completely dovetailed with the East" as a single industrial area.

The national trend undoubtedly is toward greater unity and away from regional differences. It is possible, however, that Mr. Hutton underestimates one characteristic of the emerging unity: the influence of farmers and the rural life. During the industrialization of Great Britain and Western Europe, rural life lost its influence because food was being imported from the United States and Canada. But there are no similar stretches of unexploited land today. In this country we must sustain and perpetuate our own agriculture. Thus farmers and the rural life may have a greater weight in our future than they have yet enjoyed in any industrialized country.

If this prediction is a true one, then the Middle West will have a more profound and more original influence than Mr. Hutton now foresees. His book leaves one with the impression that he would think this altogether to the good.

ARTHUR MOORE

TWO PLAYS OF MENANDER

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By Gilbert Murray

OXFORD UNIV. PRESS

WHAT is the straight and narrow path for a translator? By being literal he perpetuates usages and tricks of speech, natural to another tradition, which confuse the strange reader and lend a false woodenness to the original. His accuracy in detail therefore ends in a larger inaccuracy. Or, trying to escape this woodenness by free translation, he may gain ease and a seeming naturalness, but at the expense of some falsity of tone. And whether literal or free, he needs great literary flair if he is to succeed at all.

Gilbert Murray has never lacked flair. Some have felt that he imported to Euripides a certain Swinburnian excitement and a tone of slightly sentimental liberalism, either of which might have surprised the ancient playwright considerably. But it is his great merit to have conceived of translation as a work of art and to have felt in the originals a relevance largely independent of time.

These defects and these merits both appear in his current reconstruction and translation of two fragmentary plays of the comedian Menander discovered on papyrus some forty years ago. Born in 342 B.C., a few years after Plato's death and when Demosthenes and Aristotle were older men, Menander was of the vexed generation which saw both the violent expansion of the Greek world through the conquests of Alexander and the decay of the old life of the city-states through their loss of power and independence. It tells something of his time that his most notable contemporaries were Epicurus and Zeno the Stoic, founders of the cosmopolitan philosophies of the coming age.

Menander shared this cosmopolitanism. He forsook the old political and local tradition of Aristophanes for a new comedy of manners and human types — the comedy which, transplanted into Latin by Plautus and Terence, lived on in Molière, Wycherley, Sheridan, and, one could almost say, Jane Austen and Trollope. His peculiar qualities were tolerance, grace, a certain half-philosophic wonder at the accidents of life, a feeling for balance and the absurdity of extremes. He was vastly admired, and centuries later St. Paul could give modern currency to one of his lines: Evil communications corrupt good manners.

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The jacket announces that about half the first play, *The Rape of the Locks* (Murray says Shaw suggested the title), goes back to the original. That assertion is not wholly correct. Fewer than 500 lines remain, while Murray's version goes to nearly 1400 lines. The proportion is more even in the second play, *The Arbitration*. In any case, there is much room for reconstructing both speech and incident, and this freedom seems to write large all Murray's qualities as a translator. He is natural, animated, and at times moving. His whole impulse to conceive the plays entire is delightful and characteristic.

But it is perhaps no disrespect to say that Murray is not Menander. Menander is merciful, Murray tends to be sentimental; Menander is meditative, Murray whimsical (as in the wholly invented speech, indeed character, of Callisto in the second play); Menander is limpid, Murray takes on a half-mystical, half-romantic tone (as at the end of the same play). He is furthermore hardly at his best when, attempting to be familiar, he ends in rather tame and very British slang.

Nevertheless one can be grateful for the plays, both in themselves and because they suggest, if they do not wholly catch, the poise of this most graceful of Attic minds, which, contemplating change, found, in human character at least, some permanence.

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When they first arrived, they made the acquaintance of Beaten Begay, otherwise Jimmy, a little boy with a passion for drawing. With rare understanding, they encouraged his drawing, provided him with materials, and made no suggestions. Following his natural bent, the child developed in the course of the years into an artist of genuine talent. His curious, introverted, charming personality and the evolution of his art are warm threads running through the story. Twelve of his pictures are reproduced as illustrations. Some of them are merely cute; some are brilliant with promise; most have an individuality and quality entirely their own.

Evidently the author and the Lippincotts regard Beaten Begay's evolution as one of the most important products of their venture. In this they are right. One can only pray that the boy will continue to benefit from the guidance, and above all the restraint from guidance, which these people gave him. He stands now at the dividing line which, so far, almost no Indian artist has been able to cross. We have seen so many of them develop from the promising, crude

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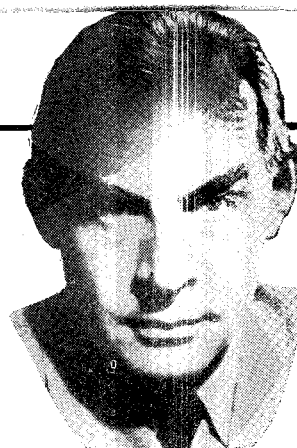


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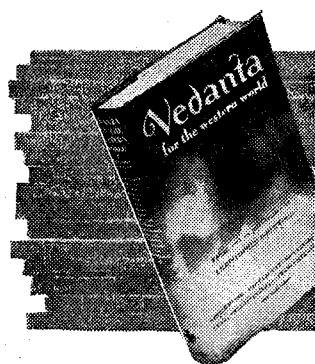
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bud of their promise, to degenerate into wholesale illustrators turning out picturesque curios for the tourist trade. Perhaps this one will be the exception who will go forward on the harder road.

One would like to know more about Miss Hannum, the author. Her story is written with such intimacy that it seems almost as if the Lippincotts themselves had written it — except that at moments it contains a note of adulation of these two nice young people which they themselves would surely not have let creep in.

The story, too, is marred by innumerable shallow inaccuracies concerning the Indians and almost everything else. We have an old man, strong and active in 1941, who was a warrior against Kit Carson — which is to say, that he was an adult in 1866. We have P-38's being flown in 1939; the varsoviana, which was introduced to New Mexico in the late 1860's, is described as having been brought over by the Conquistadores, and there is a passage on the great Don Lorenzo Hubbell and his house at Ganado which is pure folklore.

The book is, nonetheless, good fun and informative. The thread of Beatien Begay's story running through it, and his remarkable pictures, would by themselves make the book worth while.

OLIVER LA FARGE

THE BOY I LEFT BEHIND ME

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By Stephen Leacock

DOUBLEDAY

THIS intimate and attractive little book of 184 pages is, unfortunately, all that we shall have from the late Stephen Leacock in the way of memoirs. At the time of his death two years ago, he had completed the first four chapters of the autobiography which he planned to call "My Memories and What I Think" — a characteristic title. The four chapters cover his youth, from England, where he was born, to the farm, schooling, and schoolteaching in Upper Canada.

Mr. Leacock was born in 1869; his autobiographical fragment closes in 1899 with his escape from the school-teacher's desk. It is all pure Leacock — funny and serious, gentle and stern, discursive and highly focused.

Education is an old theme with him. In the last years he wrote a great deal about it; and if his publishers are smart, they will put together a collection of his critical and corrective essays on secondary school and college teaching. Leacock knew how to teach, and he knew that the failure of elementary teaching in Canada and America spring, straight from the tragic fact that we have never made the profession attractive — financially or otherwise — as a lifetime job. "You can never have a proper system of national education without teachers who make teaching their lifework, take a pride in it as a chosen profession, and are so circumstanced as to be as good as anybody — I mean as anything around." His advice on discipline to beginning teachers (pages 169–170) ought to be pasted on the shaving mirror (or in the compact) to be learned by heart.

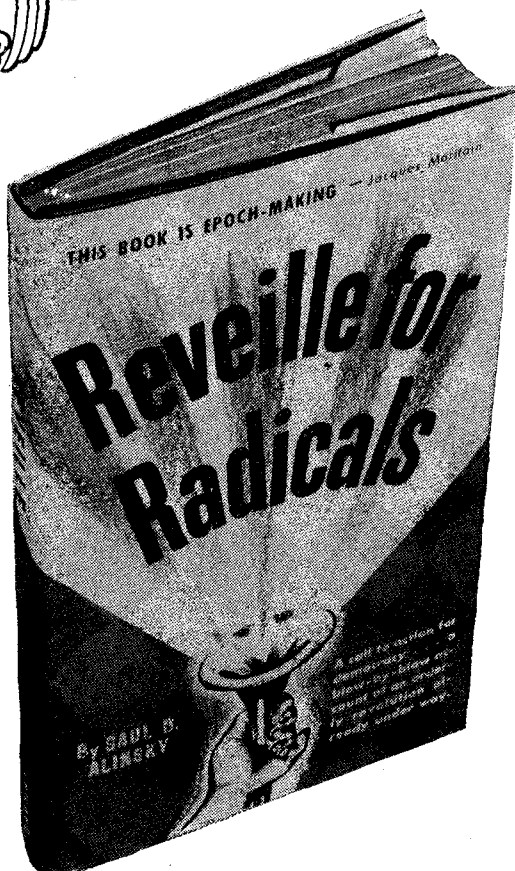
This book is a fragment of Old-World charm — of gentility in England and in (for these people) the hopelessly antipathetic Canadian bush. The best portrait is unconsciously of the author himself — but the inferential portrait most endearing is of Mr. Leacock's mother. Readers of the old master will flock to these pages of themselves. What the world needs now is more Leacock sanity and self-analysis. The present generation needs him more than his own or the one in between. You can shout that from the housetops.

DAVID McCORD



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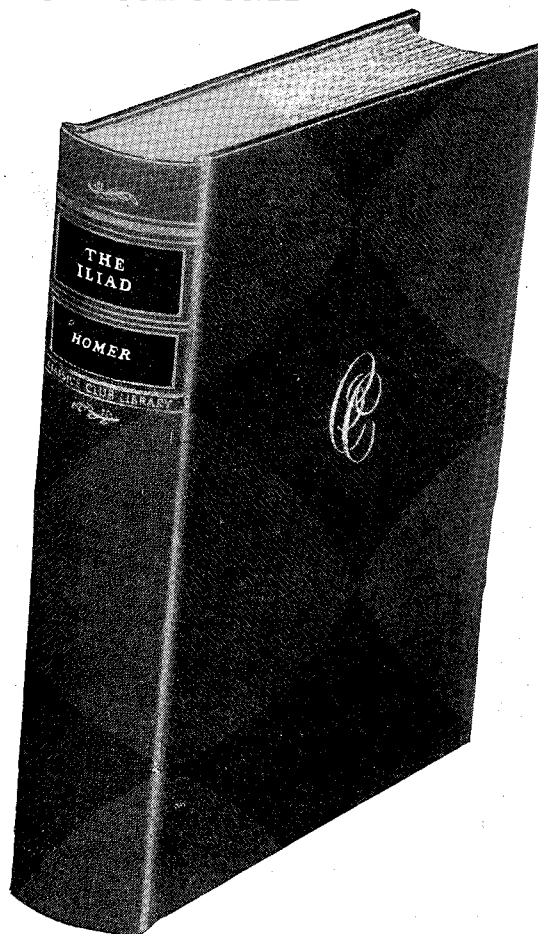
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